32 PAGES

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SECTION 1. PAGES 1 TO 16

VOL. 23, No. 11. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 25, 1909. TERMS—Single Copies 10c. Per Annum (in advance), $3 Whole No. 1151.

THE FRONT PAGE

THE Toronto Board of Education's "heresy" hunters are cut gunning for the Roman Catholic teachers who chance to be employed in the public schools. It's an edifying sight, of which we should be immensely proud.

Some citizen, short, evidently, of a legitimate occupation, writes to Trustee Houston that there are five Roman Catholic teachers in the pay of the Toronto School Board, and this leads Mr. Houston to inquire if the management committee has taken any steps to inquire into the religious leanings of three new appointments. An excellent method this of welding together a homogenous nation. The situation would be humorous, if it was not tragic.

Toronto's Board of Education must kow-tow to the Orange Lodges or lose their jobs. In the Province of Quebec matters are reversed. Down there people lose jobs who do not obey the commands of the Archbishop. I have a case in mind, which so far as I am aware has never been publicly ventilated. A lady, French Canadian by birth, and by occupation a professional musician, is employed as organist by the Unitarian church of Montreal. Now Unitarians in the mind of Archbishop Bruchesi probably rank along with the devil. In any event he brought the lady to task for daring to play sacred music for these disciples of the dark one, while retaining the Catholic faith.. The lady, a most charming person, and a member of one of Canada's oldest and most respected families, saw nothing particularly wrong in it. So far as she was able to observe the members of this Unitarian congregation are very nice people indeed; in fact, some of the most highly respected citizens of the city attend regularly, while the minister in charge at the time—now retired on account of age—was, and still is, one of the most God fearing, conscientious gentleman that ever walked the face of the earth. Under the circumstances the lady organist did not feel like obeying the Archbishop's commands, particularly as the Unitarians paid a goodly salary and did not demand too many services each week.

It so happened, however, that this woman musician taught in some of the convents, thus augmenting her salary by a few hundreds per year. She found in the course of time, however, that the convents ceased to have an interest in her work. In other words she paid the price of disobeying the Archbishop by losing her convent pupils. She was also debarred on one occasion at least from playing the organ in a Catholic church.

This young woman, who was not without spirit, protested against the rulings of the Archbishop, and so hard did she protest that the case was eventually laid before the authorities at Rome. The question was: Was it a sin for a Roman Catholic maiden in good standing in the church to play the organ in a Unitarian church? Could she as a daughter of the church continue so to do, in spite of protests of the Archbishop of her Diocese? The decision of His Holiness the Pope was that she was free to follow the dictates of her own conscience. This was the answer from Rome, and her answer to the Archbishop was to continue her work as organist in the Unitarian church.

I cite these two cases, one in Protestant Ontario and the other in Catholic Quebec, merely to indicate what a really unChristian-like thing religious fanaticism is, and how far it is removed from what Christ taught nineteen hundred years ago.

Between the spirit of Archbishop Bruchesi on the one hand and that of Trustee Houston on the other, there is little to choose. The argument for one applies equally to the other; and both lack the spirit of Him, at whose birth the angels sang: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

⁂

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT takes the liberty of reprinting the following from The Montreal Star, and submits the same to its readers without further comment:

Special to The Montreal Star.

Ottawa, Dec. 15.—Mrs. Maria Allison, a charwoman in the Government buildings, who was a witness against Sir Frederick Borden in The Eye-Opener libel suit of The King vs. Carruthers at Kentville, has been dismissed. She was forty years in the service.

⁂

AN odd and interesting test is made by the police in administering the "third degree" to suspected criminals in certain European cities. An official pronounces a long list of words, one by one. The prisoner, as each word is spoken, must respond with another of relative significance. Some of the words have no bearing on the crime being investigated, others are strongly, perhaps unexpectedly, suggestive of it. A cunning contrivance attached to the prisoner records his heart-play and emotions as he speaks, and the exact periods of hesitation in reply are also timed. Thus the man involuntarily gives evidence against himself if he is guilty. Now, if this test were applied to all the readers of this page, and the word "Christmas" pronounced, I presume that most of you would answer, "Giving," as being the first word to suggest itself in this connection. But what would the emotion-recorder show? Would it go pulsing upward at the thought of the great old festival, or stand coldly normal, or would it indicate that to you Christmas is a bore and Christmas giving a burden? I am quite sure, as a matter of fact, that the indicator in most cases would go pulsing up, for the great thing about Christmas is that it makes a man less selfish, more of a real man, if only for a day. During the year we—that is, the men among us—have all been wolves, more or less, each seeking his own, pulling down some weaker than ourselves, growling at others that are stronger, and perhaps not ceasing altogether to growl when we take refuge in our lairs. But Christmas time, who is there among us who is not a little better and brighter with the Peace-and-Good-Will atmosphere all about, even if the time is long past for him when Christmas and all its joys were fresh and lovely? Why, then, can't we spread the Christmas spirit, to some extent, over the whole year? While it is true that, one way or another, every man is wolf-like, most of us, after all, pretend to be much more unfeeling than we are. We go our way with set faces, grudging of our smiles even to those for whom we would actually give our lives; we hide our emotions, as though they would disgrace us; we withhold praise as though untimely, till the friend deserving, perhaps hungering for it, is gone forever beyond the tones of our voice. Why are we afraid to allow others to gauge our feelings? Why are we so horribly afraid to applaud what pleases us?

I have been told that in old-time mining days out west it used to be the custom of audiences at theatres not to pay formally at the box office, but to throw their money on the stage. That was a fine and human way of doing things. Think of a motley crowd of prospectors, rough, tough, but not unfeeling men, showering the actor-people who were trying to please them with gold which was at once recompense and approval. The men composing such an audience would not be pretty to look at, they might, most of them, have been very nasty customers, they might accompany their coin-and-dust throwing with the worst kind of language, but they were real men expressing themselves frankly. And what actor on a big city stage to-day would not be better for receiving this sort of applause, and what audience would not be better for giving it?

HELD UP!

Civilization is a good thing for us. There is no doubt about that. But we are apt to forget that civilizing influences are spurious if they refine away our primal emotions, that they are lacking in an essential motive unless they have at their very roots the spirit of giving—which is the spirit of Christmas. In this young country we are striving to encourage the growth of the arts. Some of us are learning to play on musical instruments, some of us are cultivating our voices, some are making pictures, some of us are writing things on paper. But we must do something more than worship accepted standards and copy conventional designs. We must give out what is in ourselves, but to give we must possess something. And the thing—the great Something which is at the bottom of all greatness in art or success in living is human sympathy and understanding. If we could all of us from to-day on hold fast to this something—which for the moment we call the Christmas spirit—and give expression to it, just in a natural way, we would all be artists, even though none of us ever painted a picture or sounded a note of music or wrote a published line.

⁂

THE University of Copenhagen, the cable despatches tell us, is now preparing a report in the case of Dr. Frederick Cook and his claims of discovery. The University will, it is said, give the verdict that there is nothing in the evidence before them that would satisfy a child of the truth of this arch fakir's contentions. What seems to be bothering this group of scientists is whether the Brooklyn physician is suffering under hallucinations or is just a common impostor, knave and charlatan. In any case, it is exit Cook.

⁂

LEOPOLD II. of Belgium has passed into the Great Beyond. If I am to say nothing but good of the dead, then I must close with this brief mention. However, as Leopold was for a generation the outstanding European argument against hereditary monarchy, the record of this old money grubbing voluptuary is worthy of special mention.

As a keen business man, Leopold was without a peer among European royalty. As a licentious old libertine, he was also without a rival. By those who knew him intimately, he is described as having been a man without imagination and without enthusiasm. A fish in human form. He was courteous in manner, but the rigid, hard face repelled all with whom he came in contact. Leopold bowed to one god—Mammon. He recognized but one thing in all this beautiful world as worthy. His god was gold.

In the Congo, over which he held sway, he is said to have uselessly sacrificed more lives than would aggregate the present sum total population in the Canadian Northwest. Other European monarchs, more shame to them, recognized Leopold's kingly right to maim, murder and pillage as he pleased. What were these people of the Congo "Free" State in any event?—a fine bit of unconscious humor is that word "free." Just "niggers," and Leopold's "niggers" at that, so what did it matter if Leopold's officers cut off the hands and feet of these black children when the prescribed quantity of crude rubber was not tendered by them? The sovereignty of the Congo was granted to Leopold by an international congress held at Berlin in 1885. Europe said that he could do as he pleased with it, and he took them at their word.

As SATURDAY NIGHT has some pretentions to decency, I will pass over Leopold's adventures with women. It is sufficient to state that whenever scandalous gossip waned in other quarters, the Belgian King could, from his stamping ground in Paris, be counted upon to make good the deficiency.

When seventeen years of age, Leopold was married to the Archduchess Marie Henriette of Austria, second daughter of the late Archduke Joseph of Hungary. The queen died in 1902, after having suffered for years with a malady of the heart. They had one son and three daughters. The son died in 1869. The eldest daughter, the Princess Stephanie, was married to the Archduke Rudolph of Austria, who died tragically in the Meyerling forest. Stephanie later became the Countess Lonyay. Her second marriage made King Leopold so angry that when she came to attend her mother's funeral, the King drove her from beside her mother's coffin.

The second daughter, the Princess Louise, was married to Philip of Saxe-Coburg, and by him was so cruelly treated that she lost her mind and was for several years confined in an asylum. The third daughter, the Princess Clementine, was engaged to her cousin, the Prince Baldwin, who was heir to the throne, and who was killed by an angry husband a few days before the date set for the wedding. Then she was said to be about to be betrothed to Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, but the latter, on second thought, concluded that a close relationship with Leopold was not altogether desirable.

Still another ill-fated relative of the late King was his only sister, the ex-Empress Carlotta, the widow of Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. She has been mentally unbalanced since the execution of her husband. From time to time, in recent years, stories have been current to the effect that King Leopold had appropriated to his own use the vast fortune of Carlotta. Judging from his record, it would have been strange, indeed, if Leopold had not taken advantage of his sister's insanity.

That Leopold leaves no direct legitimate heir is fortunate, for with such a father little could be expected of the son. A portion of the vast estates which Leopold left will go along with the crown to Prince Albert of Flanders, only son of the late Count of Flanders, brother to King Leopold. It is expected, however, that the Baroness Vaughan, to whom Leopold is said to have been secretly married within a comparatively short time, and who was present at the death of the old monarch, will, along with her illegitimate sons, profit very largely by Leopold's death. The Baroness was first a barmaid, then a member of the *demi monde*, and finally Leopold's wife.

In order that he might give the Baroness a larger share of his fortune, Leopold made his estate into a stock company, adding to his already large wealth by the sale of precious works of art, many of which are said to have belonged to the State.

To the credit of the Belgians, it may be stated that Leopold was by them most cordially detested. Brussels will wear black for the given period, and Leopold will be buried with kingly honors, but there will be no mourning in the hearts of the populace.

"If you know not how to live, make way for those who do," said an ancient writer, who very likely had in mind the counterpart of Leopold II. of Belgium.

⁂

HERE is a yarn, vouched for by a stock broker, concerning the sale of worthless mining scrip to greenhorns in the country districts:

A man walked into the broker's office one day and asked for the manager. When that magnate appeared he was asked if he had any Cobalt stock.

"What stock?" asked the broker.

"Any of them that are cheap," replied the visitor; who went on to explain that what he desired was a lot of certificates, say one hundred thousand shares, averaging in value, say five cents per share, that he could take out into the country and sell over again to the "rubes."

The broker stated that he was just out of that class of securities, and the stranger went his way.

⁂

THE deer hunting season has proven eminently successful. The number of deer killed is not given, but the hunters shot down number thirty-two to date, with several districts to hear from. Of this total twenty-two were mistaken for deer and were killed, while the remaining eight are still located in the various hospitals.

⁂

AS a mouthpiece of the aristocracy, Lord Curzon has taken a bold step in the present political crisis in England. If cable despatches are to be believed, India's ex-Viceroy has publicly declared that, when matters are sifted to the bottom, the only man to be considered is the aristocrat. He further observes that the Peers have always ruled England, and must always rule England; and finally, my lord remarks that all the good and great achievements of this world have been the work of aristocrats. Rather a large order that. But, in any event, Lord Curzon has the courage of his convictions. Curzon of Kedleston throws prudence to the winds. He voices publicly what a lot of other fellows, in like positions, have gone on thinking. Strange how history repeats itself. Curzon's attitude to-day was that of the French aristocrats previous to the Revolution, and we all remember what happened to them. Perhaps Curzon's long residence in India has turned his head. Stranger things have happened.

⁂

WHEN Henri Menier, the French chocolate king, acquired the Island of Anticosti, down in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, he assumed responsibilities and cares which he little dreamed of at the time of purchase.

At the moment Michael Parent Mingen, seigneur of Mingen, who claims title to the property through his wife's lineal descent from Louis Jolliet, who in turn was given title to the Island in 1680 for services to the French King, is offering Anticosti to the highest bidder. Up to the present, however, no sale has been effected, for aside from the fact that the title is in dispute, it would be hard to find anyone who has any special leaning toward those bleak acres. The French Kings gave away a good deal that was valuable in Canada and lost the rest, mainly through gross mismanagement, but Anticosti never has and probably never will figure, in spite of the fact that it is well nigh as big as Wales, as a particularly valuable asset.

Just why Menier desired to possess it, which desire was eventually gratified by its purchase from the Quebec Government, has always been a mystery. The few settlers that the Island possesses have always resented and fought against Menier's overlordism, and will probably continue so to do.

⁂

THE Canadian interest in the pending British elections is fairly well defined by the number of special Canadian correspondents now in that field. What interest was originally lacking long ago disappeared, thanks chiefly to the amount of space which has been devoted to this all absorbing topic by the press of the Dominion. There is at the moment scarcely a Canadian daily of prominence that has not assigned at least one member of its staff to the British political field, and we daily read long and exhaustive accounts of what is proving to be the most interesting political conflict of the generation.

That Canadian concern in the pending struggle between the Peers and the Commons should be intense is but natural. In the first place a victory by the Liberals will unquestionably change the entire complexion of British politics. The Lloyd-George Budget, in taxing the unearned increment, is striking at the very roots of the British land-owning system. And, again, the victory of the Asquith Government will unquestionably sound the death knell of the House of Lords as now constituted.

With the House of Lords as the hereditary governing power, however, the average Canadian has little in com-

mon. Just why a decrepit old man, in his second childhood, or a boy, hardly out of his 'teens, should, by right of birth, be able to crawl or flit into the House of Lords, and there, perchance, cast a deciding vote upon a question of vital importance to the entire British nation, seems to most of us incongruous. To our democratic minds it appears utterly absurd. Not so, however, to the Englishman, else he would long ago have re-made the Upper House, for after all is said and done, the English voter has the veto power in his own hands—he is the court of last appeal. It has always been difficult, and perhaps always will be difficult, to forecast what the British voter is thinking of, and what he will do when election day comes. The average Englishmen has dearly loved a lord for untold generations and will probably keep on loving him even to the end of the world. Whether he loves me lord with sufficient intenseness to keep on carrying me lord's share of the taxes, remains the question of the hour.

However, there is another question in which Canadians have at the moment a more direct interest, and this is the evident intention of the Opposition to foster and further the propaganda of tariff reform. If the election results in a defeat of the present Government there is every reason to believe that a protective tariff on all food stuffs and upon all foreign manufactured goods imported into England will be put in force. And further the preferential features of this tariff reform as laid down years ago by Joseph Chamberlain will also be incorporated into the general scheme of taxation.

Speakers in the Unionist cause in England are now addressing audiences on the advisability of placing a general protective tariff against all foreign manufactured goods and raw materials, a tax of two and one-half per cent. on all colonial food stuffs, and a tax of five per cent. on all foreign foodstuffs. It is further proposed that all manufactured goods imported from foreign countries shall bear a tax of ten per cent., and that the same goods imported from the colonies shall pay at just half this rate.

That the colonies would derive an immense advantage by such legislation is beyond doubt. The old question, however, remains unanswered. Who is to pay the bill? Are the English people prepared to tax themselves for the privilege of helping the colonial manufacturers and wheat growers?

Do a majority of the British taxpayers love a lord to the extent of shouldering his burden along with their own? The lord is perfectly willing to shove his taxes upon the shoulders of the other fellow, and so are most of us for that matter, but it remains to be seen whether the other fellow is willing to carry them.

There is however, one thing certain. Should the Unionist cause prove the winner, and tariff reform become a fact in place of a fancy, the Canadian people will have a great deal to be thankful for. The adoption of tariff reform and colonial preference may prove the Britishers' funeral, but it certainly will not be ours. So far as Canada is concerned, it is still a case of heads I win and tails you lose.

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FROM time to time a lot of drivel is written regarding winter navigation on the St. Lawrence. The sailing of the Government icebreaker, Montcalm, from Quebec to the Lower Gulf ports the other day was the occasion for a fresh outburst. To those who have made a close study of winter navigation in the gulf and river, the project, from a commercial point of view, is impracticable to a degree. Equipped as she is for fighting ice fields, heavily engined and built for the work, a late autumn voyage by the Montcalm, or other steamers equally well found, is not a particularly perilous undertaking, but when it comes to launching an ordinary Atlantic freight or passenger ship into the winter navigation business, holds need with merchandise and cabins with passengers, the undertaking assumes very different proportions.

In the first place the marine insurance rate, based on past experiences, would be prohibitive as compared with the rates in force at Atlantic ports, and, secondly, no passenger, unless in search of adventure, would dare a winter voyage in the Gulf.

When the Mexican Gulf stream comes our way instead of flowing, as it now does, Europeward, we may hope for winter navigation in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence but not before.

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THE longer we live and the more closely we observe the public and the semi-public career of King Edward—for the King can scarcely be said to have a private being—the more convincing becomes the fact that Edward VII. is not only the first monarch of his day, but the greatest diplomat of his age.

More than any other sovereign that ever sat on England's throne does King Edward deserve the title of his "gracious" Majesty. The French, always keen observers, are by no means loath in their appreciation of the peculiar fitness of King Edward for the work before him. Latterly the Paris papers have been indulging in some comment upon the subject, much of which is well worth reproducing, particularly in view of the fact that it comes from England's old-time enemy—from a people who for many hundreds of years failed to understand the English people, in much the same manner as the English people were pleased to misunderstand them.

Beauty is the term most applicable to that manner in the opinion of those who, like M. Victor Berard, the writer of a recent appreciation in The Revue de Paris, have studied at first hand the monarch's style in diplomacy. A sovereign less instinctively constitutional might have inspired in a people ever sensitive to extensions of the royal prerogative some jealousy of usurpation. The contagious graciousness of King Edward's ways, the marvel of his manner, all through the crisis, kept the Commons cool and soothed the susceptibilities of the Lords.

The fact that the King is the King explains the mystery a little, comments the Paris Figaro, with which his Majesty is prodigiously popular; but it leaves the theme a trifle baffling. Is this sovereign a hypnotist that, after subordinating the world of European diplomacy to himself, he can extend his sway to a turbulent welter of socialists, aristocrats, radicals and conservatives, all at war over a budget? Is the world witnessing a revival in the most subtle form of a personal rule unpracticed by any English monarch since Charles the First lost his head?" Our French contemporary does not hesitate to answer itself in an emphatically negative sense, for the simple reason that a manner like that of King Edward must perish with him.

The grandeur of the kingliness of Louis the Fourteenth faded into the tomb with himself. Once Edward the Seventh is gathered to his fathers, the glory of his least gesture, the distinction of his simplest nod, will be a mere memory among men, and as The Figaro adds, among women as well. Edward is emphatically a woman's King, and he has been made so by the divinity of his manner. As Louis XIV. understood despotism, as Frederick the Great understood war, Edward the Seventh understands woman. His manner is the reflection of that comprehension, the translation into practical conduct of his knowledge of the sex. To miss this point, our French contemporary ventures to think, is to grope darkly through the mazes of this great reign. Even the suffragettes live in dread of complete extinction through the marvel of the King's manner, for were he to say that throwing stones at cabinet ministers and scuffling with constables are things of which no really nice girl would be guilty, the occupation of the Pankhursts would be gone.

This incredible manner of the King's has been the theme of so much eulogy and descriptions of its charm are so numerous that its lingering mystery is unaccountable. The Paris writer, where manner means so much, his Majesty's annual visits are so many epochs in human deportment. What is the color of the King's gloves? Did he carry one in his left hand and bow to the ladies with a mere forward inclination of his whole body down to the waist? How did he conduct himself at dinner, in church, on the promenade? Items of information on these heads are collected and disseminated not from snobbishness—which the King hates—but for the sake of human intercourse, which, in the best society, has become the art of imitating Edward the Seventh.

Meanwhile King Edward remains to etiquette what Pope Pius is to dogma, and the British peerage captures the vast majority of those American heiresses who, were France monarchical, would tend to become Bourbon countesses. As it is, they are transformed into English duchesses, a process which gives them manners—"which," says the Paris paper, "they sadly need." The whole American plutocracy, it firmly believes, echoes with unfeigned heartiness the cry of "Long live the King!" because it loves his Majesty's manner and goes to London to acquire it.

THE COLONEL.

Felicitating Pa.

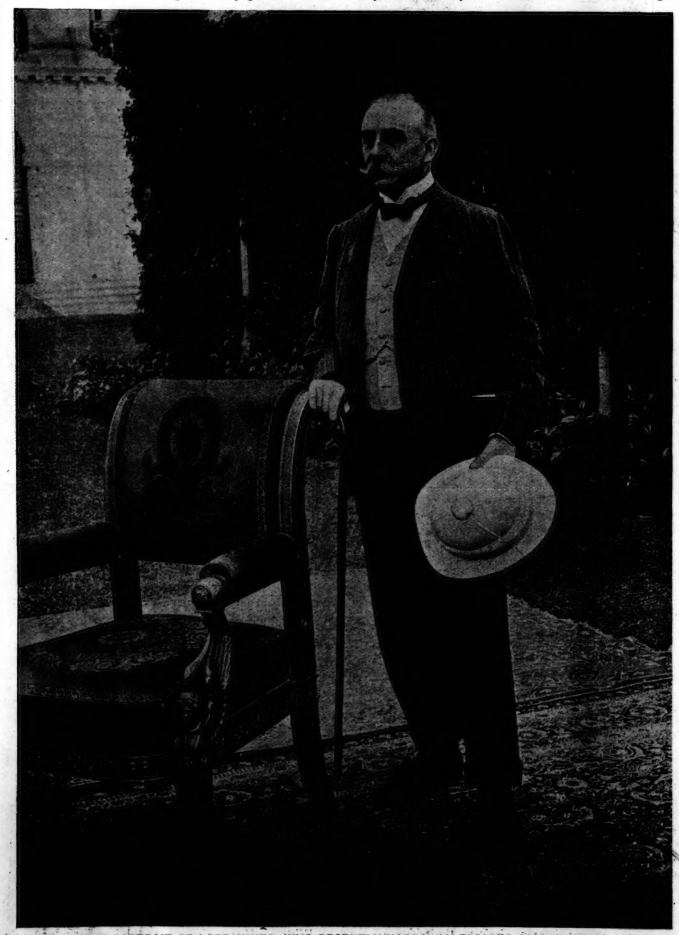
My pa says when he was a boy,
W'y all he'd get was just one toy—
A jumpin' jack, or pop-gun, when
'T 'uz Chris'mas-time where he'd live' then.
He never looked for any more—
He didn't 'spect a whole toy store!

My pa he says 'at in those days
Folks did things dif'rent, anyways.
He says he never got a stack
O' candy—more'n he could pack.
Two sticks o' candy's all he got—
An' he'd think that was a lot.

My pa he says when he's a child
Folks didn't all try to go wild
An' make their children think they'd get
Enough to run their pas in debt.
O' course, it wasn't from their pas
But always came from Santa Claus.

He tells me that I should be glad
I don't have Chris'mas like he had—
He says there's lots he was denied
But he learned to be satisfied;
He never dreamed, he says that boys
Should have a whole room full of toys.

I tell my pa I'm awful sad
About th' hard times that he had,
But that he's relly lucky now—
He's in our family, [illegible]
And that he should not make a fuss
But be real grateful for us!



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF LORD MINTO, WHO RECENTLY NARROWLY ESCAPED ASSASSINATION IN INDIA. Lord Minto was born in 1845. He assumed the viceregal office in 1905. Lord Minto left Canada in 1904, after completing [illegible]

Sir John Bourinot.

Editor Saturday Night:

Sir,—In your issue of 18th inst. there is a letter signed "The Party Concerned," which refers to the late Sir John Bourinot as having struck out the word "Esquire" and substituted the title by which he should have been addressed in a letter sent by your correspondent. Possibly it would have been in better taste to have left the mistake uncorrected, but Sir John Bourinot has been dead for several years, and there is a well worn proverb as to how we should speak of those who are gone which might well have been remembered.

Whatever may be said of the late Clerk of the House of Commons, his great services to Parliament will long be remembered with admiration, and the blundering scenes which have frequently marked the proceedings of the House of late years are due to the absence of his watchful care and knowledge of Parliamentary procedure.

Yours truly,
AN UNCONCERNED PARTY.

Ottawa, 20th Dec., 1909.

Tax Exemptions.

Editor Saturday Night:

I have read with approval what you say, in your last issue, regarding tax exemptions. While your article deals chiefly with exemptions enjoyed by religious and public institutions, there is another important phase of the question.

In practically every village, town and city in Ontario, manufacturers are illegally exempted from taxation. The Ontario statutes state specifically that partial or total exemption from taxes is a bonus; also that no bonus shall be granted except by vote of the ratepayers. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, these exemptions are not submitted to a vote.

In the wild, scramble to acquire new industries, municipal councils are systematically violating the law, with the result that hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property in every municipality escapes just taxation. Class privilege results, as usual at the expense of the small property owners, and to the benefit of those who can well afford to pay. Some itinerant manufacturers make advances to one municipality after another, simply using them to extort the greatest amount of privilege in the way of cash bonuses, free sites, free water and tax exemption, another species of "industrial brigandage."

All these concessions are wrong in principle. They are doubly wrong in that they are being given in direct defiance of law. What do you think of it?

Yours truly,
D. W. RELUE.

The Great Dover Harbor.

IT was Sir Walter Raleigh who first drew attention to the strategical and commercial importance of Dover, speaking of it as "situated on a promontory next fronting a puissant foreign king and in the very straight passage and intercourse of almost all the shipping in Christendom." It was as far back as the year 1840 that a royal commission recommended a scheme of harbor construction at a cost of $10,000,000. Out of the deliberations of this and subsequent commissions came the decision to construct the Admiralty pier, for which a contract was let in 1847, but which did not reach completion until twenty years later. The opening of Dover naval port marks the completion of the greatest artificial harbor ever built entirely in the open sea. The scheme includes an extension of the Admiralty pier, the formation of reclamation works for the protection of the shore at the eastern end of Dover town, a protecting arm extending from the eastern end of the reclamation into the open sea, and an island breakwater approximately parallel with the shore line end extending from the end of the Admiralty pier extension on the west to the end of the easterly pier, with wide entrance openings between the heads of the several breakwaters. Including the eighty acres which constitute the present commercial harbor, there is inclosed by these works a total area at low water of 690 acres of deep-water harbor, capable of floating the largest of modern battleships and ocean liners. This is the largest area of the open sea ever inclosed by solid masonry protecting works.

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Premium,	$28.55	$29.50	$40.85	$41.60	$48.45

LIFE DEPARTMENT
ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED
27-29 Wellington St. East.
Phone M. 6000. Toronto.

Chief Office for Canada, Toronto.
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

IRISH & MAULSON, LIMITED,
Toronto General Agents.

CENTRAL CANADA Loan & Savings Co'y

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend at the rate of eight per cent. (8%) per annum for the three months ending December 31st, 1909, has been declared upon the Capital Stock of this Company, together with a bonus of two per cent. (2%) for the year 1909, making a total dividend disbursement for the year of ten per cent. (10%). The said dividend and bonus will be payable at the office of the Company in this city on and after January 1st, 1910. The Transfer Books of the Company will be closed from the 20th to the 31st of December, both days inclusive.

E. R. WOOD,
Managing Director.
Toronto, December 15th, 1909.

MATURING BONDS and their re-investment

Holders of Bonds, Debentures, and other securities shortly to mature should consider the advisability of arranging for reinvestment. There is a demand for bonds having only six to twelve months to run, and for the permanent investor there are many desirable issues which can be obtained in exchange to advantage. It is a favorable time to dispose of maturing securities and to acquire an investment for a longer term; and the higher income now obtainable is an important consideration. The rates that can be had range from 4½ per cent. to 6 per cent.

We can quote bonds, where date of payment is from 5 to 30 years, of a character to suit every class of Bond Investor.

May we offer our services for suggestions which may be used as a basis for exchange?

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE TORONTO 26 KING ST. EAST
BRANCHES
MONTREAL-WINNIPEG-LONDON-ENG.

FINANCIAL

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, DEC. 23, 1909.

THE following letter, dated Montreal, Dec. 17, and addressed to "The Secretary of the Dominion Coal Co., Ltd.," explains itself:

"Dear Sir:—I desire to lay my resignation as President and Director before the Board, and in doing so I wish to express my appreciation of the very cordial relations which have always existed between the Board and myself, and my thanks for the loyal support and valuable assistance I have at all times received from them."

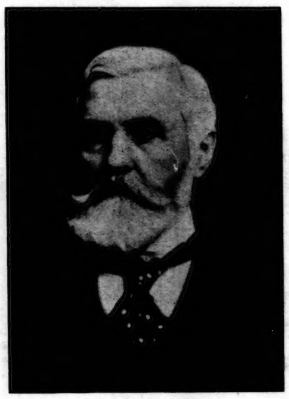
"It is with sincere regret that I have been obliged to relinquish my active interest in the Company's affairs at this time, as I have the fullest confidence in its future, but I feel satisfied, after the assurances I have received from Mr. Plummer and his associates, that the interests of the company's stockholders will at all times be carefully conserved."

"Yours truly,
(Signed) JAMES ROSS,
President."

***

James Ross, Ex-President.

There is something pathetic about this final act of James Ross as president of the Dominion Coal Company, just as there is about all final acts. Hereafter James Ross is ex-president. In a measure, the man who controlled the destinies of the Coal Company for so many years and who fought the Steel Company to the bitter end, joins the great army of the "has-been," the ranks of which we are all rapidly approaching and will most certainly help to swell, if we have the fortune, or the misfortune, to live long enough. In truth, however, it will for many days be impossible to even think of the Coal Company without thinking of James Ross. The man's appearance, even his picture, arrests the attention to no small extent. The quiet, inscrutable face with the prominent brows—they mystify one and impress him with the view that this is a man who would reek little of consequences so long as he arrived at the place he started out for. Compare it with the picture Von Moltke, of 1870-71 fame, and although no one would ever mistake one for the other, there is in the countenance of each the same quietness and reserve, the same suggestion of indifference to what others may think, and the same impassiveness and uncommunicativeness—a very long word. You would not expect either of them to shirk the conflict; each would lay his plans in advance, and it would all be done quietly—even to the fighting. Alas, for wasted opportunities—had these men but taken up poker-playing in their youth and made of it a serious study, there is no telling what their future might have been.



R. B. Angus, who has been a figure in the Steel-Coal merger.

***

From Camp and Field to Mansion.

A couple of weeks ago, James Ross alighted from a train arriving from the south. He was looking exceedingly well, though somewhat older than when I saw him last, and was doubtless returning to carry out his part in the Steel-Coal deal. With him was Mrs. Ross, and his attitude of courtesy and attention towards her as they passed along the platform recalled to my mind the stories I had heard of their early life. His youth spent largely at Lindsay, Ont., where he in later life endowed a hospital; his later experiences in construction camps, and his long two-weeks' trips from the far west to the Eastern States to claim and take back with him to that wilderness, his bride. It was a far cry from this to the splendid mansion on Peel street, with all the luxury and comforts and art which millions could purchase; but the charm of the early life and the efforts of the intervening years, I am told, is to this day one of their most prized recollections. The work of construction led him into large undertakings—the Toronto Street Railway, the Montreal Street Railway and the Manchester Street Railway, which latter he financed himself, were among the works he accomplished. He was something of a rolling stone but he gathered the moss, all right. In fact, it was largely by jumping in and out of deals that he accumulated much of his fortune. Within the past dozen years or so, came his connection with the Coal Co. and the Dominion Steel Co., together with the part he played in the union of the two companies and their subsequent divorce, followed by relationship under contract. The breaking of that contract and the resulting litigation are old stories.

***

Angus and Fraser Go Also.

Out of all this Steel-Coal trouble has come the present rapprochement, with the resignation of James Ross leading up to the final acts. With Mr. Ross went Mr. R. B. Angus and Mr. Graham Fraser. To their places were appointed Mr. J. H. Plummer, as president of the company, and Hon. L. J. Forget, of Montreal, and Sir Henry Pellatt, of Toronto. One can readily understand that the personal conflicts which more or less distinguished the Steel-Coal fight, may have made it inadvisable for the president of the defeated company to remain on the board, but the resignation of Messrs. Angus and Fraser can hardly be explained on the same grounds. Mr. Plummer's accession to the throne of the Coal Co. also recalls the point in the fight at which it was announced that Mr. Ross controlled a majority of the Steel stock, and that at the annual meeting, then at hand, Mr. Plummer would lose his head, as would other directors who did not behave themselves properly. Mr. Plummer's move in postponing the meeting until a certain crisis had been safely passed, saved his head and has won for him the day. Mr. F. L. Wanklyn retains his position as vice-president.

A Cheque for $5,000,000.

At the meeting held here on the 17th instant, at which the changes referred to took place, the arrangements for the transfer of the Ross shares were completed. Mr. E. R. Wood and Sir Henry Pellatt, of Toronto, and Mr. W. M. Aitken, of Montreal, representing the purchasing syndicate, made arrangements by which the Steel Company paid Mr. Ross in full for his 50,000 shares. For this purpose the National Trust Co. drew a cheque in favor of the Steel Co. for the tidy little sum of $5,000,000, the proceeds being transferred to Mr. Ross, who in turn loaned the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. the sum of $3,500,000, payable with interest over a period of thirty months, thus consummating the arrangements agreed upon between the contracting parties some weeks since.

***

Guesses at Capitalization.

Nothing very definite can yet be said of the merger plans, save that it may be inferred from statements made from time to time that the capitalization of the new company will equal that of the two companies combined. From this we would get something about as follows.

	Securities Authorized.		
	Common Stock.	Pfd. 7% Stock.	Bonds, 6%.
D. I. & S. Co.	$20,000,000	$5,000,000	$20,000,000
Coal Co.	15,000,000	3,000,000	7,500,000
Total	$35,000,000	$8,000,000	$27,500,000

Of the above authorized securities, all the common and preferred stock has been issued, and hence the capital of the new consolidation may be accepted as being somewhere in the vicinity of $35,000,000 common and $8,000,000 preferred.

The authorized bonds, however, have only partly been issued. During the present year, the Coal Co. issued some of the bonds remaining in its treasury, and the Dominion Iron and Steel went through a plan of reorganization, issuing additional consolidated bonds and retiring all its second mortgage bonds, but leaving some of the first mortgage outstanding. At present, the outstanding bonds of the Coal Co. are $6,175,000, and those of the Steel Co. in the vicinity of $13,258,000, making a total of $19,433 for the two companies.

T.C.A.

***

TORONTO, DEC. 23, 1909.

THE spectacular feature of the operations on the local Stock Exchange the past week has been the ten point advance in Rogers Common. Starting at 136½, the stock carried to 145 without any open announcement as to what the future might have in store. If an eight point advance occurred in New York in any particular stock within two days, everyone would be doing stunts on their hind legs like a lot of crazy people. But here in Toronto this phenomenon occurred without anyone feeling constrained to even call the attention of the newspapers to the fact. There may, of course, have been a leak somewhere, but of that fact the writer has no cognizance. But, be that as it may, the phenomenal earnings of this company were sufficient to account for an even greater advance. In 1901, the year in which the William A. Rogers Company was formed, the net profits amounted to $81,042. Last year they ran as high as $182,725, which means a return of eighteen per cent. on the capital invested. And this year the general impression among those who have some knowledge of the operations of the company is that its earnings will prove even more signally what efficient management can do when applied to a company whose output is in general requisition. In any event, the stock went to 146½ on Monday when the announcement was made that the regular dividends had been declared in addition to a bonus of one per cent. on the common stock. The total distribution for the current year will thus be at the rate of 10 per cent.

***

Has Had a Wide Manufacturing Experience.

The William A. Rogers Company, Limited, is the outcome of a merger that was effected with the Niagara Silver Company back in 1901. Prior to that time the two concerns had worked in close harmony. Between the years 1898 and 1901, Mr. Rogers had made a specialty of the highest grade silver-plated ware, and up to the latter date the Niagara Company had furnished him with seventy-five per cent. of his total output. That being the case, the two naturally found it desirable, on economical grounds, to form an alliance, and, in March, 1901, the new business was launched, Mr. Roger becoming manager, and Mr. S. J. Moore, the former manager of the Silver Company, president. Mr. Moore, who is also the president of the Metropolitan Bank, has had a very long manufacturing experience. Born in England, he came to Canada at a very early age, and almost from the outset was marked out for high preferment. In the course of his business career he had gathered about him a very large following amongst investors, who feel that, on account of his exceptionally wide knowledge of industrial conditions, he is well able to counsel them regarding the proper disposition of funds at their command. That this is the case is apparent from the fact that Mr. Moore was the founder of both the F. N. Burt and the Carter-Crume companies, each being eminently successful in its own particular sphere. Some indication of the esteem in which Mr. Moore is held may be had from the fact that he is constantly being consulted by people in lines similar to his own with regard to those problems that are incident to all commercial enterprises.

Bank of Montreal
(Established 1817.)
INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

CAPITAL (all paid up),	$14,400,000.00
REST,	12,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS,	959,311.06

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

Board of Directors:
RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., HON. PRES.
HON. SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., PRESIDENT.
SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., VICE-PRESIDENT.
E. B. GREENSHIELDS. SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD. R. B. ANGUS.
JAMES ROSS. HON. ROBT. MACKAY. SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, K.C.V.O.
DAVID MORRICE. C. R. HOSMER.
SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., GENERAL MANAGER.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT—Connected with each Canadian Branch, and Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.
COLLECTIONS—At all points in the Dominion of Canada and the United States undertaken at most favorable rates.
TRAVELLERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT—Issued negotiable in all parts of the World.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.
Travellers' LETTERS OF CREDIT under which money can be drawn at any point in the world.
TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape.

NORTHERN CROWN BANK
HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG
DIVIDEND NOTICE NO. 6

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of two and one-half per cent. upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the half year ending December 31st, 1909, being at the rate of five per cent. per annum, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this City, and at all of its Branches, on and after the 3rd day of January next to Shareholders of record of the 15th day of December, 1909.

By order of the Board.

R. CAMPBELL,
General Manager.

Winnipeg, 23rd Nov., 1909.

A **DOMINION EXPRESS** MONEY ORDER OR FOREIGN DRAFT IS A **MOST ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS GIFT**

They afford the recipient an opportunity of purchasing that which he or she most desires.

IF TOO LATE TO SEND YOUR GIFT BY MAIL WE WILL BE PLEASED TO PAY THE AMOUNT BY TELEGRAPH or CABLE

Toronto City Offices
48 Yonge Street 1330 Queen West

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00

THE METROPOLITAN BANK
No delay in withdrawal

Capital Paid-up - - - - -	$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - - - -	$1,277,404.49

The Canadian Express Co.

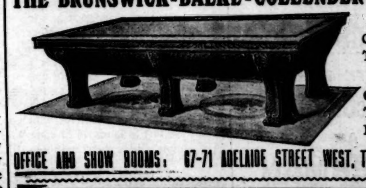
offers the quickest, safest and most convenient service for the transmission of Christmas Packages.

Shipments carried by fast Passenger Trains and Mail Steamships.

Special attention will be given to deliveries at residences on Christmas Day.

For remitting money by mail, procure Canadian Express Money Orders—which are cheap and afford absolute security against loss.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY



See our Patent Convertible Rail Table.

The perfect Combination Table for Private Residences.

OFFICE AND SHOW ROOMS: 67-71 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONTARIO

W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.
Dealers in High-Grade Bonds
42-43 Bank of Ottawa Bldg., Montreal

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

Capital Authorized $10,000,000.00
Capital Paid Up 5,000,000.00
Reserve Fund 5,000,000.00

Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit Issued
Available in any part of the World.

Special Attention Given to Collections.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Interest allowed on Deposits from date of deposit at all Branches of the Bank throughout the Dominion of Canada.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

The records of our information department concerning any security which we offer are always at your disposal.

It makes no difference whether you intend to invest or not.

We deal in bonds, and we shall be glad of an opportunity to give you the advantage of our investigations.

Royal Securities Corporation, Limited
164 St. James St. - - Montreal

Halifax —— Quebec —— Toronto

The Home Bank of Canada

Head Office: King St. West.

Six Branches in Toronto. The following five branches are open every Saturday night, 7 to 9 o'clock, for the transaction of savings account and general banking business.

78 Church St.
Cor. Queen West and Bathurst
Cor Bloor West and Bathurst
Cor. Queen East and Ontario
1686 Dundas St., West Toronto

"The Cigarette of Distinction"

"Craven"

A blend of various kinds of tobacco, of which the Turkish is just sufficiently predominant to give the cigarette individuality, distinction, character.

Ten for 15 cents

ELECTORS WARD 6

VOTE FOR

J. A. McCAUSLAND

AS

ALDERMAN

'Business Methods in Civic Affairs'

DOCTORS

find in their practice that PRESCRIPTIONS filled at our store always produce the results sought for.

HANSON'S DRUG STORE
444 SPADINA AVENUE
TORONTO - - ONT.

Rogers Company a Great Earner.

Some reference has been made to the remarkable strides made by the Rogers Company in recent years. The growth of profits was particularly striking in 1903 and in 1907. The factories at Niagara Falls, whose output maintains a recognized standard of excellence, were taxed to the utmost in 1903. So much was this the case that it was necessary to acquire additional land and buildings to add to the facilities. Evidence of good management is shown when it is stated that this was done without increasing the capital of the company in any way; the expansion was provided for out of earnings. In 1904-1905 there was a falling away in profits, due entirely to the inconvenience caused by building operations at the different plants. In 1907 the net profits reached a high water mark at $195,649. Last year saw a falling away once more, but the earnings, nevertheless, showed up very satisfactorily when the generally depressed state of business during that period is considered. The net earnings last year were at the rate of 18 per cent. on the capital, and this year, if rumor is correct, the outcome will be even more satisfactory to the shareholders. Someone on the Street the other day said that he would not be surprised to see Rogers Common go to 175. Even at this level the Canadian investor would have very little cause for complaint, for he would be receiving a return of 5.75 per cent. on his investment. If he were an English investor, he would not think of grumbling at all; rather would he consider himself in clover.

⁂

British Billions Invested Abroad.

Over in Great Britain, as a matter of fact, they are not always looking for a whole lot of easy money. The average Britisher would look at you askance if you came along and offered him a return of 2,400 per cent. on his investment. And yet that is what one Cobalt mine has done during the present year. But, then, the Hudson Bay Mining Company had only a nominal capitalization; it was not designed primarily to milk the public. The Crown Reserve Mining Company was placed on the market, but promoted by men of undoubted probity, and even it has paid 71 per cent. the current year. So that the Briton, tried by Canadian standards, is altogether too modest. In the past sixty years he has sent abroad capital aggregating over a billion and a half dollars, and from that vast sum he has derived only a return of about five per cent. From all his past investments, running up to fifteen billion dollars, he is receiving an annual income of seven hundred and fifty million dollars, for which he has to make no further payment. While the efforts of John Bull have been directed to locating these vast sums of money abroad, he has had time to invest at home about forty-eight billion. Is it any wonder, then, that the old gentleman, with so many responsibilities both at home and abroad, is not disposed to disturb himself over trifles? Why, if any of us had a billion dollars, let alone sixty billions, invested anywhere, we would tell the Germans, or any other troublesome person, to go chase themselves.

⁂

Canadian Pacific's Unexemplified Earnings.

In a year in which the earnings of all railroad companies have shown remarkable gains, owing to the exceptionally favorable industrial conditions under which they have operated, those of the Canadian Pacific stand out conspicuously. This great Imperial highway has evidently had more than its share of the good things bestowed by a bountiful Providence. The earnings for the past six months have developed quite unexampled gains, and should the present record be maintained until the end of the current fiscal year, the company will have recorded the largest gross and net receipts in its annals. Computed on such a basis, the gross earnings will have totalled the enormous sum of $95,000,000, or some $18,500,000 more than the best previous year's record, while the net will have totalled more than $33,800,000, or $8,500,000 in excess of the highest net previously shown in any one year. Of course, it has to be borne in mind that the company is now entering upon a season of the year in which the operating expenses are particularly heavy, and it is altogether unlikely that the present high ratio of earnings will be fully maintained. But the climatic conditions to come can scarcely be any worse than those incident to the similar period twelve months ago, so that one is safe in assuming that with respect to earnings the present year will be altogether unexampled in the history of the road. In certain quarters it is thought that the company may possibly raise the common stock dividend to a basis of seven per cent. per annum irrespective of the one per cent. now paid from land sales, thereby giving the stock a return of eight per cent.

⁂

Mr. Paish on Canada's Future.

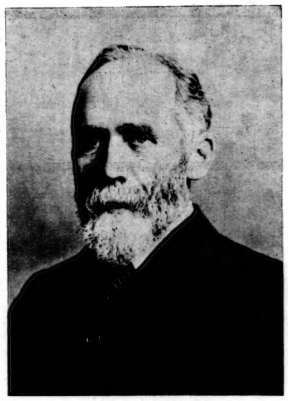
Mr. George Paish, the editor of the London Statist, which, as most people know, is perhaps the premier financial authority in Great Britain, recently made a protracted tour of Canada and the United States, and on his return to the Motherland has written an article in which he summarizes the result of his observations in this country. A comparatively young man, Mr. Paish has been connected with The Statist since 1881, and is consequently thoroughly in touch with financial conditions in their application to the world at large. Having visited Canada, both East and West, he gives it as his opinion that the Dominion has entered upon a long period of prosperity, and that there is not likely to be a check to the present expansion for several years to come. War, in his estimation, is the only thing that can seriously retard the development of Canada. This country, he says, is in a particularly enviable position in that the capitalist in Britain is willing to supply funds in practically unlimited quantities, and that at a lower rate than is charged to other countries. Canada's future is assured, Mr. Paish asserts, on account of the world's special need of new sources of food supply at the present time. "Another factor of no small moment making for rapid development," he adds, "is the fact that the world's unappropriated lands are fast becoming exhausted, and that Canada is one of the few countries which can still make gratis grants of fertile lands to anyone who will carry out the very simple and easy conditions attached to the grant."

⁂

That "Inside" Selling of B.C. Electric.

A little while ago a good deal was seen in the newspapers about "inside selling" of British Columbia Railways which was said to be under way in London. At a meeting of the shareholders at that centre the other day, the whole matter was once again aired. Mr. Horne-Payne, the chairman, took occasion to point out that none of the directors had reduced their investments in the company during the past year, and that even if they had done so, it was a matter of no concern to the public at large. The Financial News commenting upon this declaration of independence, says that Mr. Horne-Payne is quite in error. "A director's dealings with the shares of the company which he directs are not private," it says; "they are essentially a matter for the public and the shareholders." The Financial News goes on to show that human nature is much the same all the world over—even in Britain, where a high standard of commercial rectitude is generally admitted—when it reiterates a charge previously made that palpable efforts were made to induce the public to buy shares in the company while the "insiders" were busily getting out. When these facts became known, there was naturally a big drop in the company's securities, and the "insiders" mentioned were quite annoyed. Hence the tempest, murmurs of which are still being heard in financial circles in London.

INVESTOR.



James Ross, who parted with his holdings in the Dominion Coal Co. for $5,000,000.

Norman Duncan on Santa Claus.

NORMAN DUNCAN feels keenly on the subject of Santa Claus and the kindred myths of childhood. In a few words of preface in his little story, "The Suitable Child," published by the Revell Company, he strongly arraigns those malefactors who disillusion the child. He says that—but let him speak for himself:

"Not Labor is Life: Labor is a thing accomplished in provision. Love is Life; and Love is diversely concerned. Whoso loves a child loves not himself but God; whoso delights a child labors with God in His workshop of the world of hearts; whoso helps a child brings the Kingdom of God; whoso saves a child from the fingers of evil sits in the seat with the builders of cities and the procurers of peace.

"Nor happily is this divine achievement beyond the aspiration of such as are poor, such as are humble, such as are ignorant, such as have tasted failure, such as are stricken, such as are acquainted with the utmost deprivation. Into the keeping of the humble is in this reasonable way committed the salvation of the world; the poor and the meek and the broken in heart, greater in multitude than the mighty in their power and in their wisdom and in their many-riches of aims and means and rewards.

"They who being able in any proper way to provide those pleasures of Christmas which are meet and due according to the established custom but still withhold them from children do thieve jewels from the helpless; and herein is a mystery: that these stolen riches do in no way benefit the robbers, but change in their very hands to the weeds of selfish ways, which spring poisonously and endfold and constrict.

"They who go about proclaiming against the festival joy—they who interpose a specious wisdom—they who would destroy the fairy-fictions of the Time—they who withdraw into themselves—they who are dried up and selfish and self-sufficient and niggardly and suspicious and narrow-believing—they who preach a departure from the customs of the fathers—they who discover selfishness in anxious generosity—they who complain and sneer and ridicule—they who stop their ears against laughter and lift sour faces to the morning: all such do aid and abet the theft of innocent delight and having spread corruption do stand in peril of the same punishment.

"Let them all beware lest they perish indeed! Age is upon them—no tender hand of the years to beautify and gladden: but terrible age of the spirit to wither and to kill. Stop thief!"

Tolstoy Still Vigorous.

IN spite of the reports of Tolstoy's poor health and approaching end, the special correspondent of the Paris Journal writes that his first impression on seeing this tall, bright-eyed, vigorous old man with whom he was to have an interview was that he was in the presence of an extremely well preserved man between 60 and 65.

In spite of his 81 years, Tolstoy goes riding every day and in all weathers. His hearing is very acute. He catches even a whispered conversation. He reads without spectacles, and explains that he used to be short-sighted and has therefore kept his sight.

Politics do not seem to interest him greatly. The subjects which attract him at the present moment are metaphysical questions inherent in different religions, the origin of life and the mystery of death. He does not fear death, for he believes in the immortality of the soul and the existence of God. Death, he says, is a bridge of communication between two shores.

Tolstoy told his French interviewer that he has many enemies. He said: "I receive every day horrible anonymous letters, and they are a source of deep sorrow to me. I only want to live in peace."

The following is the account of the writer's mode of life, as given by his doctor: He rises at 8, often at 6 or 7; eats his meals with greatest regularity, drinks no wine, eats no meat, does not smoke, takes long walks or rides and spends his evenings with his family and the friends who come to see him. Generally he goes to bed at midnight.

On January 18 every year, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington is bound to present to the sovereign a small flag, which is the annual rent in "petit sargeanty" by which the estate of Strathfieldsaye is held of the crown. The flag must be a miniature tricolor or eagle of the Napoleonic army, fringed with gold, with a gilded eagle on the head of the staff and the number of the year embroidered at the top corner of the flag near the eagle.

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON
Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - - $2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000
Total Assets Over Thirty Million Dollars

TORONTO: 34 YONGE ST.
BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO
Cor. Yonge and Gould — Cor. Queen and Spadina
Cor. College and Ossington — Arthur and Bathurst, and West Toronto.

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
100 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

Savings Bank Department at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

Ready! instantly to invigorate you—to warm you—and keep you warm.

'CAMP' COFFEE

is superior in every way to all other coffee essences — the next best is a long way behind— make sure you get 'Camp'—'it is the Best.'

R. Paterson & Sons, Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

1910

ALDERMAN

BREDIN

FOR

CONTROLLER

At the urgent solicitation of many of my business and personal friends, I have put myself in the hands of the electorate for a seat in the civic cabinet for 1910, and respectfully solicit

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

for that municipal honor on my record as alderman for Ward Three during the past two years—a business man to conduct the city's business—a policy of progress—efficiency without parsimonious economy.

Faithfully yours,
MARK BREDIN

HOCKEN FOR MAYOR

H.P. SAUCE

(*The New Sauce*)

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MR. AND MRS. HERBERT GLADSTONE.

The Home Secretary in the late British Cabinet, the Right Hon. Herbert John Gladstone, is persistently named as the future Governor General of United South Africa, and it has even been unofficially announced that he has accepted the appointment in succession to Lord Selborne who became High Commissioner for South Africa in 1905. Mr. Gladstone is the younger son of the late Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, and was born in 1854. Mrs. Gladstone, who is said to be admirably fitted to fill a high position, is the daughter of the late Sir Richard Paget.

M'SIEU

By EDITH M. COYLE

THE first time they met him the Americans boldly asked questions. At the second meeting they merely looked them. The little Frenchman with the ridiculously large hands answered neither their looks nor their words, and at the end of three months he was still "M'sieu" to them.

Hammond and Elkins, who were in Paris studying art, spent most of their spare time—and they had plenty of it—covering pads with sketches of M'sieu's face. M'sieu's deep set, almond-shaped eyes, with the burning light in them, baffled Hammond, and he invariably tore up the sketches as soon as they were completed. The eyes bothered Elkins, too, but he finally disposed of them, as Hammond said, by patching lids over them. It was the scar that troubled Elkins. He could never get it in the right position on the face. After an evening at the Cafe de Prospice, where M'sieu was always to be found, Elkins would tramp triumphantly to his quarters, declaring that it began exactly one half-inch below the bridge of the nose and ended at the lobe of the right ear. He would sketch in hurriedly the strong, determined lower jaw and the large nose and the lowered eyes. Lastly, he would do the scar. When it was transferred to paper it always looked all wrong, and Elkins would swear loudly and start another sketch.

Woods and Brown wrote for New York magazines, and were in Paris in search of local color. They introduced M'sieu into all their stories. Brown always made him a deep dyed villain, and Woods went to the other extreme and made him a saint.

Cloyd neither painted nor wrote, but he had ideas on all subjects, and especially on the subject of M'sieu and the scar. He was wont to exclaim in atrocious French: *"Cherchez la femme; cherchez la femme!"*

It was Cloyd who discovered M'sieu. One wet, disagreeable September night, the five Americans had sauntered into the Cafe de Prospice, ordered *cafe noir* and settled back in their chairs to discuss the latest news. The Cafe de Prospice is the greatest rendezvous of the chess players of Paris. At the small tables scattered throughout the room were seated men whose whole attention was centered in the game. They were men drawn from practically all classes of society, men whose interests and aims in life were vastly different, but at the Cafe de Prospice they met for a common purpose.

The Americans, while they sipped their coffee, talked of the latest Parson scandal. Cloyd had many opinions to offer on the subject, but it was characteristic of the man, once having expressed his opinion, to lose interest. He attempted to change the topic and, failing, yawned frankly several times and then got up to examine at closer range a picture by a famous English artist hanging on the opposite wall. He had turned around to retrace his steps, and it was then that he had seen M'sieu for the first time. It was not M'sieu himself who had attracted Cloyd at first. It was a little brownish red dog that sat with its head on one side opposite M'sieu. M'sieu's back was toward Cloyd, and the American stood and watched the odd pair. The man was evidently playing for the dog as well as for himself, for as Cloyd watched he made two consecutive moves. The dog, seated on the chair opposite, watched the moves gravely and seemed to understand the situation perfectly.

"By Jove," Cloyd said to himself, "that's the best ever! Brown ought to see this and write it up. He'd probably be called a nature faker for his pains, though. The dog looks rather seedy. Wonder what the old fellow looks like? The back of his head's interesting."

Cloyd moved forward a few steps, and his shadow falling on the table, M'sieu turned around quickly.

"I beg your pardon," Cloyd said. "I could not resist watching the game between you and your dog. Pray, do not let me interrupt."

"You have done that already," the Frenchman answered gravely, but with no annoyance in his tone.

Cloyd scarcely heard the remark. He was telling himself that he had never seen such a face, and was wondering how, when and where that scar had cut its way across the cheek.

The Frenchman had turned again to the dog and was talking to it in a low voice. Cloyd suddenly felt that he wanted to know this man, and he stood there vainly trying to think of something to say. There were few things that Cloyd would acknowledge, even to himself, he did badly, but chess, he frankly admitted, was beyond his ability. However, in the present instance it seemed the only means by which he could get into conversation with this man who interested him so strongly.

At this moment the Frenchman's dog, without any warning, sprang upon the table, walked across it, scattering the pawns to right and left, and dropped into his master's lap.

"Oh, Petite, Petite," Cloyd heard the Frenchman say, in a curious mixture of French and English, *"tu es fatiguee? Eh bien, eh bien,* you shall play no more."

Cloyd's opportunity had come and he moved forward.

"Will monsieur allow me to take Petite's place?"

The Frenchman evidently thought that the American had gone, for he turned with just the slightest look of surprise. "No one can take Petite's place, but you may play with me if you wish," he said after a moment of hesitation. Without a word Cloyd sat down and the game began.

Meanwhile Cloyd's friends had finished their coffee and threshed out the political discussion that had been agitating Paris for the past week.

"Wonder where Cloyd is?" Woods finally said, and rose to the height of his six feet to look over the room. He spied Cloyd almost immediately.

"By George!" he laughed. "There he is, playing chess over in the corner with a Frenchman. Let's go over and see what he's picked up."

The Americans eagerly seized upon the suggestion, and made their way in and out among the labyrinth of tables to where Cloyd and his companion sat.

"You're a nice fellow," Brown said in loud, laughing tones, "to give us the slip like that. What are you trying to do—show how badly you can play chess?"

Cloyd was secretly annoyed. He would have preferred to finish out the game alone with M'sieu. However, the four Americans seated themselves around the table, and Cloyd knew that they were there to stay. There was nothing to do but introduce them. Then, for the first time, Cloyd realized that he did not know the Frenchman's name. He would learn it now.

"Monsieur," he said, "these are my friends. May I introduce them to you?"

The Frenchman looked steadily at the four Americans for a moment, then answered quietly: *"Oui,* monsieur; I shall be glad to know your friends."

Cloyd bent forward. "Your name, monsieur—"

"You may call me 'M'sieu.' The rest does not matter," answered the other. Cloyd drew back, hurt, but the next instant he realized that the Frenchman meant no offense. So he introduced him, and M'sieu ignored the question marks in five pairs of eyes.

Three months had passed since that first meeting and the Americans had become more and more fascinated by this man, insignificant in stature and with a face quite ordinary, if one were to except a wonderful pair of eyes and that scar on the cheek.

To-night the five Americans sat in one of the far corners of the cafe and waited for the little Frenchman. He was late, and as they sat there waiting, their conversation was all of him. They had been saying the same things about him for the last three months, and yet they never grew weary of the subject. Even Cloyd's interest never flagged, although he had expressed his conjecture as to how M'sieu had received that scar at least a hundred times.

They had almost despaired of M'sieu's coming to-night, when Woods, looking up, saw him making his way to their corner. Petite was at his heels as usual. As he sat down M'sieu explained that Petite had not been well all day. "She is cross to-night," he said, picking up the little animal and placing it on his knees. For a few moments he bent over and spoke to her in a low voice, patting her with his curiously large hands.

One by one the Americans had been beaten by the Frenchman in chess. To-night it was Wood's turn, and while M'sieu fondled Petite, the American produced the chessboard. With a final word and pat M'sieu turned his attention to the game.

He played as he always did, cautiously and with his whole heart and soul. He was oblivious to everything going on about him. The Americans had discovered that fact early in their acquaintance, and therefore did not hesitate to talk among themselves about him. Elkins, bolder than was his wont, produced a scrap of paper and pencil, and was eagerly trying to block in the scar on a rough sketch of M'sieu's face.

The Cafe de Prospice was more crowded to-night than usual. The air was so heavy with cigar smoke that the myriad of lights throughout the vast room looked hazy, as do lights through a fog. Here and there a waiter, balancing a tray on his finger tips, slipped in and out among the tables. There was a continuous click-click of glasses and a subdued hum of voices. M'sieu heard and saw nothing.

A party of three, one of them an Englishman, came and seated themselves at the next table. As he sat down, the Englishman knocked against M'sieu's chair. M'sieu kept on studying the chessboard. He had evidently not felt the jolt. His chair and the Englishman's almost touched.

Hammond was busily engaged in watching Elkins's attempts to draw the scar. Cloyd and Brown sat and idly watched the people about them, and especially the three men at the next table. A waiter brought a bottle of wine, and as he moved away they heard the Englishman say:

"The back of his head puts me in mind of— By the way, I never finished telling you chaps how that little affair with the Frenchman ended."

"Let's have the rest of it now," said one of the men. "I suppose you got the girl."

"No; she died. Mighty good thing, too. She cost me more trouble than a little. You remember my telling you that I persuaded her to go to England with me. I had convinced her that the Frenchman, Roland, had dropped her, and after that she was as meek as a lamb."

"He hadn't really, though, had he?" one of the men interrupted.

"Jove, no! He was wild about her, damn him! He was one of the quiet kind that love and hate with their whole souls. He loved her and he hated me; that's why I played him the trick. Well, to continue: I took her to England, where she grew peaked and crabbed looking. She seemed to have left all her good looks across the Channel. I soon began to grow tired of her. A woman without looks, you know, is like a tree without leaves." The Englishman guffawed loudly at the simile.

Petite, fast asleep on M'sieu's lap, grunted and moved uneasily.

"By Jove, that's it—like a tree without leaves!" the Englishman repeated. "I determined to shake her, as the Yankees say. But before I was able to do so I ran up against Roland. He had followed us to Eng-

(*Concluded on page* 16.)

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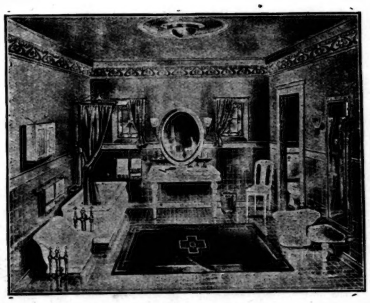

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SPORTIMENT

JUST now the Canadian public is being treated to a hockey war between two senior professional leagues. Their squabbles would be mildly amusing if they were not so offensive in their degradation of Canada's national winter game. Professional sport is bad enough, but at least it ought to be conducted on some business-like and organized basis. Such a situation as this with its wild scramble for players and its smashing of contracts right and left, is almost enough to make one lose hope in the future of the game. Certainly it is doing much to make the public lose interest in professional hockey, and from a purely business point of view this is a very dangerous thing for the gentlemen who are backing up the various professional clubs. They do things better in the States, as the outcome of the threatened baseball war shows. It isn't that the Americans are better sportsmen; it is merely that they are better business men.

* * *

AMATEURS hold their own with professionals in almost every sport, but a notable exception is in regard to jockeyship. The reason is not far to seek, and can be briefly stated; namely, lack of opportunity. Naturally an owner will not entrust a horse to an amateur when he can obtain the services of a much more competent professional, and gentlemen riders have little opportunity unless they own horses of their own.

There is no reason why an amateur jockey should not be quite the equal to a professional, and indeed men like Capt. Beacher and E. P. Wilson in England have proved this over jumps. There is some possibility of the National Hunt authorities doing something to encourage amateur jockeys, and if that body and the Jockey Club decreed that at least one race at each daily meeting should be confined to amateurs, we should soon see an improvement.

* * *

IN view of the endeavor to show American football followers the fine points of the Canadian game in the recent exhibition match at New York, it is interesting to see what has been done in California with the English game.

"Four years ago the athletic authorities at the University of California and at Stanford University decided to abolish the so-called American game of football, and abolished it," says Prof. Frank Angell of Leland Stanford. "During these four years the students have been playing straight English Rugby, and one now feels that he is in position to decide fairly whether or not Rugby avoids the most objectionable features of the old game.

"Now, there is no doubt that Rugby is a hard, rough game; the flying tackles on our hard California dirt fields are no child's play, and throughout the season there are men laid off on the injured list. At present, however, there is much unnecessary hard tackling—a trick brought over from the old regime—but with a better knowledge of the game and more suitable fields, the injured list will probably grow steadily smaller.

"The gain in football skill has been remarkable; where we had one man who could punt forty-five yards, four years ago, we now have ten, and they can punt on the keen run and catch and manipulate the ball with dexterity. The slow and ceremonious punting or drop-kicking of the old game, with players carefully stationed to block off the opposing sides now seems distinctly funny.

"It is my opinion, based on fifteen years' experience as chairman of the faculty athletic committee, that a man must be in better physical condition to play Rugby than the old game—an opinion shared by the veteran trainer 'Dad' Moulton, who has 'conditioned' a great many teams under the old regime. The reason is obvious: there is much more running in Rugby and the plays succeed one another with much greater rapidity. A good Rugby player, be he big or little, must have 'wind' and must be agile. Usually, though not necessarily, he must be fast. But he is not called upon to endure the grinding which so speedily exhausts men in the mass plays, and he is not unfitted for mental work in the evening by a hard match in the afternoon.

"But the main thing after all is that the players enjoy the game and enjoy the practice, despite the hard drilling of the coach. Now, the hope for this sort of thing was one of the reasons for bringing in Rugby, but it never took place so long as we had the old game, and for obvious reasons. It can be laid down as pretty well settled that the old game will never be played by students at large under the present rules; just so long as it lasts there will be no general participation in football as a sport.

"We had fourteen years of the old game out here under the pick of Yale and Princeton coaches and of good coaches of our own make; nevertheless, we now wonder that we stood the institution so long. Whether one considers the welfare and enjoyment of the players, the general development of athletics in the student body, or even the game as a spectacle, Rugby is the far superior sport. In fact, the old game is not a sport but a contest, and we begin now to appreciate the state of mind of the Englishman who finds it generally slow and stupid, occasionally laughable or interesting, and sometimes cruel."

* * *

THE London A. C. recently held its forty-fourth annual dinner at the Trocadero, London, and some ancient history revealed in the course of the speeches threw considerable light on the early days of the club. Lord Alverstone, the president of the club occupied the chair, and he made a lengthy address. He said

DR. LASKER.
A recent photograph of the champion chess player of the world, who is shortly to play Schlecter for the title.

he was a member of the club for forty-seven years and this went back to the time when the club was the Mincing Lane A. C. He was the only man from the old club at the dinner. "In those days," he said, "we used to go to Hackney Wick to see sport. At that period the great professional contests were the only athletic contests worth seeing. The London A. C. was the leader in promoting amateur sport. Later we went to Brompton, where that remarkable athlete Deerfoot ran over eleven and a half miles in the hour, a fact which reminds me of the circumstances connected with that 'record.' I well remember that great athlete P. M. Thornton first running half a mile inside of two minutes—1 minute 59 seconds it proved to be. This is a reminder of the great advance in the standard of athletic performances since the old days. The general standard of the ordinary performer is higher to-day. The style is better, the speed greater and there are many men at the present time gaining standard medals in championships by performances which in times gone by would have gained them championship honors." Other speakers at the dinner were Montagu Sherman, the Rev. R. S. de Courcy Laffan, Sir John Slade and Walter Rye, the "father of paper chasing."

* * *

THAT cross-country running has gained in popularity of recent years there is no doubt and that it has improved the calibre of the distance runners is certain, but at the same time its chief feature has been allowed to deteriorate. It is no longer hill and dale chasing, and for want of a little attention it has drifted into a series of contests on the flat. In the proper interpretation of what cross-country running means there has been little of the real article on this side of the water. What could be described as a genuine course has not been seen in America for at least ten years.

In the Old World, where the sport originated and where it is still popular during the long winter months, its features to-day are the same as they were thirty years ago. There the runners meet an obstacle of some kind every couple of hundred yards, no matter whether it might be a canal, sod fence or white thorn hedge, and to be in the hunt at the finish the men cannot shirk these fences. Then in a majority of courses there is a stretch of ploughed land in such a position that the runners must plug through it or else quit. In the old days when the National Cross-Country Association had control of the sport in the States a few attempts were made at mapping out what could be termed cross-country courses, but even the efforts then fell short of the proper thing.

There is a story which would apply to the point and it is about three members of the New York A. C. who one day started from the clubhouse at Travers Island to have a canter as the crow flies. The idea of finding a better course than the Travers Island one was on their minds, so coming out on the road about half a mile south of the entrance they hit into the woods. One of the trio was ten mile American champion at the time, and the two others were old crocks, but they were old world hill and dale men and in the habit of stiff fences. One of the old ones made the pace and he headed through briars, bushes, walls, picket fences, with the pair trailing. After a couple of miles had been left behind the ten mile champion was in a white heat, while the veterans were hardly yet warmed up. A mile further on the turn was made for home, when the crocks were amazed to see the champion was nearly all in. But they kept going and another mile forced the champion to admit that he could not go a step further. For the remainder of the homeward route the old ones had to help the champion over the fences and there was no more running. As long as the champion kept on the flat he said he was all right, but the fences and heavy going took the heart out of him.

* * *

HOW much difference a coach makes to a team is shown by an editorial article in the Harvard Crimson just following the dual race in which M. I. T. won from the Harvard runners, 27 to 62.

"A defeat such as the cross-country team experienced," says the Crimson, "does not occur without good reason. It is hard to believe that the trouble is with the runners, because they are drawn from the university and freshman track teams of last year, both of which made excellent records. Moreover, our cross-country teams heretofore, some of which have had very superior material, have won very few races. We believe that the fault lies with the irregular system under which the sport is carried on and that a change in the present shortsighted economy of the athletic association by which a good coach and trainer may be provided for the cross-country team will be found to be the remedy for non-success.

"The experience of last year, when the men were trained by a competent professional, gives point to this view. Though the squad as a whole was not above the average in ability a team was developed which gave Technology a close race, defeated Yale and made a good showing in the intercollegiate meet. This year the team has been unfortunate in losing the services of its best performer, but that is all the more reason why unusual pains should be spent on the development of the rest.

"Track athletics are divided in opinion as to the value of cross-country racing as a sport in itself and as to its effect on other sports. As one of the most strenuous forms of exercise followed in the colleges it certainly needs the careful oversight of experienced trainers and coaches if it is not to be attended by injurious results, but as long as Harvard teams are allowed to compete in the events and men are encouraged to come out for them there should be competent coaching in order that the risk of injury may be minimized and that the teams may have a chance to sustain the reputation of the college."

Not every one will agree with the flat statement that track athletes are split on the point of whether cross-country is worth while. Only a few can doubt its worth.

* * *

IN a letter to The New York Sun regarding the prowess of Freddie Welsh, England's new lightweight champion, John R. Coryell of Cardiff, Wales, says:

"Fred Welsh is lightweight champion of England. No one disputes his title now, and there is no one in sight to contest it. He had already beaten every other claimant but Johnny Summers, and him he met and beat last Monday night. He beat him so thoroughly through every round that there was but one opinion of the result.

"A few of the best judges say frankly that Welsh has dealt a death blow to the old fashioned cherished style of standing straight up in a regulation attitude, dancing gracefully in and out with straight leads, right swings and a few uppercuts thrown in whenever the boxer happens to remember that there are more than two effective blows to be used. It looks as if they were beginning slowly and painfully to wake up over here to the fact that they must give more latitude to the boxer if they expect him to be a fighter.

"This is the first time Welsh has fought in London since he left America last June. His victories over the best men here left London unconvinced. It was quite certain in their minds that when he met Johnny Summers, that splendid representative of the best English traditions, his new fangled subtleties of punch and foot work would be shown up in all their emptiness and futility. They are now almost as much dazed as Summers was, and nothing else is talked of in sporting circles but Welsh and his new methods.

"It doesn't look as if Battling Nelson could afford to dodge Welsh much longer. Now that Welsh is the recognized champion of England his challenge to Nelson must either be taken notice of or the Battler must let his title pass by default to the man who offers to meet him on his own terms, but whom he has sidestepped for so many months that they run into years. If the lightweight champion of the world will come over here there is a big purse waiting for him, and Welsh has offered to back himself to the extent of $5,000 or $10,000.

* * *

It is understood by close followers of athletics that a light, dry air is conducive to fast sprinting, and runners can sometimes put up times in South Africa, Australia and America which they could not equal in the denser atmosphere of Britain. On this account it is unwise to be too skeptical about the cabled news from South Africa that a professional named Donaldson had run 120 yards in 12¼ seconds. Naturally, we are anxious for further particulars, because, if authentic, the time will be on a par with the 131¼ yards in 12 2-5 seconds by Harry Hutchins at Sheffield in 1879, and which performance he virtually reproduced in 1882.

* * *

How popular the Rugby game is in Wales is illustrated by the attendance at the Cardiff vs. Newport match upwards of 35,000 people supporting the fixture. The win of Newport, 6 points to 4, enabled the Usksiders to maintain an unbeaten record, and they are well advanced towards the Welsh Club championship. Leicester did very well to draw (no score) on entertaining Swansea, and another good win was that of the unbeaten Harlequins over Northampton—27 points to 11. As to the universities, Oxford beat Richmond and Edinburgh Wanderers recently, while the Cantabs failed against Blackheath and Swansea, but it is early to draw comparisons.

* * *

Dorando Pietri has stopped off at England on his way to America and he wants to run some first-class Britishers, notably Fred Appleby and C. W. Gardiner. It is not stated that he is bound for here with the intention of making money, but if he is he is sadly mistaken. The Marathon game here is a dead one and the star performers won't make enough cash to buy salt for their gruel this winter.

PLAYFAIR.

Old Times.

OLD times were good times—they
were sweet to know,
Old friends who loved us—friends
whom we loved so;
Dreamin' of 'em always, here where
memory dwells,
They're like a sweet song's echo—a
far-off chime of bells!

Old times were good times—sweet to
see again,
Smilin' in the sunshine, tangled in
the rain;
The old, the pleasant faces, of
meadows bright with dew,
The kind, the gentle faces alight
with love for you.

Old times—we love 'em—here in
memory's book,
Looking at a fellow like his sweet-
heart used to look!
Stay with us forever, dear times, so
tender-bright,
Till the evening bells are ringin' and
memory sighs "Good-night!"
—Frank L. Stanton, in Exchange.

"If m'wife's awake I'll shay: 'M'-dear, brought y' some c'sath'mums—chrysthmus—chrasythums'—hang it! Wish I'd got roses."—Life.

Wife (reminiscing)—Well, I very nearly didn't marry you, John. John (absent-mindedly)—I know, but who told you? —The Sketch.

Poet—Did she think my sonnet was good? Friend—She must have. She didn't believe you wrote it.—Kansas City Journal.

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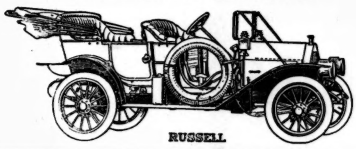

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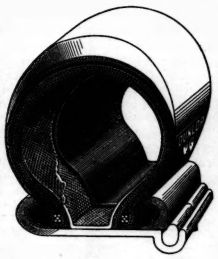

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THE "CANOT AUTOMOBILE."
An amphibious automobile invented by Ravailler, and recently adopted by the French Government. In the water the driving power is changed from the wheels to the propeller by a quick and simple method.

spend half their time in the repair shop? Or rather, isn't it a wonder that there are not more accidents and more damage done?

The whole problem turns on the question of what constitutes a chauffeur. The natural answer is that a chauffeur is a man who knows how to run an automobile. But this doesn't settle the matter at all. The fact is that there are any number of men running about with licenses giving them the right to run a car, but who don't know any more about a car than they do about the Icelandic sagas. These men describe themselves as "licensed chauffeurs," and they flourish registration badges, with the result that the unwary are taken in, and that good cars are broken up and good people hurt.

The whole trouble begins with this matter of "licenses." They are a great stumbling-block to the public, and may be held responsible to a large degree for many accidents. If this business of licenses were better understood by the public, the chauffeur question would be put on a much surer footing than it is, to-day. The fact of the matter is that the license doesn't guarantee anything about the man who possesses it, except that he has had a dollar and has paid it to the civic authorities of Toronto. He may never have had his hand on the wheel of a car, but if he has paid his one hundred cents to the municipality, he is given the right to go out and smash up a five-thousand-dollar car, or perhaps kill somebody, either in the car or outside it. His registration ticket or badge, which is nothing more than a receipt for a dollar, enables him to pass himself off on an unsuspecting employer as a competent chauffeur.

The obvious and proper thing to do then, is for the civic authorities to see that no man gets a badge who hasn't duly qualified himself by passing a careful examination. An inspector should be appointed, whose business it would be to try out such applicants for the badges of chauffeurs. In that case the badge or license would mean something, and the employer who hired a "licensed chauffeur" would, at least, have the assurance that the man knew how to drive a car. This is the only way in which the safety of the public can be properly assured.

And what constitutes a competent chauffeur? I cannot answer this question better than by quoting a recent lecture by William J. Foster in New York City. He pointed out that an expert driver is a man who is thoroughly competent along three distinct lines. In the first place, he has a thorough understanding of every organ and part of his entire machine; he knows how to care for each part in its turn, how it operates, how to detect trouble when it arises, and how to remedy it in the quickest manner.

"All these things form the first essential part of the knowledge of a competent man. In the second place, he must be able to drive his car skilfully and surely in the city traffic, with the greatest safety to both the public and the car. Thirdly, he must be a man of the proper calibre to understand the responsibility of his position. In his hands lies the power to give much pleasure to those whom he is driving, or, if he be careless, to be the cause of accident and death. A properly trained man will realize the responsibility of his position in a manner to cause him to drive as carefully as possible; he will be anxious to help the police in making the traffic in his city the best regulated in the world, as this will be to his own advantage, and he will look down on joy-riding as an underhanded and dishonest advantage to take of his employer. To sum up, I again say that a competent chauffeur must be proficient first in the theory of the machine; secondly, in his driving of the car, and thirdly, in his understanding of his responsibilities to his employer and to the law."

* * *

IT is well known in the motor-car trade that one of the notable successes of the past season was made by the manufacturers of a moderate-price car—one listed for $1,500 in the United States. As in part a result of this success, it is now frequently said that manufacturers are more and more heeding the demands for cars of this class and even for cars selling for a smaller sum. In the manufacture of such cars simplicity and economy are desirable qualities. Indeed, it is beginning to be seen that to this machinery axiom the motor-car should be no exception. A writer in The Automobile, Roland C. Laurie, makes a plea on behalf of a light runabout as one of the cars of the future. For this he believes there awaits a distinct success for the firm which shall make such a car of the right quality and price. The present runabout, he says, "falls short of the ideal in horse-power, springiness, and general serviceability." What the public wants is a $500 car that shall be thoroughly efficient. Mr. Laurie is confident that immense possibilities await the maker of such a product. He professes to have extensive personal knowledge on this subject, from which he advances the opinion that a proposition of this kind would be widely interesting and promptly responded to. He mentions one concern alone which has received 30,000 inquiries in response to a proposition of this kind, while another concern received 20,000 inquiries. These came, it is true, from advertising, but they did not result from excessive display or expenditure in that direction. In present cars of the inexpensive runabout kind, the horse-power is not high enough. Such cars should be at least of the "2- or 4-cylinder, 15-horse-power, water-cooled type."

* * *

THERE seems to be no doubt that the highways in Southern States, in the course of a few years, will generally have been much improved. Chief among the influences which have brought about this awakening in the South have been, not only individual motor-trips, but the speed contests at Savannah and runs made from New York and Washington to Atlanta. The most recent incident probably is the selection of what is known as the "National Highway" from New York to Atlanta, which has finally been decided upon after inspection of various proposed routes. For the first public tour over this highway there were more than twenty entries. R. H. Johnston, who drove a steam-car over the route during the past summer, has compiled road directions for the trip. In outline the route is as follows:

The route leads first across Staten Island; then runs to Trenton, where it crosses the Delaware River and thence proceeds to Philadelphia. From Philadelphia it leads almost due west to Gettysburg, via Lancaster and York. At Gettysburg it turns south to Hagerstown, going thence to Shepherdstown, in West Virginia, and from there to Winchester. From this point it follows the famous Shenandoah Pike to Staunton. From Staunton it proceeds south via the National Bridge to Roanoke. South of Roanoke is a stretch of about 50 miles across the mountains, where the worst roads of the entire route are encountered. As soon as the highway enters North Carolina, better conditions are found and there are good roads almost all the way across the State, via Winston-Salem, Greensboro, and Charlotte. Greenville and Anderson are the principal towns in South Carolina through which the route passes. Entering Georgia, it proceeds via Royston, Winder, and Lawrenceville to Atlanta. The total distance from New York is 1,050 miles.

The selection of this highway resulted in prompt improvements of the condition of the road at various points. In general the influence of it will extend to many parts of the South. Not only are individual car-owners interested in the work of improvement, but boards of trade at various cities, county officers, and city governments. Already many roads which formerly were almost impassable have been newly graded and the bridges reconstructed.

* * *

A SYMPOSIUM is printed in The Automobile Bulletin for October, showing in several parts of the country the increasing favor of farmers toward cars. A farmer in South Dakota, who has spent all his life in farming and lives ten miles from a railroad station, says he owns a 20-horse-power touring-car with detachable tonneau, and during the first three months drove it 2,000 miles "without spending a cent on repairs." He now uses it exclusively for errands, for bringing supplies to the farm, and for pleasure. He takes care of it himself and after each trip looks at all the bearings and spark plugs. He finds the car eminently a good investment and believes the time will come when "every farmer will have at least one automobile of his own."

Another farmer, writing from Ohio, who has in mind all that has been done for the farmer by the telephone, rural free delivery, and books, believes that there exists "no more all-around farmer educator than the motor-car." He has owned his car only one year, but in that time has become convinced that no investment he ever made brought anything like the same amount of pleasure to himself and his family. He believes the car "will have a powerful influence in keeping boys and girls happy and contented with life on the farm."

From Missouri a farmer writes that the car is following exactly in the wake of the telephone, rural free delivery, and acetylene gas, in the comforts and conveniences it brings to farm life. It belongs also in a class with the windmill, the self-binder, and other farm labor-saving devices. He says that, in his part of the country, farmers "are buying machines by the thousands." Many of the cars bought are built with special reference to conditions of farm life and rural roads.

From Massachusetts a farmer writes that "he bought, in 1906, a five-horse-power steam-runabout that had been built in 1901." He has not only used it on the road for pleasure as well as business, but has employed the engine to run a circular saw with which to saw his firewood.

From New Hampshire a farmer writes that when he bought his car he was told that it would take a fortune to maintain the upkeep. But in the two years, during which he has run his car hundreds of miles, the cost for tires and repairs has been less than ten dollars—less than would have been the cost of shoeing a horse for the same length of time. Moreover a horse would have had to be fed 365 days in the year, while the car needed fuel only when it was in use. He employs his car to deliver butter to his customers, doing this in half the time a horse would take. He believes that manufacturers ought to produce a strong, simple machine especially for farmers.

A writer, familiar with farm conditions in Dakota, declares that the car actually costs less to keep than does a horse, does ten times as much of different classes of work, is always more ready for service, and is much less troublesome to care for. A horse ordinarily can not travel in his whole life more than 50,000 miles, whereas an automobile may do that in two years. The writer knows of farms in Texas which, in spite of their great fertility, could not be sold at any price before the days of motor-cars, but are now in demand and have increased in value, even though they may be thirty or forty miles from a market which, with a car, is regarded as an easy distance. The cost of the upkeep in some cars has been reduced so far that a careful farmer can operate his car without spending for oil and gas as much as it would cost to keep a horse. The writer agrees with others that repairs ought not to exceed the cost of shoeing a horse and repairing a harness. The average farmer has one distinct advantage over most owners who live in towns. He can not only operate his own car, but he can care for it himself. The farmer is more or less of a machinist, having all his life been familiar with farm machinery. He, therefore, is able to save a large part of the expenses involved in repairs such as usually fall to the lot of the unmechanical dweller in a town.

CHAUFFEUR.

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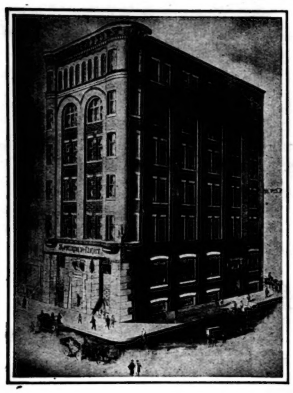

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a thirty-two-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone {Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments.} Main {6640 6641}

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:

Board of Trade Building, (Tel. Main 285) MONTREAL.

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors.

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$3.00
Six Months	1.50
Three Months	.75

Postage to European and countries other than Great Britain and Colonies $1.30 per year extra

Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd 1879.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 23. TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 25, 1909. No. 11.

!?. DONTS ABOUT DEOPLE .?!

President of the Press Gallery.

TO be president of the Ottawa Parliamentary Press Gallery is one of the coveted honors of journalism in Canada. Most newspapermen have a hankering to get into the Ottawa Gallery some time in their experience, and most members of the Gallery have a very laudable ambition to be president. This year the crown has been thrust upon a popular Toronto newspaperman, Mr. Paul E. Bilkey, whom we present in the accompanying picture in full regalia. He is the correspondent of The Toronto Evening Telegram, and has been in the Gallery five or six years. In the vernacular of the profession, he writes some very bright "stuff." A sparkling originality and a goodly supply of subtle humor have always characterized his writings. He began his literary career on The Toronto Star in the olden days, but has now been with The Telegram for many years. On the latter paper he distinguished himself years ago by his bright sketches of proceedings in the police court. In fact, there used to be a heresy that more people read The Telegram's police court than read its editorials; but, of course, that was long ago. Mr. Bilkey passed from prisoners to politicians, and in the accompanying picture he looks as though he might be a Senator rather than a correspondent, but when one is president, one must look dignified; and it is to be hoped his "bright soul" will not be extinguished in Senatorial slumber, although some day mayhap it might illumine the House of Commons from the floor of the House instead of from the Gallery!

Mr. Paul Bilkey.

Church is their Despair.

NO matter who is to be elected Mayor of Toronto, Tommy Church has 'em all beaten to death as a canvasser, and if he doesn't head the polls this year for the Board of Control, many wise heads will be surprised.

People wagged their heads some years ago when Tommy Church announced that he was going to run for Alderman for Ward Two. The idea was funny to a good many, and they laughed outright at the suggestion. Besides getting up an attractive platform, however, and appearing at every available meeting, Tommy Church did one thing that no other candidate thought of. He started out and visited every single house in Ward Two. He knocked at each door, stuck his smiling face into the opening, and simply told whoever answered that he was Tommy Church, out for aldermanic distinction—and would they please vote for him? He did not take more than a minute at each house. The voters did not know who many of the other candidates were from a load of beans, and Tommy got in.

Tommy Church wants to be elected to the Board of Control this year, and the other candidates are marvelling at his canvassing stunts. A newspaperman was talking with another would-be controller. The latter had just left one of the Fathers up at a Catholic college, who had said to him:

"Who is this Mr. Church?"

"Why, he's a very nice chap, good-hearted fellow, was the answer.

"Well, he was up at that football game between St. Michael's and another team, and he got out on the field and organized the bleachers into a huge yell for our team," said the Father with great gratification. Will stunts like that make votes for Tommy Church? Decidedly the other candidates think they will.

Tommy Church did a little quiet thinking a day or so ago, and decided his canvass was not complete enough. He swore off regular business, and his friends wondered where he had got to. The only ones that could locate him were other fellows that wanted to be Controllers, and they would find that he had been at an evening meeting an hour before they struck it, shaking hands all round. But during those two days some one discovered Tommy Church. He was glued to a telephone, and at the end of a period he had telephoned no less than 2,500 people and asked for their consideration at the polls.

"I was at a meeting last night at an Orange place," said a candidate for Controller, "and there did not seem to be any one else out for civic honors present but myself. I thought I could get in some good exclusive work, and I addressed the gathering. Afterwards I found Tommy Church had been there ahead of me, and besides speaking, had shaken the hand of everyone in the room."

He is the despair of the rest. The Church cards are up in places in the Ward where ordinary candidates can't get in at all. It would not surprise some people to hear that Tommy Church has crawled along the top of every freight train coming into Toronto and canvassed the crews to give him a civic lift with their votes.

A Writer of Reminiscences.

LADY ST. HELIER, who, for years was one of the most prominent hostesses in London, has had exceptional opportunities of meeting the most important people of several decades. For years her drawing-room in Harley street was crowded with all sorts and conditions of men, and her book, "Memories of Fifty Years" reveals an interesting series of pictures of the later Victorian period. Lady St. Helier's first husband was Colonel Stanley, a son of Lord Stanley, of Alderley, and later she married Sir Francis Jeune, afterwards Lord St. Helier.

Prisoner's Dock from Instinct.

THE relation of stories in which a judge figured recalled an occasion a good many years ago when Justice MacMahon held the Assize Court in the old courthouse on Adelaide street. The room was so arranged that when the clerk of the court called the name of each juryman selected to take his place in the jury box, he had to walk the length of the room from behind the rail, back of which spectators sat, to reach his own enclosure. In doing so he passed the prisoner's dock.

On this occasion the clerk called out the name of a juror, and the latter left his seat, but apparently did not know where to sit.

"Get into the box," called out one of the constables after him. The juror walked half the length of the room till he reached the prisoner's dock, when he stopped, opened the gate and walked in and seated himself. There was a laugh at the expense of the juryman, but Judge MacMahon whispered to one of the officials to scrutinize the identity of the man. It was soon discovered that he was an old hand in court, having been three times convicted of offences. He followed his natural instinct in hustling into the box when spoken to sharply.

How the Judge Stopped a Fight.

WHEN Judge Morgan, he who now gives many weighty judgments seated on his couch in his chambers, was holding court one session up at Sutton, the place where he presided was in a room on the first floor of a hotel near the railway station. On the first morning during this court, the Judge looked out of a window which gave a full view of the driving sheds, and there was surprised to behold two men engaged in strenuous combat with their fists.

"Here," called the Judge to the sheriff or the bailiff, "run out there and put a stop to that fight."

The officer obediently withdrew, and the case in court continued. A minute or so later the official reappeared with a bump on the nose from which the gore was proceeding profusely.

"Your Honor, I can't stop them," he protested.

"You can't, eh? Well, I can," declared the Judge. He seized his stick, and falling on the two in the yard knocked them both down with shrewd blows of the weapon. That ended the fight, and court continued.

The Solicitor-General.

HON. JACQUES BUREAU, Solicitor-General in the Dominion Cabinet, and to whom reference was made in these pages last week, had rather a strenuous experience in his younger days. He was private secretary to the late Hon. John Norquay, then Premier of Manitoba. When Mr. Greenway succeeded Mr. Norquay, Mr. Bureau was unceremoniously "fired" on the assumption that he was a Tory. As a matter of fact, he had no politics. But what made the situation very hard for him was the fact that he hadn't a dollar to his name, and could not speak a word of English, he having been reared in Quebec. However, he managed to get a job, and by degrees mastered English, so that he made the best of the situation. Now he speaks English like a native, and is on easy street financially.

The great work of boring a tunnel through the chain of the Andes at an altitude of over 10,000 feet above sea level for the trains of the Transandine Railway is practically completed. Early in April next the rails will be laid, and from then onward the journey from Buenos Ayres, on the eastern side of the South American continent, to Valparaiso, on the Pacific Coast, may be made in comfort at any time of the year.

Prime Minister Zahle of Denmark violates all court traditions by going to a royal reception wearing a black slouch hat. His wife still retains her place as a stenographer in the Danish Parliament.

Old Mayors and New

TORONTO'S first mayor was the most distinguished man that ever sat in the chair the occupancy of which is now being so strenuously fought for by Controller Horatio C. Hocken and Controller George Reginald Geary. In fact, the citizen who was chosen as chief magistrate when the people of this old town secured a charter as a city and started out in an ambitious way of municipal business in 1834 became a figure of national size—the only Toronto mayor of which this can be said. This citizen was William Lyon Mackenzie, a man odious enough to Conservatives of his time, but now one of the giants of the past, to whom opponents of the Liberal party of to-day point with satisfaction when they make invidious comparisons between past and present leaders of that party. Mackenzie, indeed, was not a Liberal. That name was not adopted in Canada until years after his death. He was a Reformer, and everyone knows to what lengths his political convictions carried him. As to his record as mayor of Toronto, we may let that pass. He served for a year and served well. But the fact that he did serve at all is the most interesting one to consider just now, for it helps us to contrast the various types of men who have occupied the mayor's chair since that time.

In passing, it may be said that while no reference can be made to Mackenzie without introducing politics, party considerations have never ruled entirely in municipal elections in Tory Toronto.

After Mackenzie came Robert Baldwin Sullivan, Thomas D. Morrison, George Gurnett, John Powell, George Monro, Hon. Henry Sherwood, William Henry Boulton, John George Bowes, Joshua George Beard, John Beverley Robinson, George William Allan, John Hutchison, David Breckenridge Read, Adam Wilson, John George Bowes, Francis Medcalf, James E. Smith and Samuel Bickerton Harman. This brings us up to 1870, some of these men having served several terms, and a glance at their names shows that municipal affairs here were as yet largely in the hands of men belonging to what we now call the old families of the city—men of large property and, in many cases, of high ideals and very considerable culture. In the early days, you see, the position of mayor was looked upon as being a very honorable and desirable one. In England men of the largest mental calibre and the highest social standing feel it a duty to serve the public as town councillors and mayors, and here in the truly colonial days this English idea prevailed. The mayor did not go from a rented house or a humble freehold abode to the meetings of the council. He went from a manor, probably with a carriage and pair. In 1870 George D'Arcy Boulton, then owner of that historic house, The Grange, was a member of the city council. Feudalism, it may be presumed, was still alive in this raw, young country—alive in the imagination of those public-spirited old-time gentlemen who abandoned their big fireplaces and their whist on stormy evenings to deliberate—they surely did not wrangle—on ways and means of financing what was then a poor, muddy, frowsy little city, and striving to protect the lives and property of citizens, to accord them liberty, and to encourage them in the pursuit of happiness. And those old-fashioned mayors were shrewd and wise, for the most part, too, and performed their duties well indeed.

CONTROLLER HOCKEN,
Toronto Mayoralty candidate.

Then came Joseph Sheard, Alexander Manning—another of the few who seem in those days to have owned pretty much all the real estate hereabouts between them,—Angus Morrison, James Beatty, Jr., William Barclay McMurrich, Arthur Radcliffe Boswell, and Sir William Howland, the latter holding office in 1886 and 1887. In this group we observe a merging of the old-time and modern mayoralty standards, with Sir William an instance of renaissance, so to speak. You see by this time most of the seignioral families had gone into business and done well, or others had begun to outshine them in money-making and were looming large on the civic horizon.

In 1888 came E. F. Clarke, another type—a sturdy democrat, beloved by the poor, respected by all. He was a Tory of Tories and a radical Orangeman, and as everyone knows he was editor and owner of The Orange Sentinel, as Controller Hocken is to-day. But by no sect was he regarded as anything but a kindly, able man. He did not have to run for Parliament or the mayor's chair, but won in a walk, and he never disappointed his friends in either place. He was mayor for four consecutive terms. Then came the reign of Fleming—Robert John Fleming, modern of moderns, prince of jolliers, the People's Bob—which lasted during 1892 and 1893, and which was again resumed in 1896, after Warring Kennedy had served for two terms. In 1897 Mr. Fleming was called, or rather called himself, to the excellent post of Assessment Commissioner, later abandoning the City Hall and his title of the People's Bob to go over to the Street Railway. Then came John Shaw, he of the famous whiskers and wonderful urbanity of mien—one of the veterans of the Hall, known to everybody. After four terms of Shaw came Ernest Albert Macdonald, militant socialist, in 1900.

At this stage it was not unnatural that there should be a demand for a little more tone, if not of balance, at the City Hall; and, as in this world there is always a man ready to meet any emergency, Oliver A. Howland, Esq., stepped into the breach. He was a highly decorative official. And it certainly was pleasant to be able to speak of "Mayor Howland" again. It took one back to the days when the chief executive of the town played his part in due and ancient form. One always felt sure of Mayor Howland. He always dressed correctly, spoke correctly, never made a break. When the Prince of Wales came to town—he was the Duke of York then—Mayor Howland welcomed him at the entrance to the City Hall with an ease and grace which made the crowds in the street and on all the neighboring buildings forget that it was raining. After that the people were almost afraid to elect another mayor, for they feared—so hardy and importunate were ward-heelers and others becoming in clamoring for the job—lest some one might slip in of the character of the old mayor of a small Ontario city—St. Thomas, I think—who welcomed Lord Aberdeen by saying: "Pleased to meet you, Lord Aberdeen; let me introduce my missus." Well Thomas Urquhart slipped in—between two Conservatives, as sometimes happens. But he made no bad breaks. Emerson Coatsworth, another lawyer of a very similar type, followed; and then we had Mayor Oliver, another Liberal who somehow slipped in. And Mr. Oliver has made a good mayor, when all is said and done. He has not been showy, but he has displayed plenty of plain common sense. He has also been above-board and has spoken his mind freely on all matters. For instance the other day at a meeting of the Board of Control, he remarked significantly: "Look here now, I think some members of this Board are talking too much to the reporters, and not paying enough attention to business." Thereupon he looked at Controller Hocken, and Controller Hocken blushed. But the Mayor again remarked brusquely: "I am addressing both sides of the table." Then Controller Geary blushed too.

CONTROLLER GEARY,
Toronto Mayoralty candidate.

As to the next two years—for by common consent a mayor's term is now two years, a term by acclamation following one of ordinary good conduct after election—the prospect is quite bright. Both men in the field are straight, capable and experienced. Controller Hocken is an energetic, well-posted journalist, who has been a Controller three years. Mr. Geary is a clean-cut young lawyer who has been in the council since 1904. Toronto has had many types of mayors, but whoever is elected on New Year's day, the incoming executive will be a man well up to the requirements of the office.

H. W. J.

Game Played by International Thieves.

THE gang of international thieves who recently fleeced American and English tourists in Rome are now working the game in Florence with great success, says the London correspondent of The New York Sun. A wealthy Swede named Samuel Florens made friends with a certain John Lewis, of Brooklyn, who was staying at the same hotel, and the two tourists decided to do the sights of Florence together.

Lewis one day met a dear friend named Powers, and the two Americans were so glad to see each other that they decided to celebrate the meeting with a grand dinner, to which the Swede was naturally invited. Powers had no end of money, and he spent it lavishly. The Swede and his two American friends were having a stroll in the Piazza della Signoria one evening, when a lady, accompanied by a respectable middle-aged gentleman, dropped a jeweled purse. The Swede hastened to pick it up and restore it to the owner.

Profuse thanks followed, and the middle-aged gentleman introduced himself as Patrick Murphy, of Brooklyn, and invited his countrymen and their friend to dinner. Mr. Murphy volunteered the information that he was carrying the sum of $150,000 to Rome as a gift to the Pope, and that naturally he took every possible precaution to prevent its being stolen. There were many thieves in Italy, he said, and you had to be very careful, but of course he knew Italian, and besides carried a revolver, so the money was safe with him.

Lewis and Powers begged Murphy as a great favor to keep their money while they remained in Florence, as they would feel safer, and Mr. Murphy consented. They accordingly handed over their money to him, and Mr. Florens was tempted to do likewise, so he gave Murphy $2,000 for safe keeping. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Murphy was taken ill and her husband had to take her home. Lewis and Powers insisted on escorting the couple, and naturally the Swede lost his money and his American friends.

By a traveller in Italy the Rubicon, the famous river crossed by Julius Cæsar, is described as "the merest trickle of a stream, in which it would be quite impossible for a man to drown himself."

OLD DAD

By MARK ROBINSON, Park Ranger

I saw him first across a small beaver dam.

I FIRST met him a year ago—a tall, powerful stag with rough antlers, three prongs to each. No doubt many of the wise heads of the forest would tell you he was three years old. However, this version of the age of a deer was belied by the remarkable, almost black, winter coat and his grey and wrinkled head. I first saw him standing across a small beaver pond (the ugliest and largest deer I ever saw). He stamped and pawed the leaves and snorted, evidently in defiance, as he refused to run away or show any desire of doing so. I watched him a short time. Being in need of meat for wolf baits, I raised my rifle, but lowered it instantly as the thought struck me: "You defiant old chap, how many hard battles you must have won; how many hairbreadth escapes have you had with wolves, etc.! The evening was bleak and cold, so I continued my journey to the shelter house. Meeting an old lumberman, I mentioned seeing this large deer. He smiled and said:

"That's Old Dad. We have known him for about a dozen years. He always stays around here and allows no other gentleman deer in the particular part of the forest where he holds sway. Awful glad you didn't make wolf bait of him, Mr. Ranger. The woods around Canoe Lake would be very lonesome without Old Dad. Yes, sir-ee, very lonesome. Good night, Ranger."

I thought a good deal about the old chap and made up my mind to cultivate a closer acquaintance with him if possible. I next saw him as he was making another large buck hustle off his grounds at tremendous speed. About this time a large pack of wolves and a few lynx took up quarters in this section, with fatal results to many deer, etc. Frequently we would see does and fawns rush out into the open. At these times Old Dad would appear snorting and making off in a different direction as though he was trying to lead the enemy after him. On these occasions he always led the way to some of the near-by dwelling houses. Was it because of the protection afforded around a settler's buildings, or was it raising an alarm in order to get mankind to open their doors and show themselves, thus frightening away the enemy, which, upon investigation of tracks, almost always proved to be wolves?

I often saw Dad with about a dozen does and fawns feeding in a quiet ravine near the old Hospital. Sometimes, indeed, I passed them by at fifty paces distance. Dad would always snort and stamp, and seldom move far away. When the cold winter weather set in, he took up his abode in a small thick swamp near the home of a settler. During the daytime, if wolves were not close, Dad would lead the way up to the hardwood hills to feed, invariably returning toward night to his yard, his party almost always with him.

Toward the latter part of December, Dad appeared one day with an antler missing. A few days after the other antler had disappeared (one of those antlers is now in the possession of a gentleman in the town of Barrie). Dad had shed his A.D. 1908 set of antlers, and looked quite crestfallen. He only snorted now when real danger appeared. Toward spring, when the warm sunny days returned, he disappeared and was seen no more until the latter part of June, when he appeared among a number of other bucks one evening at a salt lick (provided by the rangers near the shelter house for the purpose of study). He was growing a new set of antlers, and was in quite poor condition compared with the other bucks. However, he at once took up his old position, fighting furiously by striking with his fore legs any that dared to oppose his sway. In a short time the other bucks took to their heels, and Old Dad was once more king among his kind.

Toward the latter part of September I saw the old chap polishing his antlers (which bear five prongs each) on a small tree. As soon as he became aware of my presence he stole away quietly, as though ashamed of himself. We see him quite often these days. His winter coat is darker than ever, while his head is even more grisled and wrinkled. He is in excellent condition. Snorting, stamping, and as defiant as of old, he goes his way, almost always accompanied by some of the fair sex of his kind—a sort of a dandy and king.

A Table d'Hote Christmas.

ONCE a man gets past the stage where he takes a strong personal interest in Christmas trees, and continues to express a belief in the existence of Santa Claus—so as not to disappoint his parents—the most characteristic and interesting thing about Christmas Day is the Christmas dinner. That is the time when the great family festival of good will reaches its height of good cheer. What generous merriment greets the arrival of the turkey! With what an expansion of the heart is the plum-pudding ushered in! Kindliness beams from every eye as the nimble forks quarry the mince-pies into convenient slabs. And then what grand old yarns are spun for the ten thousandth time over the Christmas punch! Even that prosy old story which our rather tiresome old uncle never loses an opportunity to retail, somehow or other has a flavor of genuine humor when filtered through the goodly steam of the Christmas table. And what a beautifier that same steam is! How it throws the tints of youth over wrinkled old faces, and a veil of beauty over homely young ones! Truly there is no family festival to be compared in generous warmth and kindly merriment with Christmas Day, and that best part of Christmas Day, the Christmas dinner.

All this is merely by way of introduction and contrast to what I wish to tell about—the Christmas dinner of those who have, not homes, but lodgings, the Christmas dinner of those who "board" or eat at restaurants, the "table-d'hote" Christmas. And their number is legion. One has only to go into a popular restaurant on Christmas Day to realize how many there are, who are forced to make shift with the purchased hospitality of a public table, instead of enjoying the kindly abundance of home. All these eating resorts are crowded; nor are the crowds to be regarded as melancholy assemblages of the weary and home-sick. On the contrary, there is abundant evidence of good cheer. The rooms are decorated with holly, and green and red ribbons. The waiters are all smiling their widest, and everybody is very evidently on his best and most cheery behavior. There is a joyous clatter of knives and forks, and a tremendous rushing to and fro with platters of turkey and steaming portions of plum-pudding. It is all very animated and blithesome—almost too obtrusively so. But what a poor substitute it is for the real Christmas dinner and the faces around the family board!

I remember once taking my Christmas dinner in just such a place. Across the table from me sat a precocupied young man, who ate his dinner with a certain resigned deliberation. He did it as if it were a difficult and dangerous task which required the concentration of all a man's mental powers. Never a word did he speak as course followed course, until the arrival of the plum-pudding—the crowning glory of the feast. He sat and stared at it for a minute or two, and then he spoke in an impersonal and dispassionate way, as though addressing his remarks to the world in general or the ambient air.

"I used to growl about the grub at home," he said, "but if my old mother could see me eating that lump ot soggy dough for a Christmas pudding, it would break her heart."

I watched him as he shoveled it in with the painful precision of one resolved to go through with an unpleasant duty. He gave a sigh after the last mouthful. It was good pudding, too—I had some myself. But it lacked the proper atmosphere and spirit—this is no reflection on the brandy sauce. Eating Christmas plum pudding is not a mere gastronomic feat. It is an important ceremony in the family ritual. To eat it in a restaurant is like kneeling on the curb to say one's prayers. It doesn't satisfy the soul.

Of course, there are some homeless ones who have better fortune than this on Christmas Day. There are many who have good friends at whose board they are welcome to accumulate the pleasant material of future indigestion. Just for instance, I know a lady whose kindly and hospitable soul is moved to pity by the melancholy lot of the homeless newspaperman on Christmas Day; and she always makes a point of gathering about the Christmas table such fortunate ones among the homeless chroniclers of the day's events as have the privilege of her friendship. There is turkey and mince-pie and plum-pudding—such plum-pudding!—and there is also a Christmas tree, which is pretty enough and sufficiently well laden to bring back one's belief in the existence of Santa Claus. But, of course, this is only for the chosen few. It is only an oasis in the barren desert of "table-d'hote."

Under ordinary circumstances, the man who takes his Christmas dinner in a friend's family can't help feeling that he is something of an interloper. For Christmas is, in a very special manner, the great family festival. The Christmas ceremonies—the tree and the dinner and all that—are the Eleusinian mysteries of the hearth. Thus it is, that no matter how welcome a visitor is made, no matter how much reason he is given to feel at home, there is nearly always the subtle reminder that he is outside the inner family circle, and is really only a privileged spectator of the joy that he cannot wholly share. And this is one reason why many men decline the invitation of their friends and prefer the venal but irresponsible hospitality of the public restaurant.

And so they sit under the garish decorations, and enter as best they can into the conspiracy to emulate Christmas cheer. They crack ancient jokes with the waiters and exchange genial commonplaces with their nearest neighbors. But after all it is only make-believe, and in the pauses of the conversation you know by the reminiscent look in their eyes that their thoughts are with other Christmas Days and other dinners. And as you watch them, they are apt to fade away and change into old familiar figures. The fat man opposite you who makes strange noises over his food, suddenly grows slender and dainty, and there is a lace shawl over his shoulders, and his hair gleams silvery white. And it is just mother—or grandmother, or even a kindly old aunt—looking at you reproachfully because you have not finished the mince-pie that was made "specially for you."

"What will you have next, sir?" says the waiter. And you grab your knife and fork with a sudden realization that you have let the turkey become cold.

It is a rather dreary awakening from a dream of "lang syne." But then it is something to have memories—to have been young once, and to have seen the glory of the coming of the Day.

P. O. D.

Elder Sister: "Do you want women to have votes."
Younger Sister: "No."
Elder Sister: "Why?"
Younger Sister: "Because I like to hear about the Suffragettes."

Old Christmas Carols.

THERE is still to be heard in England at Christmas time, writes Edith Rickert in The Outlook, a little shrill chorus of the quaint carol that may be as old as King James's day:

"God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress, too,
And all the little children
That round the table strew."

Sometimes the hint is even broader:

"The roads are very dirty, my boots are very thin,
I have a little pocket to put a penny in."

A few other carols, such as "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen," survive in Christmas services; but, for the most part, the living choral songs of the Middle Ages in worship of the Nativity have been cut and dried and pressed in half-forgotten anthologies.

Yet it was a marvellous thing—that sudden flowering of Christmas song during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. No doubt the habit had been growing slowly for years unnumbered.

The ancient savage instinct to revel at the winter solstice died hard. The early Church issued decrees against profane celebrations in this season, and yet the chroniclers report that the dancing and singing went on. In Yorkshire, as late as the seventeenth century, it is said that people shouted "Yule" in the churches, and behaved in unseemly and unchristian fashion. And, indeed, throughout England at that time, when the Puritans were trying to impose their decorum upon the land and admitting to their households only such doleful carols, such "psalms to hornpipes," as

"Remember, O thou man,
O thou man, O thou man,
Remember, O thou man,
Thy time is spent;
Remember, O thou man, how thou
Art dead and gone," etc.,

the great mass of carols became as materialistic, as riotous perhaps, as they ever were, even before the days of Augustine.

But the Church very early had her seasonable hymns, and sometime—somehow—somewhere, it occurred to clerics that, if the people must sing out their hearts at Christmas, they might better chant holy verses than pagan ditties.

About the year 1300 carols in England were merely song-dances associated chiefly with emotions of spring and love; but soon after 1400 they had become attached to the idea of Christmas. I have no doubt that the fourteenth century, with its democratic awakenings in life and in literature, marked the beginning of this great impulse of English song; but the furtherance of the practice must have been due in part to the music-loving kings, Henry VI., Edward IV., Henry VII., and Henry VIII.

Nearly all of the great carol manuscripts belong to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and they show that these lyrics were composed and sung among all classes of men—courtiers, clerics, and citizens.

The carols of Mary are among the oldest and most popular. Just before the Reformation there was even a fashion of adapting love-songs to her worship, such as

"Who shall have my fair lady?
Who but I?"

These carols are nearly always marked by an exquisite simplicity and devotion. Here is one:

"I sing of a maiden, no mate she knows;
The King of all kings for her Son she chose.
He came all so still where His mother was,
As dew in April falls on the grass.
He came all so still to His mother's bower,
As dew in April falls on the flower.
He came all so still where His mother lay,
As dew in April falls on the spray.
Mother and maid was never none but she;
Well may such a lady God's own mother be."

Most beautiful among all the carols are those in which the poets break away from the Biblical text and imagine the scenes of Mary's motherhood. There must be nearly a score of these, chiefly lullabies. Some of them are merely a vision of Mary singing, while in others the Child prophesies His life and death. In a few Christ alone speaks. These carols are all marked by an exquisite musical quality and deep tenderness. Here is the simplest and one of the oldest:

"I saw a sweet and holy sight:
A blissful bride, a blossom bright
That mourning made and mirth among.
A maiden mother, meek and mild,
In cradle kept a knave child
That softly slept; she sat and sang:
'*Lullay, lollow, lully, lullay, lully, lully, lully, lully, lully,*
Lu'ow, lully, lullay, baw, baw,
My bairn, sleep softly now.'"

Why?

Krismas time comes sneakin' round
When everybody's broke,
When yer never had so many friends
And so little you could "soak."
Why can't there be a Santy Klaws
Jest like ther use ter be,
Ter fill yer socks
When yer on the rocks
And yer ship's still out at sea?

W. E. C. H.

New Brunswick has enacted stringent laws against the adulteration of maple sugar and maple syrup, and is fairly successful in enforcing them. Pure products are to be found in market, but the demand exhausts the supply before the season returns. Canada produces nearly one-half of the world's supply of maple sugar, about eighteen million pounds annually.

Guatemala now ranks next to Brazil in importance as the source of supply of coffee. Ecuador is rapidly expanding its cocoa production.

The Piercing Rheumatism is from Uric Acid in the Blood. Get it out with

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

GOOD EVERYWHERE. 34

ROYAL ALEXANDRA

NEW YEAR'S WEEK

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Sam S. and Lee Shubert (Inc.) present Clyde Fitch's Vivacious and Audacious Farce

THE BLUE MOUSE

WITH

MABEL BARRISON

HARRY CONOR

AND THE

ORIGINAL LYRIC THEATRE, NEW YORK, CAST

SHEA'S THEATRE

Matinees Daily 25c	Week of Dec. 27	Evenings 25 & 50

Annual Appearance of the Favorite

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In "Mag Haggerty's Father."

DICK LYNCH

Illustrated Burlesque Ballads.

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The Merry Dancing Pair.

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Presenting "In Old Seville."

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DAILY MATINEES LADIES 10c

WEEK OF DEC. 27

VANITY FAIR

Presenting the two Famous Pantomimics

Billie Richie and Rich. McAllister

WEEK OF JAN 3.

Dainty Duchess

Emperador

is the sherry to ask for when you want

the Sherry that surpasses all others

Very Old Very Dry

John Robertson & Son, Ltd.

Montreal

CANADIAN AGENTS

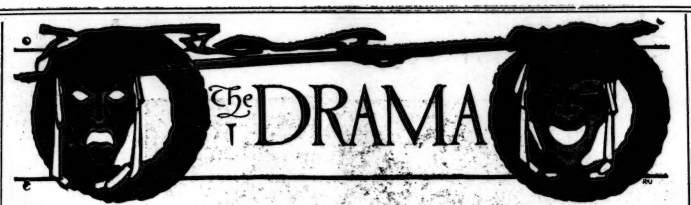
SOMETHING NEW ON GRAND TRUNK 6.10 P.M. TRAIN FOR NEW YORK,

This train now carries an electric lighted pullman sleeper through to New York. Each berth has separate light, which may be turned on or off at will, enabling passengers to enjoy the pleasure of reading while resting comfortably in their berths. The Grand Trunk-Lehigh Valley Route is the picturesque and only double track line to New York.

For tickets, reservations, etc., call at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone M. 4209.

Jack—I was in a box at the opera last night. Tom—Were you? Jack—I should say I was. I took two ladies there and then discovered that I had left the tickets at home.—Boston Transcript.

Sillicus—Do you believe there is honor among thieves? Cynicus—No, they are just as bad as other people. —Philadelphia Record.



THERE has been a good deal of musical comedy lately. Some of it has been very good; but there has nevertheless been perhaps a superabundance of it. This may be partly to blame for the fact that there were many places in "King of Cadonia" at the Royal Alexandra where one was attempted to yawn discreetly behind one's hand. It was a fairly good show, too—pretty scenery, some good-looking girls, beautiful costumes, and music that was catchy enough and not too good for human nature's daily food. The comedians were excellent—Danforth and Norris get all there is to be got out of their parts. They are not at all responsible for the fact that there was not any more to get. And then there is Marguerite Clarke—dainty, fragile, and pretty, a little prima donna done in Dresden china. She can act more than a little, dances like a butterfly, and sings—well, if not like a nightingale, at least very satisfactorily for a human young lady.

But with all that the show drags, especially in the first act. It is one of these productions that are negatively rather than positively at fault. There is nothing that is bad about the performance, and there is much that is really good. But the general effect is rather insipid and tame. There is a very conspicuous absence of the hilarious life and gaiety which makes the success of musical comedy, and one feels this especially in the first act. But it brightens up very much in the latter half, when things go with much more swing. On the whole it is a fairly good specimen of the common or garden variety of musical comedy.

* * *

HARRY LAUDER is a vaudeville artist, and the mere fact that he appears at Massey Hall and that he sings, does not entitle him to an entrance among the musical elect. I therefore make no apology for considering him here. Well, Harry's back again! There is no getting away from that fact. Even if one could blind one's self to the numerous pictorial representations of his striking though somewhat gothic proportions in shop windows, the skirl of escorting bagpipes through the streets would quite sufficiently remind one of his presence. And furthermore everyone is glad to have him. People are interested in him as the hightest-paid vaudeville artist in the world—also as a very clever character entertainer.

Lauder is one of these fortunate stage-performers who attain the proportions of a fad. People go to hear him because so many other people have gone, and they laud him to the skies because countless others have sung his praises. It is an expression of the gregarious instinct in the world of amusement. Not that Lauder hasn't some very real and very valuable qualities on which to base a wide popularity. On the contrary he is a very sincere and thoroughly capable artist in his own chosen field. But he is perhaps not quite so pre-eminently supreme as his popularity and salary would indicate. While the fad lasts, however, Harry gathers in the "bawbees" in most inartistic abundance; and if there is any foundation for the stories told of his native Scotch thrift, he is likely to "whistle o'er the lave o't."

As a performer, Lauder's great success rests on his ability as a character comedian in certain types, his pleasant and perfectly adapted voice, his spirit of rollicking good humor, and also in a very marked degree on his excellent judgment in the choice of his songs and music. Lauder's melodies are half the battle. The best proof of this is that they make enjoyable the otherwise intolerable imitations of the Scotch comedian that are so often inflicted on the public. Almost anyone can please an audience with such tunes as "She's Ma Daisy" or "I Love a Lassie." They have a lilt and swing which is wholly delightful, and which is all the more charming that it is entirely different from the broken rhythm of American popular music. One comes away from a Lauder performance with his head filled with the haunting and irresistible melodies, and the chances are that one goes around humming them for a week after.

There is also a peculiar attractiveness about the grotesque figure of the little comedian. He is such a humorous little body—and sentimental withal—that one cannot help feeling friendly towards him. This is evidenced by the comradeship extended to him by his audiences.

"Aw, give us Tobermory, Harry!" they shouted at the matinee performance on Monday, and he was many times addressed by his hearers—generally by the second gallery.

As for those who appear on the bill with Lauder, Clarice Vance is very clever and amusing, Miss Verve has a fine voice, and Mlle. Bertha plays the violin very acceptably. But "The College Boy Athlete" and the eccentric acrobats are an unmitigated and hopeless bore.

* * *

THERE are plays whose native merit makes them almost independent of the actors who play them. Their appeal is so insistent that it reaches the audience through all the clumsiness of the presentation. These are the great plays. There are other dramas which offer good opportunities to clever actors, but which must be well played if they are to attain any large measure of success. These are what are called "good acting plays." "The Climax" belongs to this class. In the right hands the clever and altogether unusual little musical drama is a very effective piece of work. Its novelty, its quaint setting, the smallness of the cast, the distinctness of the characterization—all these things contribute to form a very interesting production. But it must be very well played. That is an absolute essential. This condition was observed in the case of the original cast, all four members of which were extremely clever actors. The result was that the little play had a New York success, which was one of the surprising features of the last theatrical season. The present company at the Princess, however, does not fill this requirement. Miss Florence Weber does not rise to the demands of her exacting part, and the men of the company are altogether unsatisfactory. Their clumsy work mars all the finer and more subtle parts of the play. "The Climax" requires a particularly light and deft touch on the part of those who play it, and the failure of the present company is no where more strikingly evidenced than in their constant endeavors to work up a broad comedy interest.

* * *

ONE of the most remarkable features of the present theatrical season in London has been the great success of Maeterlinck's latest play, "The Blue Bird." At this distance it is difficult to understand how the play could be taken seriously, but the fact remains that it has been an instantaneous and overwhelming success. Furthermore the critics have all agreed that London has rarely seen anything so thoroughly beautiful and artistic as this fairy idyll for children—little or big.

Maeterlinck's piece, which has been produced in Germany and Austria, but not in Paris, has for its keynote the search for happiness. Two little children, Tyltil and Mytil, under the guidance of a fairy go forth to look for the blue bird, the peasant symbol of happiness, that they wish to give to a little friend who is ill. With the boy and girl in their search are the souls of Light, Fire, Water, Bread, Milk, Sugar, the Cat and the Dog, all evoked by the magic of the fairy and for the nonce in the guise of human beings.

Bread is very round and fat with a huge paunch, from which he can cut slices of good bread should the children get hungry. Sugar is tall and thin with long fingers made of peppermint sticks, which can be broken off and eaten and will grow again at once. Milk is all white and silky. Water, in diaphanous blue and green draperies, with wonderful green hair floating over her shoulders, wages continual war with Fire, clad in brilliant red. Light is a beneficent angel shimmering in gold and silver.

The Dog is in coat and trousers,

EFFIE SHANNON,

In "The Thief," at the Princess next week.

A scene in "The Blue Mouse," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

THE MERCHANTS BANK

REPORT OF THE 46th ANNUAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS

The annual general meeting of the Shareholders of the Merchants' Bank of Canada was held on Wednesday, December 15th, at the head offices, 205 St. James street, Montreal. The chair was taken at noon by Sir H. Montagu Allan, the President.

Mr. J. M. Kilbourn, Secretary of the Bank, was appointed Secretary of the meeting, and read the notice calling the meeting.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were taken as read, after which the President presented the report of the Directors, as follows:—

THE DIRECTORS' REPORT.

The Directors have pleasure in submitting the report of the Merchants' Bank of Canada covering the year's business up to the close of books on 30th November, for the information and approval of the shareholders.

The net profits amount to $831,159.57, equal to 13.86 per cent. upon the capital, as against $738,597.19 or 12.30 per cent. for the previous year. We hope you will consider this a good return, and from present indications we feel safe in saying that the outlook is promising for equally good results covering the next twelve months. We are loath, however, to predict, for we all know how easily it may turn out otherwise, so many factors come into the calculation.

The past year's earnings have been dealt with as follows:—After paying the usual dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. we have written down our bank premises $100,000, and credited $50,000 to the Officers' Pension Fund, leaving a balance to be dealt with of $201,159.57. This sum, added to the amount brought forward, enables us to add $500,000 to the Reserve Fund, making it 75 per cent. of the capital, and to carry forward a balance in the Profit and Loss account of $102,157.51.

All the branches of the Bank have been inspected during the year. We have opened fourteen offices, namely, St. Eugene, Ont; Ste. Agathe, P.Q.; Unity and Kisbey, Saskatchewan; Castor, Mannville, Viking, Acme, Trochu, Killam and Okotoks, Alberta; Nanaimo, New Westminster, and Sidney, B.C. We have also opened four sub-agencies, viz., Meadowvale and Muirkirk, Ont.; Strome and Botha, Alta. We have closed the Fort Saskatchewan Office.

We are asking you to authorize us to apply to the Dominion Government for power to increase the capital stock of the Bank by issuing, at a convenient time, 40,000 new shares, equal to $4,000,000. We are not proposing to issue this stock now, but think it desirable in your interest to take the necessary power.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

H. MONTAGU ALLAN,
President.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Statement of the Result of the Business of the Bank for the Year ending 30th November, 1909.

The Net Profits of the year, after payment of charges, rebate on discounts, interest on deposits, and making full provision for bad and doubtful debts, have amounted to ..		$ 831,159.57
The balance brought forward from 30th November, 1908, was		400,997.94
Making a total of		$1,232,157.51
This has been disposed of as follows:		
Dividend No. 86, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum	$120,000.00	
Dividend No. 87, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum	120,000.00	
Dividend No. 88, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum	120,000.00	
Dividend No. 89, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum	120,000.00	
		$480,000.00
Transferred to Reserve Fund		500,000.00
Written off Bank Premises Account		100,000.00
Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund		50,000.00
Balance carried forward		102,157.51
		$1,232,157.51

THE STATEMENT.

The Statement of Liabilities and Assets at 30th November, 1909, was read as follows:—

LIABILITIES.

		1909.	1908.
1. To the Public.			
Notes in Circulation		$5,541,700.00	$4,740,478.00
Deposits at Call	$19,220,454.53		12,514,562.52
Deposits subject to notice (accrued interest to date included)	28,987,961.64		25,880,153.87
Deposits by other Banks in Canada	1,263,178.76		2,933,156.29
		49,471,594.93	
Balance due to Agents in Great Britain		711,330.93	8,412.15
Balance due to Agents in the United States and elsewhere		352,661.33	
Dividend No. 89		120,000.00	120,000.00
Dividends unclaimed		707.09	865.00
		$56,197,994.19	$46,197,627.83
2. To the Stockholders.			
Capital Paid up	$6,000,000.00		$6,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	4,500,000.00		4,000,000.00
Balance of Profits carried forward	102,157.51		400,997.94
		10,602,157.51	
		$66,800,151.70	$56,598,625.77

ASSETS.

Gold and Silver Coin on hand		$1,588,652.57	$1,569,822.58
Dominion Notes on hand		3,777,988.50	3,013,220.00
Notes and Cheques of other Banks		3,223,191.96	2,276,482.88
Balances due by other Banks in Canada		7,326.61	4,796.95
Balances due Banks and Agents in the United States		149,854.10	12,625 78
Call and Short Loans on Bonds and Stocks in Canada	$3,863,775.42		1,957,782.71
Call and Short Loans on Bonds and Stocks elsewhere than in Canada	9,504,602.87		8,958,351.07
		13,368,378.29	
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities		699,144.31	609,071.56
Municipal, Railway and other Debentures ..		5,835,529.08	6,344,224.22
		$28,650,065.92	$24,746,377.75
Time Loans on Bonds and Stocks in United States	$1,371,894.71		
Current Loans and Discounts (less Rebate of Interest Reserved)	34,819,043.68		
		36,190,938.39	29,799,622.31
Loans to other Banks, secured		337,617.87	486,889.89
Loans and Discounts overdue (loss fully provided for)		31,418.52	86,798.01
Deposits with Dominion Government for security of Note Circulation		240,000.00	240,000.00
Mortgages and other Securities, the property of the Bank		48,134.87	53,794.88
Real Estate		40,794.44	49,368.69
Bank Premises and Furniture		1,227,047.39	1,115,685.03
Other Assets		34,134.30	17,089.21
		$66,800,151.70	$56,598,625.77

The President—You will see from this that the figures in the Statement are clearly shown, with last year's figures introduced to form a basis for comparison and show the progress of the Bank during the year just ended. Before the motion for the adoption of the report is put, I shall be very glad to answer any questions any of the stockholders may wish to ask.

Mr. Thomas Long—I think the stockholders would like to have the General Manager say a few words in connection with this statement.

GENERAL MANAGER'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Hebden, General Manager of the Bank, then made his annual address.

It was then moved by the President, seconded by the Vice-President, that the report of the Directors as submitted be, and the same is, hereby adopted and ordered to be printed for distribution among the shareholders. Carried unanimously.

THE CAPITAL STOCK.

It was also moved by the President, seconded by the Vice-President, that:

"Inasmuch as it is expedient that the capital stock of the Bank should be increased from six million dollars to ten millions dollars, that for that purpose the following by-law be, and the same is, hereby adopted as by-law No. X. (Ten) of the by-laws of the Bank:

BY-LAW No. X.

"The capital stock of the Bank is "hereby increased from six million "dollars to ten million dollars by the "creation of forty thousand new shares "of the par value of one hundred dol-"lars each."

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

THE DIRECTORS.

It was moved by Mr. A. Haig Sims, seconded by Mr. M. S. Foley, that Messrs. C. R. Black and D. Kinghorn be appointed Scrutineers for the election of Directors about to take place, and that they proceed to take votes immediately; that the ballot shall close at three P.M., but if an interval of ten minutes elapse without a vote being tendered the ballot shall close immediately. Carried.

Moved by Mr. A. Piddington, seconded by Mr. G. Durnford, that the Scrutineers cast one ballot in favor of the following persons as Directors:—

Sir H. MONTAGU ALLAN,
Mr. JONATHAN HODGSON,
Mr. THOMAS LONG,
Mr. C. P. SMITH,
Mr. HUGH A. ALLAN,
Mr. C. M. HAYS,
Mr. Alex. BARNET,
Mr. F. ORR LEWIS,
Mr. K. W. BLACKWELL.

This was unanimously adopted, and the Scrutineers accordingly reported that the old Board of Directors had been unanimously re-elected.

The President — Gentlemen, you have heard the result of the election of Directors. This ends the business of the meeting, and all that remains for me to do is to thank you for your attendance.

VOTES OF THANKS.

It was then moved by Mr. A. Haig Sims, seconded by Mr. G. F. C. Smith, that a vote of thanks be tendered the President and Directors for their able services during the past year. Also that a vote of thanks be tendered the General Manager, Mr. Hebden, and his staff for the loyal manner in which they have worked to further the interests of the Bank. (Hear, hear).

This motion was unanimously carried, with applause.

The meeting then adjourned.

At a subsequent special meeting of the Board of Directors the following officers were re-elected:—President, Sir H. Montagu Allan; vice-president, Mr. Jonathan Hodgson.

THE DRAMA

with canine face and waving tail, an adoring, faithful friend serving the children well and guarding them from the machinations of the Cat, a sort of Puss in Boots, who fawns upon the boy and girl, but is ready to betray them when the chance comes.

This band takes wonderful journeys in search of the bluebird, first to the Land of Memory where Mytil and Tyltil see their grandfather, grandmother and little brothers and sisters long since dead, but able to wake from their sleep when remembered, then to the Kingdom of the Future where the unborn children are waiting for Father Time to take them down to earth. An extraordinarily beautiful scene is this, with a wealth of poetic and quaint ideas.

The Kingdom of the Past at first

HERBERT KELCEY,
In "The Thief," at the Princess next week.

alarms the children, for it is a graveyard, but when Tyltil turns the magic diamond that the fairy has given him so that he may make the graves open and the dead appear, instead of shapes, only an efflorescence rises, and in this mist the graveyard changes into a beautiful garden of flowers revelling with dew and blossom, perfume and sweetness.

"Where are the dead?" asks Mytil. But Tyltil understands. "There are no dead," he explains.

Through the treachery of the Cat the children are almost destroyed in the forest, for the trees and animals there do not wish them to find the bluebird, but Light and the faithful Dog save them.

Into the Palace of Night they wander and Night shows them all her one time horrors which man has overcome. The ghosts prove to be poor harmless things unable to frighten anybody any more. Maladies are feeble since science has almost destroyed their efforts. Only the wars are stronger than ever and clamor to come out of the cave.

Behind one door Night does not wish Tyltil to look, but he insists and there sees hundreds of bluebirds hovering over a beautiful fountain. All the band rush and seize what birds they can, but alas! as soon as they have left the Palace of Night the captured birds are dead.

At last, after all these adventures the children wake in their own humble home, and in the tiny cage by the window is their blackbird, who has turned quite blue. With rapture they embrace it and give it to their sick friend.

It is scarcely possible that a more beautiful production of "The Blue Bird" can ever be given. All Herbert Trench's artistic ideas have been put into play to clothe Maeterlinck's poetic fancies. The result is exquisite scenes, enchanting music, fairylike dances and a very fine company, all trained in their parts under the personal supervision of Maeterlinck.

* * *

THAT scholarly and always interesting critic, Clayton Hamilton, has an excellent article in a recent issue of The Forum on "Over-Production in the American Theatre." After pointing out that the drama—in contradistinction to the other arts—necessitates an economic organization and presupposes a business manager, he goes on to say that at the present time, the dramatic art in America is suffering from a very unusual economic condition, which is unsound from the business standpoint, and which is likely, in the long run, to weary and to alienate the more thoughtful class of theatre-goers. This condition may be indicated by the one word—over-production. Some years ago, when the theatre trust was organized, its leaders perceived that the surest way to win a monopoly of the theatre business was to get control of the leading theatre buildings throughout the country and then refuse to house in them the productions of any independent manager who opposed them. By this procedure on the part of the theatre trust, the few managers who maintained their independence were forced to build theatres in those cities where they wished their attractions to appear. When, a few years later, the organized opposition to the original theatre trust grew to such dimensions as to become in fact a second trust, it could carry on its campaign only by building a new chain of theatres to house its productions in those cities whose already existing theatres were in the hands of the original syndicate. As a result of this warfare between the two trusts, nearly all the chief cities of the country are now saddled with more theatre buildings than they can naturally and easily support. Two theatres stand side by side in a town whose theatre-going population warrants only one; and there are three theatres in a city whose inhabitants desire only two. In New York itself this condition is even more exaggerated. Nearly every season some of the minor producing managers shift their allegiance from one trust to the other; and since they seldom seem to know very far in advance just where they will stand when they may wish to make their next production in New York, the only way in which they can assure themselves of a Broadway booking is to build and hold a theatre of their own. Hence, in the last few years, there has been an epidemic of theatre building in New York. And this, it should be carefully observed, has resulted from a false economic condition; for new theatres have been built, not in order to supply a natural demand from the theatre-going population, but in defiance of the limits imposed by that demand.

A theatre building is a great expense to its owners. It always occupies land in one of the most costly sections of a city; and in New York this consideration is of especial importance. The building itself represents a large investment. These two items alone make it ruinous for the owners to let the building stand idle for any lengthy period. They must keep it open as many weeks as possible throughout the year; and if play after play fails on its stage, they must still seek other entertainments to attract sufficient money to cover the otherwise dead loss of the rent. Hence there exists at present in America a false demand for plays—a demand, that is to say, which is occasioned not by the natural need of the theatre-going population but by the frantic need on the part of warring managers to keep their theatres open. It is, of course, impossible to find enough first-class plays to meet this fictitious demand; and the managers are therefore obliged to buy up quantities of second-class plays, which they know to be inferior and which they do not expect the public to approve, because it will cost them less to present these inferior attractions to a small business than it would cost to shut down some of their superfluous theatres.

* * *

AS "Septimus" was played here earlier in the season and attracted considerable interest, on account of the novelty of the theme and the popularity of the novel from which it was drawn, the judgment expressed on the play by Metcalfe, the dramatic critic of New York Life, may be of interest. Mr. Metcalfe says:

"Septimus of the book, like his beloved and vagabondian elder brother, is a child of the close mental and imaginative union that Mr. W. J. Locke seems to be able to create between himself and his readers. Expressed in terms of the stage, made real with clothes and audible speech and flesh and blood, Septimus loses much of the charm the author, by his cunning with written words, lures us to find him. This is no reflection on Mr. Arliss's admirable depiction of Septimus in the play. Our actual organs of sight and hearing are not one-half so fine as their counter-parts in the mind and fancy. It is almost entirely to the physical senses that the actor must appeal, so it is not strange that Mr. Arliss, working through the grosser medium, fails to carry all that the author is able to convey to the finer perceptions. Characters more heroic, drawn in stronger lines, do not vary so much from their originals when put into physical expression, and it is no discredit to the art of Mr. Arliss to say that faithful as is his portrayal he makes us feel rather than forgive the amiable weaknesses of this quaint character. In other words, he brings us to the humiliating consciousness that, after all, Septimus is a more agreeable person to read about than live with.

"As entertainment, the play might have been much better contrived by the dramatic author. He seems to have fallen too much into Septimus's own indifference and ignorance of the contrasts that come with cause and effect. The result is a certain pleasant monotony of tone which fails to keep the hearer alert. In the book Mr. Locke supplied contrasts which are lacking here because the stage characters of Clem and Zora are not well portrayed by the author and are incompetently acted. The very fact that Miss Emily Stevens gives a delightful impersonation of Emmy Oldrieve, playing it in perfect accord and tune with Mr. Arliss's Septimus, only emphasizes the lack of efficiency in the opposite characters.

As dramatized books go, "Septimus" is an agreeable and interesting play. It does not stir one deeply, but it amuses and interests, and in its two leading parts is unusually well acted."

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NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Princess—"The Thief."

Royal Alexandra—"The Blue Mouse."

Shea's—Vaudeville.

Gayety—Vanity Fair.

THE presentation of Henry Bernstein's remarkable play of French life, "The Thief," at the Princess Theatre next week is an event of more than ordinary interest. The fame of this drama is emphasized by the fact that it was played at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, for over ten months of its first season in America two years ago, and during that run over half a million people witnessed the performances. The piece had scored its initial season in Paris and London before being presented in New York. Other European cities were subsequently given this play in a variety of languages. Mr. Frohman meanwhile sent the piece to a limited number of American cities and the present is his third season with the production.

The plot of "The Thief" tells a story of a woman's weakness as caused by her regard for her husband. Some exciting situations are developed. The second act, played entirely by the husband and wife concerned in the plot, is particularly strong.

The piece is to be played by a company which includes Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, together with Edward Mawson, Leonard Ide, Arthur Lawrence, Eleanor Jennings, Genevieve Griffin and Edward Elsner.

Clyde Fitch coaching Mabel Barrison, who plays the title role in "The Blue Mouse," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

* * *

So popular was "The Blue Mouse" last season with local theatregoers that the Shuberts will present it at the Royal Alexandra Theatre for a return engagement of one week, commencing Monday, but this time it will be the original Lyric Theatre, New York, company, headed by Mabel Barrison, a Toronto girl, and Harry Conor, the clever farce comedy actor. Miss Barrison is a Toronto girl and a great local favorite. She has appeared here several times with musical comedy productions, but this time she is appearing at the head of her own company and at the height of her success as an actress of a role totally different from anything she has ever played before.

"The Blue Mouse" tells the story of a Salome dancer with a "temperament," who is engaged by the secretary to the president of a railroad to impersonate his wife and flirt with his employer in an effort to secure a much coveted position for her supposed husband.

The "Mouse's" temperament is continually getting her into trouble and involving all that associate with her, including the real wives of both the president and the secretary, the secretary's father-in-law, and the lover of "The Blue Mouse." The play is an adaptation from the German by the late Clyde Fitch, and contains all of the original fun without the suggestiveness generally attributed to French and German farces. It ran for over a year in New York city, and is now being presented in several of the countries of Europe. The original New York production will be seen here. In the cast in addition to Miss Barrison and Mr. Conor are Hall McAllister, Riley Chamberlin, Mabella Baker and twenty others.

* * *

The press-agent of the Gayety theatre states that next week that popular burlesque house is to present "a sterling piece of melodious frivolity entitled Vanity Fair," in which the Ritchie London Comedy Company is scheduled to make the patrons of the theatre sit up and take a great deal of notice. The travesty is called "A Night in a London Music Hall."

* * *

Hattie Williams in "Detective Sparkes" is to be the attraction at the Princess for the week of January the 3rd. The play is a comedy in four acts. The company includes, beside Miss Williams, Julian Royce, Frank Burbeck, Edwin Nicander, Vira Stowe, Anne Meredith, and Mary Manly.

FIRST-NIGHTER.

When Stanley Quailed.

"BEFORE I met Henry M. Stanley," says William H. Rideing in McClure's, "I had talked with men who had been under him in his African expeditions, and all they told me about him was more or less appalling.

"He was not inhuman, but in desperate straits he spared neither man nor beast, nor would he defer to the counsel or the pleas of others or have any patience with less than instant and unquestioning obedience to his orders under all circumstances. He would not forbear under arguments or excuses, or relax his severity by any familiarity or pleasantries, even when his object had been gained. He was both despot and martinet; stern, exacting, uncompromising, silent, humorless, inscrutable, Cromwellian.

"'I cannot say we loved him,' one of his lieutenants said to me; 'we were all afraid of him, but we all believed in him. When he hadn't his rifle in hand he had his Bible, and no matter where our camp was or how long and distressing our march had been he never missed his bath and shave in the morning.'"

This aspect of the explorer was very different from that which he showed to the guests at a dinner which the Papyrus Club of Boston gave in his honor.

"Whether he sat or stood," says Mr. Rideing, "he fidgetted and answered in monosyllables, not because he was unamiable or unappreciative, but because he—this man of iron; whose word in the field brooked no contradiction or evasion, he who defied obstacles and danger and pierced the heart of darkness—was bashful even in the company of fellow craftsmen.

"His embarrassment grew when after dinner the chairman eulogized him to the audience; he squirmed and averted his face as cheer after cheer confirmed the speaker's rhetorical ebullience of praise. 'Gentlemen, I introduce to you Mr. Stanley, who,' etc.

"The hero stood up slowly, painfully, reluctantly, and with a gesture of deprecation fumbled in first one and then another of his pockets without finding what he sought. It was supposed that he was looking for his notes, and more applause took the edge off the delay.

"His mouth twitched without speech for another awkward minute before, with a more erect bearing, he produced the object of his search and put it on his head. It was not a paper, but a rag of a cap, and with that on he faced the company as one who by that act had done all that could be expected of him, and made a further acknowledgement of the honors he had received superfluous. It was a cap that Livingstone had worn, and that Livingstone had given him."

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS.

Via Grand Trunk Railway System, between all stations in Canada, also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock and Suspension Bridge, N.Y.

Single fare, good going Dec. 24 and 25, 1909, returning on or before Dec. 27, 1909; also good going Dec. 31, 1909, and Jan. 1st, 1910, returning on or before Jan. 3, 1910. At fare and one-third, good going daily until Dec. 25, or from Dec. 28, 1909, to Jan. 1st, 1910, returning not later than Jan. 5, 1910.

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Gloves, Fur Lined .... from	3.00 to 5.00
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Men's Wear

DURING this or that season we see it stated in articles relating to things sartorial, or are told at the shops, that fur-lined coats are especially in vogue, and, again, we sometimes hear it said that they are too common nowadays to be any longer particularly smart. But, while both may be correct points of view, according to whether we regard fashion as dependent upon wide use or strict exclusiveness, as a matter of fact the style is an absolutely standard one, and the fashion, like that of the hat, the boot or the sack suit, is smart or not in just so far as it is individually good or bad in quality of material and workmanship. During the past few years there have been more inexpensive and, if I may use the word, imitation, furs than ever before. Whereas a dozen years ago there were comparatively few fur-lined overcoats to be had at the "ready-to-wear" clothing establishments—especially those which counted upon the cheaper trade—now they may be found in all the shops and department stores. While in time gone by there was a sort of sentiment against the use of fur in this country as too foreign or theatrical-looking for men—a prejudice that found expression in the caricatures of stranded tragedians footing the railway ties in dilapidated, but much fur-betrimmed overcoats—and later a feeling that fur-lined coats were only for the rich, to-day the style is as conservative as any, and within the reach of many. All these things quite naturally make the fashion a more general one, and so render the fur coat of some kind less exclusive. But as the prices of the rarer and better quality furs are just as high as ever, the expensive coats (except that more

A pair of suede gloves, lined with squirrel, for winter wear.

men may have more money to spend on dress) are as little common and quite as smart as ever.

Nor is it to be inferred from this that only the expensive are to be advised, for there is so much warmth and comfort in the fur-lined coat that it would be absurd to refrain from getting any simply because one cannot afford to get the best. Indeed, even the more reasonable furs—I mean, of course, the real and properly cured skins, not the cheap qualities, which shed hair so fast and look and wear so badly that they are a poor investment at any price—are not cheap. However, the improvements in process of treatment, in cut and in workmanship, have been so great that one may find at the better class clothing shops extremely good looking and well wearing coats at prices ranging from $75 to $150. Of course the quality of the material used for the "shell" and the tailoring have something to do with the coat, for it must be remembered that the ordinary coat of thoroughly good cloth, not fur-lined, costs from $40 to $70 or $80 at the good tailors, but after the $100 mark has been passed it is mainly the kind and quality of fur that determines the price, and for this one may pay up to $1,000 or more, although few of the finer garments for men exceed that figure.

Perhaps the most generally popular model, says Vogue, is the coat of black broadcloth lined with muskrat and finished with Persian lamb collar, such as is shown by the illustration on this page, and while the pockets may be of the flap instead of the vertical slit variety, the drawing gives an excellent idea of the length, fullness and general style in vogue. Few, if any fur-lined overcoats are made single-breasted, because of the wide

A good model of fur-lined overcoat for this season.

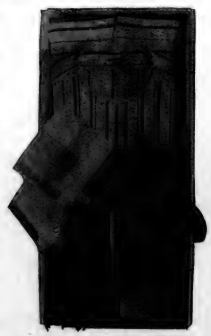
collars and necessity of loops on the edges, instead of button-holes. Buttons covered with silk are also much to be preferred to frogs as a means of fastening, and the broad cuffs of fur on the sleeves are a finish that is now out of vogue. Indeed, the plainer the finish the better the style, a thing that may be said of most of this year's clothes. It goes without saying that the fur-lined coat should be full and easy in fit, with no attempt at shaping the back and sides to the figure, and while the same fur that is used for the collar—as, for example, Persian lamb—is sometimes carried all down the front as a lining to the edges, the effect is less good than when it is used for the collar only.

A newer style of coat is that made of mixed material, instead of plain black broadcloth or other suitable fabric, and lined with the coarser and shaggier skins—in fact, a style that resembles a fur-lined ulster—but being much less "dressy," it is a less serviceable garment for town wear with day and evening dress.

* * *

STYLE is decided more by the little things than by the big ones; and the difference between a good dresser and a poor one is very apt to lie in what are called the accessories. One of these important little things which give a tone to a man's appearance is his use of jewelry. It is true that the less jewelry a man wears, the better is apt to be the general effect. But at the same time most men wear a certain amount of jewelry, and it sometimes has a very decided effect on their general appearance.

Of course it is rather difficult in words to define the exact limit of the border line of good style. As judged by the money standard, it is not value alone that marks it. A pin may be quite inexpensive and yet excellent in every way. A ring may be of great cost and yet be hopelessly lacking in good taste. Indeed, in the majority of cases this is apt to be so, and yet, on the other hand, a pin or a ring may be exceedingly valuable and still be so simple and unobtrusive that, while one recognizes its intrinsic



A black and white combination gift set attractively boxed. The set comprises an accordion silk muffler, tie and hose with black and white shirt and handkerchief to match.

money worth, it does not impress one in the least as being over-extravagant. All in all, simplicity is the surest characteristic of good form, whether costly simplicity or not, and it is this, especially in his jewelry, that the man of millions or of nothing should look out for in his selection. And it goes without saying that there should be no apparent cheapness, or, above all, imitation. Gentlemen cannot, like the "cheap sport", and the messenger boy, wear brass and colored glass. The gold or other metal of their pins, studs and cuff links must be real gold or real other metal; their pearls must be real pearls of the kind they purport to be, and even the ornamentation on their sticks must be sterling.

On the subject of scarf pins—although the single pearl, not too large, and plain, or set with a small diamond below it, is a standard of good style, and although in less expensive designs the simple ovals of gold with semi-precious stones of colors to match neckties and shirts are especially in vogue, it is easier to say what not to wear than to attempt description of what is in good taste. Unquestionably solitaire diamonds are bad form. As a general rule diamonds surrounded with rubies or emeralds or sapphires are not a good selection, unless the stones are very small. The conventional pins are usually the better style for men—the twists and crescents of small pearls set in gold, silver or platinum, the baroque pearls

A handsome leather combination set, especially suitable as a holiday gift, consisting of a scarf case, a collar bag and handkerchief case.

and a greater variety of other semi-precious stones.

No matter how handsome it may be intrinsically, it is certainly better to wear no ring at all than one of questionable taste, and the choice of those suitable in character for men is by no means large. The plain or wrought gold ovals or squares with crest or monogram are not objectionable in point of style, but have become rather common; the snake rings are also old in design and most of the jeweled designs—that is, the really precious jewels, such as diamonds, rubies and emeralds—are incorrect. Certainly dia-

Embroidered initials for Shirts or Pyjamas.

monds and pearls should not be seen on men's fingers, nor for that matter opals, turquoise, etc. But sometimes the dark stones, such as sapphires, and some of the semi-precious stones, like carbuncles, with jades, agates, etc., in which the crest is cut, may be worn.

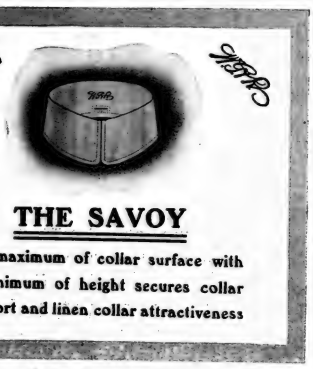
* * *

Embroidered initials on pyjamas, shirts and other articles of apparel have been in vogue since the summer when they were extensively used with shirts for outing wear. The one pictured herewith is intended to be buttoned on the pocket as shown. Others are shown in separate initials and monograms and can be removed when the garment is being laundered. On the soft shirts with double cuffs, which are just now being revived in the exclusive shops, this is one of the most attractive features. The embroidered designs are shown usually in dark tones of red.

or some heavy curtains had been

TUXEDO.

"Cohen's ill in bed, I hear." "Yes. He smoked a cigar from the wrong pocket."—London Opinion.



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B. T. MERRIMANN, the Yale golf champion, told, at a caddies' Christmas dinner, a number of caddie stories.

"Then there is sympathy," said Mr. Merrimann, in the course of his amusing address. "Caddies show at times a sympathy that is fine and striking. Once, in a game, I had the good fortune to be six holes up on my opponent by the time the eighth hole was reached. At the eighth green something went wrong with our reckoning of the strokes, and I claimed that I had won that hole, too, while my opponent claimed that it was halved. After a mild dispute I yielded. But as I moved on with my caddie, I couldn't help grumbling:

"'Well, you know, Joseph, I gave in; but I still think I won that hole, after all.'

"The boy, with a frown, turned shocked and reproving eyes on me, disgusted with my greed for holes, he whispered hurriedly, so that my opponent shouldn't overhear:

"'Shut up, can't you? Do ye want to break the man's heart?'"

* * *

ALFRED G. VANDERBILT, at one of the many horse show dinners given in his honor in New York last month, told an amusing story of a groom and a turkey.

"I had promised this groom," he said, "a Christmas turkey, but somehow, in the rush and flurry of December, I forgot it. It was some days after Christmas when I remembered how I had overlooked my faithful old friend. Meeting him in the paddock one morning, and intending to make good my forgetfulness, I said to the groom by way of a joke:

"'Well, Jenkins, how did you like that turkey I sent you?'

"'It was a very fine bird, sir,' said the groom. I came very near losing it, though.'

"'How so?' said I, astonished.'

"'Well, sir,' said Jenkins, 'Christmas morning came, and your turkey hadn't reached me, so I rushed right off to the express company and asked the manager what he meant by not sending the bird up. The manager apolcgized, sir, very politely, and he took me into a back room where there were 10 or 15 turkeys hanging, and he said the labels had been lost off all of them, and I'd just better take my choice. So I chose the largest, sir, knowing your generosity, and it was fine. It ate grand. Thank you very much indeed, sir.'"

* * *

THE shop assistant at the top counter had shown and reshown the toys to the undecided shopper. Rabbits, monkeys, jack-in-the-box, jumping jacks, trains, velocipedes—everything had been displayed, manipulated, operated, and explained to the shopper, but still she could not make up her mind.

"I wanted to get something suitable for my little nephew," she repeated for the thousandth-and-one time.

"Yes, madam," responded the weary assistant. "You told me that when you came in, but I think your little nephew has outgrown all these toys while you have been at this counter."

* * *

SPEAKER CANNON, at a Washington banquet, had been criticizing a political opponent.

"His advocacy of those measures is only half hearted, anyway," the speaker said. "It is as half hearted as Old Uncle Eli Baxter's affection for his wife.

"Uncle Eli kept a crab and oyster emporium in the village of Deerun. He was rich, according to Deerun standards, and the village gossips said that his wife, a young and pretty woman, had married him for his money.

"A friend dropping in for a cold boiled crab one morning, noticed that Uncle Eli looked woebegone.

"'What's the matter, uncle?' he asked. 'Rheumatiz again?'

"'Wusn't rheumatiz,' said Uncle Eli, shortly. 'It's my wife. She's been kissin' young lawyer Shyster, takes his meals here with me.'

"The visitor dropped in amazement the crab claw he had been picking.

"'Impossible!' he cried.

"'Impossible, nothin',' said Uncle Eli glumly. 'I seen her do it.'

"The voice of the crab eater quivered with awe and interest.

"'Then what are you goin' to do about it, Uncle Eli?' he asked.

"'Do?' said the old man sourly. 'What can I do? If I let the cat out of the bag that I've lost confidence in lawyer Shyster, he's liable to change his eatin' house.'"

* * *

THE late Francis H. Leggett, New York's largest wholesale grocer, thus illustrated his idea of the morals of the average Wall Street man: "I once hired an errand boy who, after I discharged him, no doubt went on the street. There he should be doing well. The boy was from the country. He only worked for me about two days. The last day he was with us I sent him out for four dollars' worth of stamps, giving him a five-dollar bill. When he came back with the stamps he didn't offer me any change. 'Well,' I said, impatiently, 'where's the change, Alfred?' 'There aint any, sir,' said he. 'Stamps has riz.'"

* * *

A MINISTER, having walked through a village churchyard and observed the indiscriminate praises bestowed upon the dead, wrote upon the gate post the following:

"Here lie the dead, and here the living lie."

* * *

IT was married men's night at the revival meeting. "Let all you husbands who have troubles in your minds stand up!" shouted the emotional preacher at the height of his spasm. Instantly every man in the church rose to his feet except one.

"Ah!" exclaimed the preacher, peering out at this lone sitter, who occupied a chair near the door and apart from the others. "You are one in a million."

"It aint that," piped back this one, helplessly, as the rest of the congregation turned to gaze suspiciously at him. "I can't get up; I'm paralyzed!"

* * *

SOME time ago a man at Ypsilanti, Michigan, became crazed on the subject of hypnotism and was sent on a Michigan Central train to an asylum. When the conductor asked for tickets the crazy man began telling of his hypnotic powers.

"I'll hypnotize you," he said.

"Fire away," replied the conductor.

The man made several passes before the conductor's face. "Now you are hypnotized," he said. The conductor looked the part as best he could.

"You're a conductor," the hypnotist said.

"That's right," replied the victim.

"You're a good conductor," went on the hypnotist.

"Right again," said the conductor.

"You don't smoke, drink, or swear at your passengers. You are honest. You turn in all the tickets and money you collect from passengers. In fact, you do not steal a cent."

"That's right," asserted the conductor.

The hypnotist eyed him a moment, then said: "What an awful fix you'd be in if I left you in this condition."

* * *

A YOUNG lady who appeared to be in perfect health, but who had a very worried expression upon her blooming face, entered the consulting room of a physician one day last summer.

"Doctor," she said, "it is absolutely essential that I go to White Sulphur this summer."

"Oh, perhaps not," the physician remarked, reassuringly. "Tell me fully your symptoms. What do you expect to cure at the springs?"

"That is just what I came to you to find out, doctor," she confessed. "You see, I have got to talk with papa. What do you go to White Sulphur to be cured of?"

* * *

THE pastor and his wife had called upon a member of the congregation, a widow with a small, but exceedingly lively boy, and were on their way home. "Well," said the preacher, "she seems to be a very intelligent woman, anyhow."

"Yes."

"And very positive in expressing her opinions."

"On the contrary," said his wife, "she struck me as being strongly negative."

"Negative, how?"

"Everything she said to her little boy began with a 'Don't, Johnny.'"

* * *

APROPOS of the jumping contests at the New York horse show, James R. Keene talked about fox hunting.

"Hunting," he said, "develops a race of very savage, selfish men. There was, for instance, Jones. On a bitter cold day he was riding hard at a brook, when he perceived the head of his dearest friend sticking dismally out of the icy water. Did Jones go to his friend's assistance? Not a bit of it.

"'Duck, you fool!' he shouted, and jumped over him.

* * *

TO Mrs. McCarthy, busy with her washing and in no mood for chat, had come Mrs. Clancy, who noticed after an hour or two that it had become cloudy. Said she, "Do it rain, Mrs. McCarthy?"

"It do that, Mrs. Clancy; but not that hard I couldn't get home if I was at your house."

"Whatever made thee marry, John—and thee seventy?"
"Because I thowt, lad, it 'ud be nice to think there'd be some 'un to close my eyes when time comed."
"Close thee eyes! Why, mon, I'se had three wives, and they's all on 'em oppened mine!"—Punch.

Suffragette Wife: "Waiter, my husband will take another half-cup of weak coffee; and bring me the bill."—Harper's Weekly.

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MUSIC

EVER since that starry night of old in Judæa when "suddenly there was with the angels a multitude of the heavenly host praising God," the divine art of music has been indissolubly connected with that "day full of joy and benison to earth"—the merry day of Christmas.

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Thus sings Longfellow, and how often has music—heavenly maid—lent her sweet assistance to spread abroad the immortal message of the Prince of Peace, first proclaimed by the angelic host!

What a charm there is in the still, frosty night to listen to the Christmas bells, as they answer each other from hill to hill across the snow! Their melodious, silvery chime, of which the poets love to sing, touches the simplest chords of the heart.

But the noblest musical expression of the Christmas-tide is found in the grand old harmonies of the "Messiah." How incomplete would the festive Yuletide seem without a performance of the immortal oratorio! We are glad, here in Toronto, that Dr. Torrington remains faithful to his self-appointed task of rendering the Handelian masterpiece as an annual event. May he have an audience to the full capacity of Massey Hall on Thursday, the thirtieth.

Our choirs will render their carols and anthems in churches to-morrow throughout the Christian world; and thus will music universally serve at this season of gladsome song to publish forth the message of the day.

And so, may we ring the bells, may we raise the strain, may we hang up garlands, light the tapers, feast and frolic—and may we all have a right merry Christmas.

* * *

The concert of our Toronto Symphony Orchestra on Thursday evening last brought forth the best work that we have had so far from this admirable organization. The performance of the Beethoven Symphony, No. 7, was a most illuminating one; the beauty, vivacity and power of the rendering eliciting the most favorable comment from all quarters.

The new dances, the "Nell Gwyn Suite," were very well received. The Country Dance is suggestive of the Shepherds' Dance from Henry VIII., and the Merrymakers' Dance resembles the Torch Dance from the same source; but the middle number, the Pastoral Dance, is a little gem of originality, both in harmonic treatment and thematic interest.

Mr. David Bispham captured the audience by sheer force of his artistry and interpretative gifts, despite the fact that his voice has pathetically failed since the time he last sang here.

At one time Mr. Bispham possessed one of the most beautifully mellow-toned baritone voices in the world. But last Thursday he was constantly flat on the upper notes, and his sustaining powers were very untrustworthy. However, when he sang Loewe's "Edward." Damrosch's "Danny Deever," and the old Somersetshire ballad, "Young Richard," the wealth of his resources was fully apparent, and his vocal deficiencies were forgotten in the gripping dramatic fervor of the two first mentioned numbers, and the characteristic whimsical humor of the third. It is too bad that a great artist such as Bispham is fated like all of us to grow old.

* * *

Whaley, Royce and Co. have just issued an attractive little male chorus from the pen of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp. The composition is entitled, "Woodland Love Song," and it is dedicated to the officers and members of the Toronto University Glee Club, of which Mr. Tripp is conductor. It is to be hoped that Mr. Tripp will include this number in the approaching concert of the University Society, to the program of which it would be no unworthy addition, as the composer's long experience in male chorus training has made him very sensitive to the finer effects producible by the Maennerchor.

* * *

I have received from Mr. John Adamson, of this city, the manuscript of his forthcoming anthem, "The Ninety and Nine," which the Anglo Canadian Music Co. is publishing this month.

Mr. Adamson I have only met recently, but I have known him through his compositions for some time, and his talents are apparently very worthy ones.

In the anthem, "The Ninety and Nine," the composer has something original to say in a musical way, and he says it very well. There are two leading motives, the "pastoral" in the first part, and the "Gabriel's trump" in the last chorus, of which the former is quite graceful, while the latter enables both voices and instrument to obtain a series of gradually ascending climaxes. To a large extent an independent organ accompaniment has been preserved.

In his letter, Mr. Adamson offers a few reflections upon the inception and composition of the church anthem, which I take pleasure in quoting:

"Of all ecclesiastical forms, the church anthem is perhaps the most rigid in its adherence to convention. This is, I think, largely due to the influence of Handel upon British music, and the church anthem, which is a purely Anglican form, has all that tonal unity and severity of style which characterized the writings of the great Halle master.

"The Hymn Anthem, so justly popular in our day, has enabled composers to break away from tradition in this respect. The modern hymn, particularly the modern evangelical hymn, such as "Jesus, Lover of My Soul,"—which is a sheer cry of the human heart—seemed to supply that human note which Scripture texts, with all their hidden beauties, do not at once manifest to the unsophisticated.

"Many of our modern evangelical hymns are replete with lofty human sentiments that cannot find their natural expression in music of a stilted severity of form."

* * *

The Brantford "Courier" speaks in high terms of an organ recital which was given in Grace Church on Thursday evening of last week by the organist, Mr. Frederick C. Thomas, A.R.C.O. The program included Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D minor," a "Scherzo" by Dethier, Lemare's "Caprice Orientale," Lemmens "The Storm," and other works. Miss Mabel Beddoe, mezzo-contralto, of Toronto, was the assisting artist, and her contributions embraced Mendelssohn's "O Rest in the Lord," Gluck's "O Saviour, Hear Me," and de Koven's "Recessional."

While I did not hear this recital, I can speak with authority of Mr. Thomas's good work, having heard him in St. Mary's, Ont., when he was stationed at the Methodist church there. His technique is clean-cut, and his general style in performance is refined and scholarly.

* * *

The Sherlock Male Quartette sung in Thornbury, Meaford and Barrie last week. Last year the Quartette sang in Thornbury under the auspices of the Methodist Choir and were re-engaged for this season's concert. It speaks well for the popularity of Mr. Sherlock's admirable Quartette that for this second appearance in Thornbury the house was sold out several days in advance. Speaking of the singing, the "Review" says:—"Probably no concert ever gave the universal satisfaction that the program of the "Sherlock Male Quartette" gave last Wednesday evening. This Quartette is known as "the famous" and well did they demonstrate their right to that prefix. The singing of this famous Quartette, both collectively and individually, was nothing less than grand; the voices are trained to a marvellous mellowness and their harmony, particularly in the softer strains and decrescendoes, was perfect—if perfect can be."

* * *

At the Recital by pupils of the Primary Grade Piano and Vocal Departments in the Conservatory of Music Hall on Saturday afternoon, the following programme was performed in a most satisfactory manner by the young players and singers: Duvernow, Valse, Op. 272, No. 1, Miss Marion Hanna; Lohr, Cradle Song, Miss Marjory McNeill; Behrend Nocturne, Miss Nettie Moore; Gillet, Passe Pied, Miss Gladys Churchill; Lichner, The Return March, Master Eric Peterson; Ambrose, Danse Caracteristique, Miss Olga Smith; (a) Allitsen, Since We Parted, (b) D'Hardelot, The Dawn, Miss Gretchen Kelly; Bohm, The Fountain, Miss Ina Grant; Gurlitt, The Chase, Miss Constance Wilson; Lichner, Joyous May, Miss Gertrude Winger; Hitz, Pastorale, Mr. Clarence Quarrington; Wachs, Gondolinette, Miss Jean Butchart; Lack, Cabaletta, Miss Gladys Parsons; Jungmann, In the Forge, Miss Dorothy Joliffe.

The following teachers were represented: Miss E. M. Crane, Miss Edith Breckenridge; Mrs. H. W. Parker; Miss Alice M. Boehm; Miss Daisy Mitchell; Miss Eva Hughes; Miss Lily Lawson; Miss Alma F. Tipp; Miss Rachael Wilson; Miss Mona Bates; Miss Edith Myers.

* * *

The Recital at the Toronto College of Music last Saturday afternoon was given by pupils of Dr. F. H. Torrington and the following was the programme:—(Vocal) "Regnava nel silenzio" (Lucia), Olive Casey; Ganz, I Seek for Thee in Every Flower, Mrs. Fitzsimmons; Behrend, The Gift, Doris Charles; Bellini, "Casta diva," Clara Jeffery. (Piano) (a) Schuett, Etude Mignonne, (b) Schumann, Aufschwung, (c) Chopin, Ballade Op. 47, No. 3, (d) Moszkowski, Liebeswalzer, Marian Porter; (a) Chopin, Nocturne Op. 15, No. 2, (b) Chaminade, Gigue, Bessie Maile; Bach, Invention, No. 8, Helena Dalton; (a) Moszkowski, En Automne, (b) Chopin, Polonaise Brilliante, Maud Dowsley; Chopin, Rondo for Two Pianos, Op. 73, Marian Porter and Helena Dalton; Chopin, Berceuse D flat, Polonaise Op. 26, No. 1, Isabel Wingate.

* * *

A vocal recital was given by Capt. Cockeril and his pupils on Thursday evening of last week in Crystal Hall, Dundas St., served to introduce the following performers: Miss Winnifrith Brown, Miss Florence Robertson, Miss Eva Wilson, Mr. Ernest Richardson, The Orpheus Glee Club and Capt Cockerill. The Captain sang Handel's "Love That's True Will Live Forever," Balfe's "The Arrow and the Song," Elliott's "Song of Hybrias, the Cretan."

Query: Why "Captain"?

ARPEGGIO.

* * *

The choir of Carlton Street Methodist Church will sing carols in front of the Church on Christmas Eve from 11.30 till 12 o'clock. Carols by Mendelssohn, Sullivan, Stainer, Barnby, MacKenzie, Damrosch and Werdburger will be sung.

* * *

Special Evensong of Christmas music will be given at the Church of the Holy Trinity on Sunday at 7 p.m. The choir will be assisted by an orchestra.

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English Literature, French and German Physical Culture, Voice Culture, Singing, Interpretation and Dramatic Art. Students may register for winter term on January 3rd. Send for calendar.
Recital—Edna Chaffee Noble of Detroit. Wednesday, Jan. 19th, at 8.15 p.m.

A GENTLEMAN hurriedly entered a drug store to find an address in the directory, but found a lady studying the book very intently. He waited as patiently as he could for a time, but she seemed no nearer the object of her search, and as his time was limited he finally ventured:

"If you are in no great hurry, madam, would you be so kind as to allow me to glance in that book for just a moment?"

"Oh, certainly," replied she, sweetly, as she relinquished it. "I was just looking it over to find a pretty name for baby."

"Is she good at pyrography?" "You bet, specially her apple pies."—Baltimore American.

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The New North," by Agnes Deans Cameron. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York and London.

O many references have been made in SATURDAY NIGHT, and, I fear, in all Canadian newspapers, the notable trip recently made by Miss Cameron through Canada to the Arctic ocean, that it scarcely seems necessary to review at any length the book in which she gives a full account of her remarkable journey. Accompanied only by another woman, her niece, and securing her supplies, guides and transportation through the Hudson's Bay Co., she travelled from Winnipeg by the MacKenzie to the Arctic, and returned by the Peace and the Lesser Slave. In her volume, just issued, she tells in her well-known dashing style of the wonders of the mighty region traversed. "There has always been a West," she says. "For the Greeks there was Sicily; Carthage was the western outpost of Tyre; and young Roman patricians conquered Gaul and speculated in real estate on the sites of London and Liverpool. But the West that we are entering upon is the Last West, the last unoccupied

KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.

frontier under a white man's sky." Concerning the extent of our untilled, fertile, northern empire, she says: "Place a pair of dividers with one leg on Winnipeg and the other leg at Key West, Florida. Then swing the lower leg to the Northwest, and it will not reach the limit of good agricultural land."

The various types of people to be found all the way from Winnipeg to Eskimo-land are described accurately and sympathetically in breezy, anecdotal fashion, and numerous illustrations from photographs taken by the author add interest and reality to the narrative.

* * *

"The Shadow of the Cathedral," by Vincent Blasco Ibanez. Published by Archibald Constable & Co., London; $1.50.

This is a novel skillfully translated from the Spanish by Mrs. W. A. Gillespie. Toledo, with its great cathedral, is the scene of the story. As a study of Spain and the fortunes of its church, now shorn of much of its old-time power, the book will be valuable, no doubt, to readers interested in this subject; and it is said to have attracted considerable attention in Europe. Few people in Canada, however, would bother to go through it. Considered purely as a story, it is very dull and hard to read.

* * *

"The Flute of the Gods," by Marah Ellis Ryan. Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto; $1.50.

An unusual amount of book-making skill has been expended in the production of this volume. It is finely illustrated from drawings by Edward S. Curtis, printed on specially selected tinted paper, and handsomely bound. The story deals with the American aborigines, who long before the coming of the whites, possessed a quite remarkable civilization. The author, of course, does not refer to the tribes encountered by discoverers and pioneers in Canada or in the northern portions of the United States, but to those stranger people, the sun worshippers, farther south, who were regarded by Lord Kingsborough as being descendants of the Lost Tribes of Israel. Those who enjoy delving into ethnology will find the story very interesting.

* * *

"Through the Wall," by Cleveland Moffett. Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto; $1.50.

Here is a real thriller in the way of a detective story. Read five hundred Nick Carter yarns and you will not come across anything more remarkable in mystery or denouement. And, of course, Mr. Moffett's tale is much more skillfully written than any dime novel. But, for all that, it is as manifestly improbable as any story that ever delayed a messenger boy, or kept a youngster in the barn with his eyes bulging when he should have been at school. Through the wall, between two private rooms in a Paris hotel, goes an assassin's pistol ball. A man is found shot to death, through one of his eyes. Then M. Coquenril, the great detective, gets on the trail. His adventures are tremendously, horribly marvellous, but although they lack the reasonableness of those of our old friend Sherlock Holmes, I would like to see the normal individual who, once he had started, would not follow them with more or less avidity.

* * *

"The Red Book of Heroes," by Mrs. Lang, edited by Andrew Lang. Published by the Renouf Publishing Co., Montreal.

In this book Mrs. Lang, wife of Andrew Lang the celebrated English critic, encourages hero-worship in children by holding up for their admiration a number of the heroic figures of history. She tells the life stories of twelve heroes—some of them being heroines by the way. First comes 'The Lady in Chief," or Florence Nightingale. "Prisoners and Captives" is an account of John Howard, and then follow "Hannibal"; "The Apostle of the Lepers," or Father Damien; "The Constant Prince," or Fernando of Spain; "The Marquis of Montrose," "A Child's Hero," or Henry Havelock; "Conscience or King," or Thomas More; "The Little Abbess," or Jacqueline Arnauld; "Gordon," "The Crime of Theodosius," and "Palissy the Potter." All the stories are told with the simplicity suited to a child's mind, and yet with a dignity which ought to turn young folk to fine dreams and ambitions.

The book is a handsome one, appropriately illustrated.

* * *

LITERARY GOSSIP.

There has just been issued a collection of the posthumous writings of Henrik Ibsen, containing verse, biographical notes, sketches of the plots and morals of his plays, as well as the text of the plays as first completed. Ibsen's writings have no doubt been strongly colored by his early impressions of life, and this is his description of his first glimpse of the world, in his native town of Skien: "I was born in a house on the market square—the 'Stockmann's Gaard,' as it was then called. This building faced the front of the church, with its high flight of steps and its fine tower. To the right of the church stood the local pillory, and to the left the Rathaus, with the prison and the lunatic asylum. The fourth side of the square was occupied by the Latin school and the burghers' school. The church lay by itself in the middle. This was the first scene that ever met my eyes. It was all architecture, with nothing green; no country prospect into open land."

WILLIAM T. ALLISON,
Author of "The Amber Army," a book of admirable Canadian poems just published by Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

The volume contains a number of Ibsen epigrams, among which are:

"There are two kinds of spiritual laws, two kinds of conscience, one for men and a quite different one for women. They do not agree; but in practical life the woman is judged according to the law of the man, as if she were not a woman, but a man. . . . A woman cannot be true to herself in our modern society, which is an exclusively male society, with laws written by men, and with accusers and judges who regard women's actions from man's point of view."

"Men of science should not be allowed to torture animals to death. Let them begin with journalists and politicians."

"Unfortunately, our best thoughts have been thought by our worst rascals."

"The conscience is not something stable. It varies in different individuals and in different ages. . . . It is between the out-of-date and the up-to-date conscience that party struggles are waged."

"Wish and will. Our worst offences arise from the fact that we confound these two things."

"It is said that suicide is immoral. But to live a long life of suicide—out of consideration for those around us——?"

* * *

In the installment of his "Letters to Sanchia," in a recent number of Putnam's Magazine, Maurice Hewlett makes his hero say: "I don't go to church often, myself, because I can't be so aware of high God within four walls as I can out of doors; yet I am very capable of believing that a common symbol of moral direction and a common focusing point for the emotions are valuable things. Take the roof off your church, or knock a wall down, and I'm with you directly."

A number of journalistic writers have since remarked that, whether this is Mr. Hewlett's own feeling in the matter or not, it is the feeling of many people who do not go to church.

* * *

A French paper has been asking its readers to name the twenty-five greatest writers in the world up to the present day. The list which resulted from the votes given by 11,247 readers runs: Victor Hugo, Shakespeare, Racine, Corneille, Vergil, Moliere, Homer, Dante Goethe, Bossuet, La Fontaine, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Voltaire, Cicero, Pascal, Musset, Balzac, Sophocles, Horace, Schiller, Plato, Cervantes, J. J. Rousseau and Milton. Votes were given for 432 other authors. It will be noticed that the list contains the name of no living writer, and that fourteen of the twenty-five are French, three Latin, two Greek, two English, two German, one Italian and one Spanish.

* * *

It is rumored in England that the work of writing the biography of George Meredith will be entrusted to J. M. Barrie, which leads The London World to remark: "This would be a real piece of humor on the part of Meredith's literary executors. Meredith spent his life dissecting and denouncing our national sentimentalism; Barrie has spent his encouraging and indulging it."

* * *

Marie Corelli has made the best suggestion yet. She thinks the suffragettes might form a House of Commons of their own in England. Then they could talk all they wanted to without any trouble or any one being disturbed. HAL.

* * *

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Gollwogg in the African Jungle," by Florence K. Upton. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York. A book of pictures and verses to delight any child.

"Bright-Wits, Prince of Mogadore, and the Puzzles He Had to Solve," by Burren Laughlin and L. L. Flood. Published by H. M. Caldwell, Boston; 75 cents. An excellent gift book for boys and girls.

"A Country Corner," by Amy Le Feuvre. Published by Cassell & Co., Toronto; $1.25. A lively English romance.

"The Trend of Scientific Thought Away from Religious Beliefs," by Horatio Oliver Ladd, S.T.D. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; 75 cents.

"The Shepherd Who Did Not Go to Bethlehem," by S. Alice Ranlett. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.

"Toleration," a novel by A. Nygaard. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.50.

"Why Not Now," a collection of essays on timely topics by Charles Gilbert Davis, M.D. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.00.

"Variations of an Old Theme," by Johanna Pirscher. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.00.

"Sailors' Knots," by W. W. Jacobs. Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

"A Smoker's Reveries," compiled by Joseph Knight. A collection of both rare and recent poetry on tobacco and smoking. Published by H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston.

Marriage a la Mode.

This amusing rhymed review of Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest novel appeared in a recent issue of Life.

THERE isn't any question that
Miss Daphne Floyd (excuse
the diction)
Was quite as mean a little cat
As ever played a part in fiction.

Her father hailed from Erin's glades,
Her mother hailed from Buenos
Ayres,
And thus a type of Yankee maids
She was, endowed by all the fairies

Now Roger Barnes from England
came,
As handsome as the young Apollo;
His eye was blue, his blood the same,
His curly head was pretty hollow.

They met. The wooing sped apace.
They wed, assuming all the
chances—
She, him, because she liked his face,
He, her, to recue his finances.

Ah, well! before five years were done
Her fancied wrongs had reached
their quota;
Across the sea she fled and won
A nice divorce in South Dakota.

But while her marriage bond was
straw
Which Yankee craft was quick to
sever,
Poor Roger, bound by English law,
Was married just as much as ever!

And so he drank and knocked about
And wrecked his health with rapid
living;
Repentant Daphne sought him out
To find him dying, unforgiving.

And thus we leave the pair in gloom,
"Exhibit A" against divorces,
With Roger ready for the tomb
And Daphne learning what Remorse is.

The moral isn't wholly clear:
To me it seems the book was
written
To prove divorce too easy here—
And much too difficult in Britain.

—Arthur Guiterman.

The Autocrat in the Lecture-Room.

A GLIMPSE of Oliver Wendell Holmes as he appeared to the student in the lecture-room is given by Dr. Stewart Lewis in The Independent. Even in the height of his fame, the genial "Autocrat" always displayed a "kindliness which made all men love him." Moreover, "he was an absolutely unconscious humorist," and when lecturing would sometimes stop in amazement "when some quaint phrase, some flash of wit, sent the roomful roaring with laughter. For a moment his mind would travel back over what he had said, and then his genial laugh would join with theirs." But there was still another side to his character, and one not so familiar to us. The following incident illustrating this is recalled by Doctor Lewis's father, who was present:

"The Autocrat" stood in the lecture-room of the old Harvard Medical School, one winter afternoon some fifty years ago. What a contrast between speaker and audience! He, polished, cultured, self-possest, urbane—they—boys from East and West and North and South, from farm and desk and workshop and counter—many of them with education and manners only a grade above that of day laborers! The medical-student audience of to-day is no easy one for a lecturer to face. He who stood before the one of that day, with its entrance requirements low or altogether lacking, surely needed to be well fortified with courage and philosophy.

On that day there was a stir of curiosity in the room, for on the table before the speaker stood two plates, napkin-covered, contents mysterious.

"Gentlemen!" Dr. Holmes was speaking, quietly, impressively, "I have before me some pathological specimens, which I have collected at considerable trouble—and some expense, and which I hope will make an impression upon you which will last throughout your lives."

The room was tense with expectant curiosity. Quietly the napkins were removed. The plates were heaped high with paper wads—in plain schoolboy English "spitballs." They had been gathered from the floor of the lecture-room. Dr. Holmes's "expense and trouble" had been a twenty-five cent fee to the janitor.

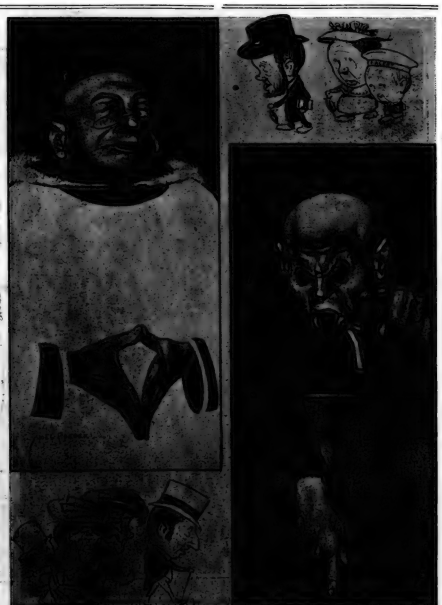
"The Autocrat" watched them a moment. A few of the boys laughed. Most stared in astonished silence.

And then the deluge!

Quietly, calmly, but with slowly gathering force, Dr. Holmes began to speak. Gone was the genial philosopher, the kindly teacher, whom they so well knew! Before them stood the professor, the scientist, the physician, defending his college, his chair, his profession, against the levity, the low ideals, of their own disciples. Sternly, soberly he talked to them—of the honor and traditions of their college, of the efforts and difficulties of their faculty; of their profession, its high ideals, its sacred responsibilities. He talked to them of the priceless opportunities which they were wasting. His brilliant eyes seemed to search them one by one. His wonderful voice, never raised, yet carried to the farthest corner of the room. His clear-cut phrases lasht whip-like about them. His wit stung them. His irony goaded them; till in all that rough assembly scarce a man but was in tears.

And then, almost without a pause, their friend and teacher stood again before them as, with the ease of the born and practised speaker, he swung back into the every-day:

"As we were saying at the close of our last lecture."



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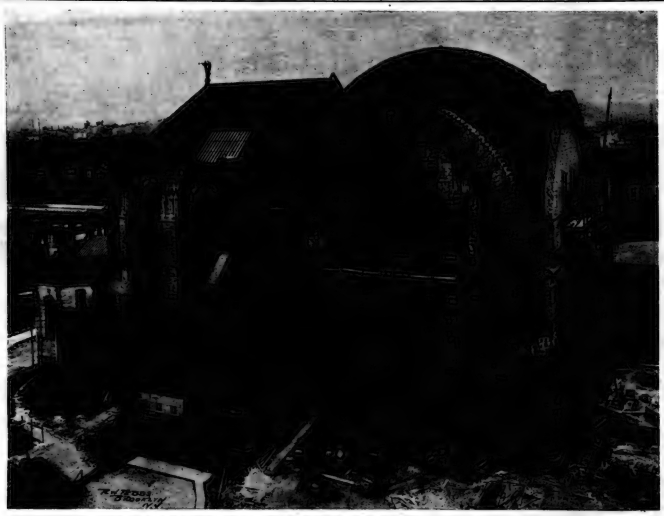
J. W. LANGMUIR, Managing Director.

Toronto, December 14, 1909.



ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE BUILDINGS IN THE WORLD.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine, now in course of construction on Morningside Heights, New York City. To get an idea of its size compare it with near-by buildings. Work on this remarkable church was commenced fifteen years ago and it is estimated that it will not be completed for another twenty years. It will accommodate 10,000 people.

M'SIEU

(*Continued from page 5.*)

land, and he was like a devil let loose. I met him one evening as I was coming out of my quarters and"—the Englishman swallowed his wine at a single gulp—"before I parted with him I had slit his face open."

Cloyden and Brown had heard every word the Englishman had uttered. They looked at each other and then at M'sieu. His eyes were fastened on the game before him. He had heard nothing. At that moment Petite rose, yawned, stretched herself and jumped down to the floor. She passed Cloyd, snapped at his heels, and ran under the Englishman's chair. The man at this instant swung his foot back, and in doing so kicked the dog in the mouth.

Cloyd and Brown saw Petite fall back on her haunches, and the next moment spring forward and sink her teeth in the Englishman's leg just above the shoe top. With an oath the man shook the dog off, rose and pushed aside his chair. He steadied himself against the table, raised his foot and dealt the animal a fearful blow between the eyes. There was one groan from Petite, and the next instant a little brown body slid along the polished floor and disappeared under a table.

The Englishman sat down with his back to M'sieu and prepared to examine the wounds made by the dog's sharp teeth.

As Petite uttered that one groan M'sieu sprang up, pawn in hand, and, without a look in the direction of the Englishman, ran to where Petite lay. He stooped to pick her up, and as he did so the heavy, dull voice of the Englishman was heard to ask: "Who owns the damned little beast, anyway?"

As the voice reached him, M'sieu straightened up and swung around. His face, which had been red from the exertion of the last few moments, slowly went a gray-white, except for the scar, which blazed a red and fearful streak across the cheek. He wet his lips two or three times and smiled as he did it. Petite he laid tenderly on a nearby chair. Then he walked slowly and deliberately toward the Englishman. The latter gave the handkerchief he had been winding around his leg a final twist and rose. "I say," he repeated, who owns that damned little beast?"

"I do." The words were spoken in a low, quiet voice. The Englishman wheeled around. The smile had gone from M'sieu's face, and in its place had come a look of burning hatred.

The Englishman grasped the back of the chair he had just vacated. "My God!" he cried. "It's—"

The name he had meant to utter died in his throat. M'sieu had suddenly thrown aside the intervening chair and hurled himself upon him. He seized him by the throat with his large, powerful hands, forcing him back upon a table.

"I have found you!" he cried in his singularly perfect English, and shook him as a dog shakes a rabbit. "Now I shall kill you! *Mon Dieu*, if I could make you die a thousand deaths—"

"Good Lord!" someone at the far end of the cafe called out. "Stop him!" There was a general movement toward M'sieu, but the next instant, and while the dazed crowd looked on, he threw the Englishman from him, a limp and ghastly thing.

Somewhere a glass fell heavily to the floor and was broken into pieces.

M'sieu walked to where Petite lay and picked her up. He crushed the little broken body against his breast, and then turned with a bow to the Americans.

"I am Roland," he said.

Then he turned and walked out, and no one followed him.

—January Smart Set.

The Unwritten British Constitution

THE Englishman has an immense belief in anything which is put in writing or in print (notes Public Opinion of London), and when he has told his opponent or customer to "put that in writing," he thinks he has made himself secure.

Strangely enough, the Englishman has never put his Constitution into writing. The bulwark of his liberties is an intangible thing consisting of precedents, understandings, and such-like things—hence the recent quarrels about what is constitutional and what is not.

To-day the question is being asked whether England ought not to have a written Constitution like the United States and other nations.

Burke wrote in 1791 that "we ought to understand the admired Constitution of England according to our measure, and to venerate where we are not able presently to comprehend."

Hallam, too, said that "the Constitution of England must be to inquisitive men of all countries—far more to ourselves—an object of superior interest."

And yet, as Prof. Dicey says, in his classic book, "The Constitution was marked by more than one transcendent quality which in the eyes of our fathers raised it far above the imitations, counterfeits, or parodies which have been set up during the last 100 years throughout the civilized world; no precise date could be named as the day of its birth; no definite body of persons could claim to be its creators, no one could point to the document which contained its clauses; it was, in short, a thing by itself which Englishmen and foreigners alike should 'venerate where they are not able presently to comprehend.'"

Prof. Dicey says that a Professor of Constitutional Law in England "has good reason to envy professors who belong to countries such as France, Belgium, and the United States, endowed with Constitutions of which the terms are to be found in printed documents known to all citizens and accessible to every man who is able to read."

Tocqueville said that "the English Constitution has no real existence," and so far as documents are concerned that is true.

Freeman declared that "We now have a whole system of political morality, a whole code of precepts for the guidance of public men, which will not be found in any page of either the statute or the common law, but which are in practice held hardly less sacred than any principle embodied in the Great Charter, or in the Petition of Right. In short, by the side of our written Law there has grown up an unwritten or conventional Constitution."

Here are some of the items in the unwritten Constitution which have the force of law. Prof. Dicey quotes them as examples "of the precepts to which Mr. Freeman refers."

"A Ministry which is outvoted in the House of Commons is in many cases bound to retire from office."

"A Cabinet, when outvoted on any vital question may appeal to the country by means of a dissolution."

"If an appeal to the electors goes against the Ministry they are bound to retire from office, and have no right to dissolve Parliament a second time."

"The Cabinet are responsible to Parliament as a body for the general conduct of affairs."

"If there is a difference of opinion between the House of Lords and the House of Commons, the House of Lords ought at some point not definitely fixed to give way, and should the Peers not yield and the House of Commons continue to enjoy the confidence of the country, it becomes the duty of the Crown or of its responsible advisers to create or to threaten to create enough new Peers to override the opposition of the House of Lords and thus restore harmony between the two branches of the Legislature."

These things are all quoted by Prof. A. V. Dicey in his "Law of the Constitution." "They are," he says, "all constantly acted upon, and since they cannot be enforced by any Court of Law, have no claim to be considered laws." But they make up that unwritten Constitution under which the English people live.

At the present time not a few British journals of high standing are demanding a written Constitution, in order that the powers of both Houses of Parliament shall be clearly defined, thus preventing such confusion as that which has arisen over the Budget fight.

The Lamp of Poor Souls.

(In many English churches before the Reformation, a little lamp was kept continually burning, called the Lamp of Poor Souls. People were reminded thereby to pray for the souls of those dead whose kinsfolk were too poor to pay for special prayers and masses.)

Above my head the shields are stained with rust,
The wind has taken his spoil, the moth his part.
Dust of dead men beneath my knees, and dust.
Lord, in my heart.

Lay Thou the hand of faith upon my fears.
The priest has prayed, the silver bell has rung,
But not for him. O unforgotten tears,
He was so young!

Shine, little lamp, nor let thy light grow dim.
Into what vast dread dreams, what lonely lands,
Into what griefs hath death delivered him,
Far from my hands?

Cradled is he, with half his prayers forgot.
I can not learn the level way he goes.
He whom the harvest hath remembered not
Sleeps with the rose.

Shine, little lamp, fed with sweet oil of prayers;
Shine, little lamp, as God's own eyes may shine,
When He treads softly down His starry stairs
And whispers "Thou art Mine."

Shine, little lamp, for love hath fed thy gleam.
Sleep, little soul, by God's own hands set free.
Cling to His arms and sleep, and sleeping, dream,
And dreaming, look for me.

—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, in Scribner's Magazine.

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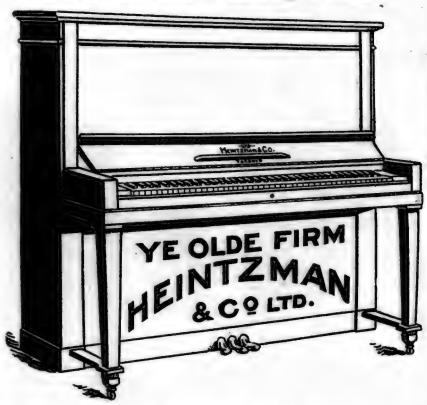

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VOL. 23, No. 11. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 25, 1909. TERMS—Single Copies, 10c. Per Annum (in advance), $3. Whole No. 1151

THE OTHER PAGE

CHRISTMAS spells joy even to the man who doesn't know the alphabet of happiness. For Christmas is magic word quite as able to evolve the beautiful as were genii of the ring and the lamp in fairy tale times ago. Potent all the year around, it works best as days begin to lengthen, until grown strong and lusty becomes the most important feature of the year, the of days, the few hours into which man manages to owd the pent-up generosity of all the seasons, and inciently himself becomes something of a child again.

The cynic wrinkles his nose, purses up his mouth, and looks superior a week before Christmas, and passes with high disdain the bewildering invitation the shops extend him. But as the days slip away he becomes more and more uncertain of his attitude, until by Christmas Eve, he too has been transmuted in the great alembic of happiness, and is to be found looking for a chance to surreptitiously thrust hastily made purchases into yawning black stockings, or to assist in the bedecking of a Christmas tree. One touch of Christmas makes the whole world kin. There is something about it that defies analysis, renders definition impossible, that is intangible and indescribable, and which is nevertheless just as real as any emotion, as well as more sincere than most.

The spirit of Christmas is elusive but ideal. It frolics through the family touching every member with its spell until each and all succumb to its influence and respond to it. One feels Christmas just as acutely as one does an aching tooth, but fortunately in a different manner. It is insistent, and not to be denied. It makes itself felt above all the other interests in life, and simply has to be recognized.

Whether it is owing to early associations, or merely the result of thought transference, it is an undeniable fact that the most sour and dissatisfied man will often lose sight of his latest grouch and join somewhat grudgingly in the keeping of the great day. While the observance of Christmas continues as at present, and quite apart from its deeper and spiritual meaning, it will serve to bind old friends together and keep the family united. Always, for one day in the year, will those banished from home by uncontrollable circumstances, look back to what once was paradise in childish eyes, and which even in retrospection seems better and greater and much more wonderful than anything success has achieved or attainment has brought. Everywhere throughout the world will those who have known what Christmas was, and what it might be, drink at least in imagination, a bumper, to the days that have gone by and may not come again. Be he cynic or be he wastrel, or just the man whom fate has forced out of the game, he will not escape a memory on the day of days when candles burn on many a tree.

To the child, Christmas is not merely a succession of presents, a riot of noise and gaiety, and a feast that may be followed by a lean day or two. It is something bigger and better than these though the youngsters themselves may not realize it until years have come and gone. The observance of Christmas in the home is the laying of the foundation of many happy moments, the preparation for the enjoyment of many recollections. Look back for a moment, grown-ups of to-day, and what stands out most vividly against the background of time? Is it the delight of the old swimming hole—the joy of surreptitious fishing—the first successful coup in business—the donning of the first long frock—the ecstacy of the first party? Or is it the memory tucked away off in some corner of the mind, of tiny, nimble, white clad figures creeping out of bed in the cold, long before daylight broke, and lugging back with them wonderful knobby stockings, long and fat, well stuffed and overflowing, sometimes so heavy they could hardly be carried? Can't you remember how it felt, the hugging of that shapeless woolly bundle, and the guesses that were made as each knob in turn was pinched until its paper wrappings crackled? You remember, in the toe was the orange—that was easily recognized, oranges always found their way there by some mysterious dispensation of Santa Claus. Then—well then came the guessing, and the wonderment of it still lives with you unless you were one of those other children who had all their joy in a jiffy when the doors were thrown open and the Christmas tree glowed like a sunset straight into your eyes. Christmas—well keeping it may be a bother, and the thing may be overdone—but it serves its turn as nothing else can, for each year it makes men and women young again, and, for a time at least, even as a little child.

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ECHOES of the Steinheil case are still to be heard, and the latest revolting detail in connection with the whole horrible story is the scene that was enacted at the Salle Drouet in Paris when the contents of the Steinheil house was auctioned off. According to the cabled reports the building was besieged by the morbidly curious, and as many as fifteen thousand persons were attracted by the opportunity to see the furniture, bric-a-brac and pictures from the ill-fated villa. The room where they were on view was packed and many women fainted. It is an ever-recurring marvel, the attraction that the horrible has for the multitude. Women, if possible, are worse than men in this respect, and it is one of the reproaches of womanhood that no matter how disgusting the details of a murder or divorce trial, there will be many of the sex who are not only anxious but determined to be present during the proceedings.

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THE report of W. P. Archibald, Dominion Parole Officer, which appears in a recent Blue Book, proves interesting reading to all who are concerned in the advancement of prison reform and especially to those who have devoted some time and attention to the question of child rescue work. According to the report, the adoption of the Juvenile Delinquents Act passed last year by the Federal Government, is already producing excellent results. Manitoba was the first province to adopt the system and others have since taken the matter up seriously, a number of probation officers already having been appointed. The provisions of the Act are such that they make the reformation of the juvenile delinquent not only possible but probable. The success of the system depends largely upon the discretion and sympathy of the Juvenile Court Judge appointed to deal with the offenders and with the tact and firmness of the probation officers in whose charge many of the cases are paroled.

It seems proved beyond a doubt that the introduction of the system of Juvenile Courts has turned out successfully wherever it has been tried. Prevention is better than cure in most cases and youthful criminals are no exception to the general rule. The training of a juvenile delinquent into a useful citizen is a sound proposition from every point of view and one which should be encouraged for business reasons if for no other. The Act should be adopted in every province and until it is unceasing effort should be kept up to bring it into force throughout the Dominion. In the Province of Quebec where it has not yet been adopted, there is a strong agitation in its favor. Montreal, for the past two years, has had a Children's Aid Society which has accomplished much good work without any fuss, the first probation officer's salary having been provided by the Montreal Women's Club. There, as everywhere else, where the effort has been made to help unfortunate children in their struggle against environment and hereditary influence, the result has more than justified the experiment. The Canada of the future will probably have reason to be proud of many a citizen, who, but for the working of the Juvenile delinquents Act and the careful enforcement of its provisions, might have been confirmed in a career of crime instead of encouraged in one of usefulness.

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THE world which smiled a little while ago over the poet Watson's diatribes against Miss Violet Asquith in his explanation of the genesis of "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue," now extends to her a deep sympathy in the loss of her fiance whose death took place almost simultaneously with the announcement of their engagement. The Premier's daughter, who is unquestionably a very clever and able girl, when questioned about Watson's denunciation of herself and Mrs. H. H. Asquith, replied that she had more serious matters to engage her attention, the matter in question being her attendance upon the Hon. Archibald Gordon to whom she was affianced and who died a few days ago after a short illness as the result of a motor accident. In those Canadians who hold Lord and Lady Aberdeen in kindly memory the news of their son's death will arouse much regret. But all the world loves a lover and to Miss Asquith, who has been so much in the public eye of late, will be extended the sympathy of thousands who merely know her, not as her father's daughter, but as a young woman to whom death has brought a sorrow in comparison to which the irritation caused by Watson's philippics is but as a pin prick.

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THE reasons advanced as to why women should not be admitted to an active part in the political game considering women were so poorly informed on public questions that their clubs were "just about as bad as Tammany Hall in corrupting politics." All of which may or may not be true in New York. But doesn't the accusation apply equally to men? An elector—though he may be many years past the wisdom-bringing age of twenty-one—may not be absolutely well informed on municipal matters, or if he is, why then does Tammany Hall—to which the lecturer took exception—continue to flourish in spite of the blow dealt it at the recent elections? Two blacks never yet made white, and it would undoubtedly be a big tinue to multiply, and what they may lack in soundness they make up in numbers. A New Yorker, Dr. W. H. Allen, director of the Bureau of Municipal Research, in addressing a Gotham woman's club the other day stated mistake to let loose a lot of uneducated electors by giving unthinking women the vote.

Yet, if men only are to have the vote, it is puzzling why some concerted effort is not made towards improving the standard of those who are entitled to a voice in their country's government. If ignorance is what is to keep women out of politics, it is a difficulty that may be overcome, but until a "knowledge" test is applied to men the ignorant voting of women could not make matters much worse.

If politics is not a clean enough game for women to play, let them fit themselves by an earnest course of study to understand and appreciate as well as to supplement the efforts of those who could make it a game from which self-interest would be barred, and the umpire be educated public opinion. If this Utopian state of affairs is impossible, women are to a certain extent justified in wondering why, if men have made a muddle of public affairs, they should not themselves be allowed to try their 'prentice hand at it. It's a case of amateur versus professional over again, but sometimes the amateur has made good and professionalism has fallen down. Nobody can tell what women would do until they've had a chance, but the general opinion seems to be that though men have made such a bad job of politics it is better to "bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of."

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THE professional reformer very often has an unfortunate knack of bringing too much enthusiasm to bear on the job in hand, and Carrie Nation—she of the hatchet and the deeply rooted convictions—is a case in point. It's all very well to reform oneself, but to reform the world is so wide a mission that it is well nigh impossible of accomplishment. Mrs. Nation, being something of an optimist, apparently holds a different view and believes that a few strong demonstrations on her part of what she believes to be right and wrong, will bring many converts to her fold. With this end in view she long ago started on a strenuous campaign in which she tried to make up in enthusiasm what she lacked in discretion. To accentuate her disapproval of the liquor traffic she began a smashing campaign which resulted in many broken bottles and a lot of cheap advertising both for herself and the saloon keepers. Now she has turned her attention in a new direction and has decreed that man must not smoke—at least when she is around to prevent him. Her crusade is against tobacco in general and apparently the cigarette in particular. The other day finding herself in Washington and having a little spare time on her hands she determined upon a visit to the House of Representatives. No sooner thought of than done, and shortly she found herself confronting the door-keeper, who only grinned when she told him that smoking was—well, all the objectionable things it has ever been called. But Carrie wasn't to be bluffed, even by a masculine smile, and she decided on demonstration to point a moral in that grinning man's mind. She found her opportunity in a messenger who was smoking near by, and before the devotee of the weed was conscious of what whirlwind had struck him, his cigarette was snatched from his mouth—and hurled—well, as far as a woman could throw such a thing. Finally after trying to express her views in an address to the crowd which gathered, Mrs. Nation was escorted out by the police.

Now, quite apart from the good or bad that lurks in the insidious cigarette, there enters the question of the rights of the human being—be he a mere man, or a Carrie Nation. Suppose some one did not like the set of the reformer's bonnet, would he be justified in snatching it from her head and telling her it was his belief that it was more healthy to go bare headed? Suppose a Fletcherizing person decided that too much food was not good for Carrie and threw her dinner plate on the floor, the question is,—what would Carrie do? Would she meekly submit to the will of a person armed with a dinner knife and an idea, or would she fight? The chances are she wouldn't meekly succumb, and if she didn't she would add only one more prop to the theory that women act on impluse and never, never, will be logical. The Carrie Nations do more harm than they will ever do good, not merely by destroying property, but by aiding and abetting the belief that all their sex are merely creatures swayed by their emotions, without a really sane idea to govern them.

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THIS is the time when the women of England can be expected to get busy. Not for them will be the gay delight that lurks in the making of the Christmas pin cushion and the wool work slippers; there is a sterner and more important duty. For the moment the supreme desire "Votes for Women" will be put aside by all good ladies who hold Party above anything else, and one and all, when opportunity offers, will get out and canvass for "votes for men." In the General Election the work done by the women is of undoubted value, and if the face value of a vote nowadays is not as high as the kiss once cheerfully paid by an English Duchess, yet kind words, honeyed accents, and a more or less wise and tactful explanation of "our platform" will result in many a mere man voting Liberal or some other way contrary to the convictions he once held. Undoubtedly, women can wheedle, and they make first-class election agents all the better for being unpaid. Enthusiasm is a great asset, be the struggle little or big, and enthusiasm women can furnish in plenty. While the staid and dignified suffragists are working in a constitutional way for the return of whatever member they are "boosting," one cannot but feel that the suffragettes will be getting busy and yet more busy in their attempts to hinder anyone who is opposed to them. With some of the leaders in prison, the militants will be deprived of a few of their leading spirits. But even bereft of them, the suffragettes have plenty of generals left and one may look for some exceptionally clever moves on their part before the forthcoming election is decided. Give a lot of bright women practically nothing to do but devise schemes for harassing an enemy that is not always clever and there ought to be some amusing results. In the present position of things, a man standing for election who is opposed to women voting, has as little chance of happiness in the next few weeks as a small boy with new skates in a downpour of rain.

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SEEMS as if the poet persons who supplied near-verses for denizens of pre-Victorian nurseries were about to have their selection of themes vindicated though little can be said in extenuation of their rhymes. Those dismal instructors of the youth of a by-gone age had only two ideas to enlarge upon—the reward of the good child and the utter discomfiture of the bad. There seemed to be no half-way house. One was like either of the two phases of the little girl who "when she was good was very very good, and when she was bad she was horrid."

For a long time degrees of naughtiness have been admitted and it has been quite possible for a child to kick his nurse, pull his mother's hair, investigate the stuffing of his sister's best doll, and even indulge in a little of the language "Father uses when he gets angry" without the poor dear little chap being threatened with anything more serious than going to bed after a supper of bread and milk and strictly minus cake. Nobody, nowadays, draws vivid pictures of a redly glowing hereafter specially reserved for little girls who break the dishes and little boys who play "hookey." One no longer punishes children by harrowing their minds, and yet if one did, what wonderful material for evoking promises of future goodness lies, for instance, in the story of the little girl in New York who choked to death chewing gum. Think what capital would once have been made of such a tale. What primly turned verses would have resulted from the catastrophe had it happened sixty years ago, and what a demurely wicked, little maiden would have been depicted as the heroine in the accompanying picture. Surely the kiddies fare better in these days of moral-less tales than their grand-parents did, and yet there are those who seriously advocate the elimination of the fairy tale from the reading of the young and the return to stern facts in the stories placed before them. Soon one may look for the wheel to turn still further, and the children of the next generation may once more be regaled with awesome tales of the evil that is likely to befall the child who meddles with "what isn't his'n," or perpetrates other fiercely darksome deeds.

MADAME.

LADY CARTWRIGHT.

The wife of Sir Richard Cartwright, Minister of Trade and Commerce, has long been prominent in "Sessional" and other entertainments at the Capital, and is always among the most picturesque figures at the Opening of Parliament.

TORONTO SOCIETY

THE marriage of Miss Kathleen Marion Gordon, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Colin F. Gordon, and Mr. William Willcocks Baldwin, second son of Mr. Henry W. Baldwin, was celebrated at St. Michael's College, Rev. Father Teefy, D.D., being the officiating priest, on Saturday, December 18. Only the family circle and relatives of the bride and groom were present at the ceremony. Miss Gordon wore a gown of white satin with overdress of very fine old Brussels lace, a family heirloom, and small sprays of white heather. Her winsome face and beautiful shining fair hair were veiled in tulle, the airy folds falling far on the soft satin train of of the rich gown, a rope of fine pearls, and a shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley, and a coronet of orange buds and heather giving the finishing grace to her lovely appearance. Her bridesmaids, Miss Edith Kay, a cousin, and Miss Aileen Sinclair, were in white *Ninon de soie* with cowslip yellow girdles of satin finished at the back with butterfly bows. The becoming hats of cowslip and brown had yellow rosebuds and pleated tulle as trimming. The flowers carried were daisies in rustic baskets, tied with cowslip ribbons. Mr. Gordon Heron was best man, and two tall ushers escorted the pretty bridesmaids, Mr. Robert Gordon and Mr. John Greey. After the ceremony, the bridal party drove to Mr. Gordon's residence, St. George street, when Mr and Mrs. Gordon received a huge company, who offered good wishes to the bride and groom, after being welcomed by host and hostess. Mrs. Gordon wore a beautiful gown of orchid panne satin with jeweled embroideries and hat of lace and plumes. The bridal group stood in a bower of green, flowers, and Christmas holly, with which the mantels were banked, and were much admired. An orchestra played during the reception, and a braw piper skirled the gayest music in an immense tent erected on the lawn for the breakfast. The whole house was turned inside out for the comfort of the large number of guests, and roomfuls of splendid presents were arranged on the way from the reception room to the marquee, obviating the usual climb up stairs to admire them, much to everyone's comfort. The health of the bride was proposed and three hearty cheers given, after which the groom proposed the bridesmaids, and incidentally paid a very heartsome compliment to her new mother-in-law. Mrs. Gordon was a very decided belle in her girlhood days, and is now one of the prettiest of the many pretty women who make up the congregation of St. Andrew's church. Among those who were at the reception beside the relatives, who included Mrs. Nixon and Miss McCartney, grand-aunts of the bride, Mr. Baldwin, grand-uncle of the groom, were Mrs. Melvin-Jones and Rev. Crawford Brown, Mrs. and Miss Austin of Spadina, Mrs. Prince and Miss Ross, Mrs. and Miss Johnstone, Mrs. and the Misses Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones, Mr. Douglas Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Laird, Mrs. Inglis and Miss Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, Major and Miss Michie, Mrs. Cowan, Miss Helen Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunter, Mrs. James George, Mr. and Mrs. John King, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins, Mr. and Mrs. Hollwey. Among the gifts were many rare old prints, a lovely lot of silver, old and new, and a collection of little portraits of ancestral Baldwins which were studied with much interest by all acquainted with the ancient history of Toronto. The bride and groom left on their honeymoon about four o'clock, the bride travelling in brown touched with gold and toque with paradise plume to match. A dainty *menage* in Poplar Plains road (in the arrangement of which I learn the wise little bride-elect was much more engrossed than in the details of her trousseau) awaits their occupancy after the New Year. Judging from the number and beauty of the *cadeaux des noces*, it will present a very rich appearance, if room can be found for them all. After dinner the bridal party attended the very funny play at the Princess, and finished a busy day with a bit of supper at McConkey's.

A CLEVER AMATEUR.

The Hon. Cynthia Charteris, who is credited with being an exceedingly able amateur actress, was selected to play St. Ursula in the recent production in London of the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's miracle play, "St. Ursula's Pilgrimage." Miss Charteris is the daughter of Lord Elcho, and granddaughter of the late Earl of Wemyss.

Many old friends were glad to meet Mr. Harry Grubbe, who came up from Peterborough to attend the Baldwin-Gordon wedding on Saturday.

Miss Edith Cross returned last week from a joyous visit of some weeks at the Capital.

The Skating Club met for the first time on Saturday afternoon at the Granite Rink, when the devotees of skating enjoyed their favorite pastime, and others joined them at tea, which was served under the supervision of Miss Eva Miles. The wedding kept some away who will be on hand later on.

Miss Marion Martin of Vanvouver is in town on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Kenneth Dunstan, and will remain over the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Stan Gzowski were in town recently for a short visit at Clovelly, and returned to Vancouver some time ago.

Mrs. Alloway of Winnipeg has been spending some time with Mrs. D. D. Mann at Fallingbrook, Kingston Road, and there have been dinners and luncheons given there, enabling the visitor to meet many old and new Toronto friends. She has a talent for the recital of Drummond's Habitant verse, which she has used to delight the guests of her hostess on several occasions. Last Friday Mrs. Mann gave a luncheon of twelve covers, to which a smart coterie motored out, and for whom Mrs. Alloway recited the habitants account of the good "old Tam" and the way he used to enjoy it. Miss Dunlop played, and sang some songs, one of which, "The Auld Hoose," is a very deserved favorite, beloved by oldtimers and welcomed in its resurrection of to-day.

Mrs. Cattermole and Miss Enid Wornum are giving a New Year's Eve dance at their home in Penetang.

The Toronto Canoe Club's dance will be held on January 20. Trinity Conversat is on January 27.

Mrs. Laird's tea on the 16th drew a jolly crowd of women and girls to her attractive home in Cluny Avenue, though about two hundred who had been bidden were prevented by the arduous work of holiday preparation from attending. Had they been at the tea, one of its most charming features, "room," would have been eliminated. Mrs. Laird, who never dresses elaborately, but always with dainty taste, wore a simple little gown of white *point d'esprit* with satin belt and sashes. The *piece de resistance* of enjoyment at this tea was the singing of Mrs. Mackelcan, which was even more delightful in the plentitude of rooms, and no disagreeable thronging of the drawing-room. Her most important song, "Shadows," was never more expressively rendered, and one gathered the full truth of her beautifully given assertion that "It is the *unshed* tears that keep love's memory green." "Hang up the baby's stocking," sung with a dainty tone, was most appropriate amid Christmas green, and though of ancient vintage, was heard with great appreciation. Miss Dunlop's accompaniments need no praise for their brilliancy and sympathy, and one feels that they contribute much to her sister's success. Mrs. Laird had provided two refreshment tables, and the ladies found the idea conducive to the greatest comfort in enjoying the appetite-destroyers found at every stylish five o'clocker. It was really a tea which everyone seemed to enjoy a little more than usual.

Dr. James McLeod and Mr. Charles McLeod arrived on Sunday to spend Christmas week with their people in Crescent Road. Dr. Norman McLeod was to come on later from Buffalo for Christmas.

Invitations were out last week to the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Grace Sankey, daughter of the late Major Villiers Sankey, and Mr. Hugh L. Hayles, which will take place on January 12 in St. Thomas' Church, with a reception afterwards at the home of the bride's mother, 395 Huron street. Both the bride and groom-elect are so well known and liked in Toronto, that the announcement of their wedding arouses much kindly feeling and many good wishes. Miss Sankey, whose pet name of "Elsie" is more familiar to her friends than her baptismal appellation, is as pretty as a Sankey is bound to be, and will make a lovely bride. Fortunately her marriage will not, as in her elder sister's case, take her away from Toronto.

Messages of Christmas cheer have been received by friends of Mr. Harold Steenbuch, who is now in Christiania, his native place, but does not forget his Toronto friends.

Mrs. Harry Housser came on from Ottawa with her sister, Mrs. Perley Smith, for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Stikeman are at Iverholm for the winter.

At the Baldwin-Gordon reception on Saturday, Mrs. Baldwin, mother of the groom wore a gown of grey satin with yellow trimmings, veiled in gun-metal embroideries and topaz ornaments. Miss Baldwin, the groom's sister, was in wedgwood blue, with silver trimmings and a panne velvet hat to match. Her jewels were turquoises.

Mr. Clifford Brown, who went to the Coast last month to be best man at the Morden-Henshaw wedding, returned to Toronto on Thursday.

The U.C.C. Rifle Corps dance on Wednesday night occurred too late for notice this week, these columns going to press a day earlier than usual.

The tea given by Mrs. R. H. Bowes on Friday for her daughter, Miss Florence Bowes, who came out last month, was one of the smartest companies seen in McConkey's this year. Mrs. Bowes, *nee* Geale, is connected with a number of the old and well-known families in society and many of her older friends have taken a good deal of interest in her daughter's debut, and came with plenty of good wishes and compliments to the handsome mother and her popular daughter on Friday. Mrs. Bowes received in the Turkish room, in a handsome gown of vieux rose, and Miss Florence was in pale green, and carried pink roses and lily of the valley. On the tea-table in the rose room stood a huge rustic basket filled with immense long-stemmed Beauty roses, which one observant girl who spent some time counting them, declared a hundred. The lights were shaded in rich red, and the effect was very good. Miss Violet Lee, Miss Marjorie Horrocks and Miss Jessie Webber assisted in the tea room with some older girls, and a few of the guests were Lady Whitney, Mrs. Winn, Mrs. and Miss Sankey, Mrs. W. S. Lee, Mrs. Cecil Lee, Mrs. Worthington, Miss Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Mossom Boyd, Miss Heward, the Misses Edwards, Mrs. Ardagh, Mrs. and Miss Holland, Mrs. and Miss Massey, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. and Miss Dorothy Boyd, Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Webber, the Misses Merritt, Mrs. and Miss Dickson and many others. Miss Willcocks, a very pretty girl, sang charmingly.

Mrs. George A. Cox will hold her first reception early next year. I believe the date is January 4.

Mrs. Baldwin, Miss Wilhelmina Baldwin, Mrs. and Miss Buchanan are going abroad next week.

Mrs. Cecil Gibson is giving a fancy dress holiday dance for her little daughter, Marion and her not-out friends, on next Monday evening, December 27, at her residence in St. Alban street.

On next Wednesday afternoon, at three o'clock, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor will formally open the new building of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario. The building is at the corner of Huron and College streets.

The marriage of Mr. Edward John Barker, second son of the late R. W. Barker, and Miss Laura Estelle Lundy, daughter of Mr. Charles E. Lundy, of Boldenhurst, Newmarket, was celebrated in the home of the bride's parents on Dec. 15. The bride wore a white satin gown with pearl trimmings, and lace veil and orange wreath which had been worn by the groom's mother and sister on their bridal days. The bridesmaid was Miss Frances Wynn Lundy, sister of the bride, and the best man, Mr. George H. Sweetnam. Among the many handsome wedding gifts was a pretty secretary and chair and a handsome drawing room table from the staff of the Post Office Inspector's office. Only the immediate relatives and intimate friends were at the wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Barker will return to town for Christmas after their honeymoon, and will make their home at 299 Westmoreland avenue. Mrs. Barker, of 5 Rowanwood ave., has her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Alan McDougall Jones, on a holiday visit from Ottawa, with their little son and daughter, which makes the Christmas family reunion complete as Mr. and Mrs. Bert Barker, and Mr. and Mrs. Will Barker are also residing here.

Christmas Presents.

WHAT to buy for Dolly?
That is plain enough:
Just a box of candy
And a beaver muff.
What to buy for Johnnie?
This is simple, too,
Johnnie wants a rifle
And it's up to you.
What to buy for Mildred?
Mildred wants a dress.
What to buy for baby?
A rattle's happiness.
What to buy for Thomas,
Mary and the cook?
Dresses for the sisters,
Thomas likes a book.
What to buy for Auntie?
She is very rich,
Laces or a picture,
It doesn't matter which.
What to buy for Mother?
Curtains or a chair,
Something for the household,
Is needed everywhere.
What to buy for Father?
Oh, the snag you strike!
Isn't it a tickler?
What would Father like?

Joyful as Christmas Day is in most households, there always comes a moment when a "peace at any price" policy seems the most desirable thing on earth. Keen as the grown-ups are to have the children enjoy themselves, the morning is not half over when the blaring of trumpets, the beating of drums, and other joyous sounds evoked from noisy toys, becomes almost too much to stand. A mother who has suffered from this sort of joyous pandemonium, year after year, has hit on a novel scheme which has resulted in diminishing the noise nuisance without interfering with the happiness of the little ones. To accomplish this she took a big room at the top of the house and for the time being turned out all the usual furniture and pictures, substituting in place of the latter a frieze formed of cheap reproductions of the best known of paintings of the Madonna. The room was hung with evergreens and was furnished with a number of small chairs and piles of cushions. There the children of the household, and the small relatives who gathered to help them celebrate the occasion, were perfectly happy, the grown-ups taking turns in looking after the kiddies, who were perfectly content with their new toys, being positively unlimited as to the amount of noise they made.

In these days of color schemes, many people like to carry out the idea of the Christmas dinner as far as possible in Christmas tones. Not content with the red and green of wall and table decorations, they wish to have a suggestion of the same in the menu, and some elaborate dinners have been designed to meet this idea. The dishes suggested range from double-cherried cocktails to creme de menthe stratified in pousse-cafe fashion over orange curacao. For the simple home dinner the suggestion of red and green may be worked out in green-pea puree for the soup, the decoration of the celery with uncooked cranberries attached in imitation of cherries, bright red apples to hold the salad, or in its place jelly flavored with tomato and nestling in lettuce leaves. If the apple cups are preferred the filling might be of apple and green grapes with French dressing. The cranberries served with the turkey will also add to the color effect if lots of parsley is used in garnishing the various dishes.

Curious superstitions are found in most unlikely places and belief in the awful penalty that will follow the departure from some well established custom is often very real, especially in rural districts. In a field near Long Compton, in Warwickshire, are five huge stones locally known as "Whispering Knights," and tradition has it that they resist removal and must not be disturbed. It is said that when one of these was moved years ago to be used in the building of a bridge, so many calamities happened that it had to be restored to its former position.

A fragrant flower called the Bauhinia is put to a pretty use in the Fiji Islands where it is said to be used as a clock which tells the people when it is time to go to church. This flower expands its petals when it is cool and pleasant in the early morning, and just as it opens, the missionary, instead of ringing a bell, summons his congregation by beating a wooden drum.

Miss Dorothy Drew, the favorite grand-daughter of the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone, with whom she was often photographed, has now grown up and recently made her debut in London.

A westerner, discussing his home district recently stated that in Wyoming there were five hundred homes waiting for women who were willing to go there and for matrimony's sake, resist the lure of the pink tea and the matinee of an effete eastern civilization.

Exclusive Diamond Jewelry

Our assortment of Fine Jewelry is larger and finer than ever. For beauty and originality of design our stock stands alone—it is in a distinct class by itself.

The distinguishing feature of our collection is the exclusion of common or familiar designs.

Possibly you are still undecided just what to give and will welcome these suggestions.

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This is the newest and most fashionable thing in jewelry this season. These may be had in a variety of designs, with either locket or watch pendants in exquisite enamel effects.

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Enameled Watch, mounted with diamonds and sapphires, to be worn on sautoir necklet.

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Fine Diamond La Valliere Pendant with pearl drop.

$2,000.00

Rare Emerald and fine Diamond Pendant on platinum necklet.

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Fine Oriental Pearl Necklet, containing 79 beautiful whole pearls, with diamond clasp.

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$650.00

Brooch or Pendant, mounted with large Oriental cat's eye, surrounded with circle of fine diamonds set in platinum.

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Hesperian	Fri., Dec. 17	Sat., Dec. 18
Tunisian	Fri., Dec. 24	Sat., Dec. 25
Corsican	Fri., Dec. 31	Sat., Jan. 1
Grampian	Fri., Jan. 7	Sat., Jan. 8

BOSTON TO GLASGOW
Numidian ..... Dec. 24, 7 a.m.
Ionian ..... Jan. 7, 7 a.m.

SAILINGS TO HAVRE AND LONDON

	From St. John.	From Halifax.
Corinthian	Wed., Dec. 15	Fri., Dec. 17
Sardinian	Wed., Dec. 29	Fri., Dec. 31

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Fare and One-third
Dec. 21 to 25, and Dec 28 to Jan. 1st, 1910, good for return until Jan. 5, '10
Between all Stations in Canada
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CANADIAN AGENTS

MONTREAL SOCIETY

MONTREAL, DEC. 22, 1909.

CHRISTMAS among the majority in Montreal is more a quiet, religious festival than among English communities. The French-Canadian boy and girl look for their presents on the New Year, but association with their young fellow-citizens has given them a certain dependence on Santa Claus and they would be disappointed if on the morning of Noel they found that the jolly and generous patron saint, whose impersonations they have seen in bewildering numbers in the departmental stores, had entirely overlooked them. Hence many of the French shops also put up wreaths of green and red, and "Joyeux Noel' cards smile from window displays of drums, and horns, and motor-cars, and woolly sheep, and fire-engines, and dolls with tickets coquettishly held out invite you to visit the "department de jouets." But all thoughts of these must be put aside on Christmas eve, when the family must all be in their places for midnight mass. The churches are filled long before the hour, and in Notre Dame, the most splendid of the Roman Catholic churches, there is only standing room unless one has secured a seat in advance. The representation of the manger with the Babe and his Mother is softly lighted at one of the altars. The service proceeds, with music of organ and choir, its solemnity enhanced by the half light that leaves the vast space beneath the frescoed roof in a twilight gloom, until, at the consecration of the Host, the myriads of lights ascending from floor to ceiling around the main altar blaze out in splendid illumination. Following the stroke of the midnight hour, the Bourdon, the great bell in one of the towers, booms out, the bells from the other tower peal jubilantly, and over the city is proclaimed that it is Christmas morn.

Mr. and Mrs. Baumgarten and their daughters will spend a part of the holiday season at their Bungalow, at Ste. Agathe des Monts. Sir Melbourne and Lady Tait always have their daughter, Mrs. O'Halloran, and her children from Ottawa, or go up to see them, at Yuletide. Mrs. Gavin Ogilvie has gone to stay for a few days with her people in Toronto, and will be joined by Mr. Ogilvie for Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. F. Gerald Robinson will be down from Toronto for Christmas with Mrs. Robinson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fethersonhaugh, Sherbrooke Street. Mrs. Robert Craig will spend part of the festive season with her relatives in New York. Mrs. Craig was a Miss Havemyer, of Yonkers. Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Burland have Mrs. Robert Adams Manning, of Boston, Mrs. Burland's sister, and Dr. and Mrs. Ami, Col. Burland's brother-in-law and sister from Ottawa, with them. Mr. and Mrs. L. B. McFarlane will be with their young married daughter, Mrs. Arthur Winters, in Toronto, for Christmas. Mrs. Hutchinson, of Sherbrooke, will be with her mother and sister, Mrs. and Miss MacVicar, in Montreal, for a few days, and Judge Hutchinson will accompany her to stay over Christmas. Dr. Frederick E. Wright and Mrs. Wright, of Washington, D.C., are Christmas guests of Mrs. Wright's mother, Mrs. Finley, Bishop Street. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Shearer Forman are to spend the first Christmas since their marriage with Mrs. Forman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Dalton, in Kingston. Mrs. S. R. Newton, formerly Miss Sybil Johnson, will come from Sherbrooke to be with her parents and sisters just for the day. Mrs. Shirley Ogilvie and her two young daughters will spend Christmas with relatives in Ottawa, and Mrs. Lawrence Russell (who was formerly Miss Nan Girouard, of Ottawa) and her husband will be guests of her sister, Mrs. Omer Cote, in the Capital. Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Botterell are having Mrs. Botterell's sisters, Mrs. Cappon and Miss Macnee, and brother-in-law, Professor Cappon, of Queen's, Kingston, with them over Christmas.

An engagement just announced is that of Miss Marguerite Harris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Harris, to the Rev. John Knox Tibbits, of Concord. New Hampshire, son of Mr. Dudley Tibbits, of Troy, N.Y. Miss Harris, who is scarcely out of her 'teens, made her debut this winter, and was one of the girls presented at the Vice-Regal drawing-room in November. She is an expert golfer, I am told. Another engagement announced a few days ago is that of Mr. Ernest Budden, of the Royal Artillery, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Budden, of Montreal, and Miss Jessie Hamilton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hamilton, of Quebec, and niece of Colonel and Mrs. Irwin, of Ottawa. Mr. Budden came over from England some time ago with Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury Budden. From California comes news of the engagement of Miss Edythe Cobban, of Los Angeles, formerly of Montreal, to Mr. S. A. Richardson, son of Mr. John A. Richardson, of Montreal.

The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest was in New York for the celebration of the birthday of her father, Hon. John Bigelow, and afterwards visited in Washington before returning to Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. W. de M. Marler have joined the number of Montrealers who have gone to a milder climate for a time, and will spend the winter in Italy. Mr. A. R. Creelman and the Misses Creelman are staying for a while in Bermuda.

The recent dinner dance at the Hunt Club was so much enjoyed that another was got up at the same place on Saturday evening. Several parties, numbering about sixty in all, dined at the Club, and an informal dance followed. These successful little affairs are arranged by private subscription, and it is likely that there will be several more during the season.

Mrs. Simpson Garland, whose marriage took place early in November, received on two days of last week, at her apartments in "The Linton." The young hostess, who, as Miss Marjorie Root, was decidedly popular since she came out not many seasons since, had lots of callers both days. She wore her white satin wedding gown, and had her rooms adorned with American Beauty roses and sweet-smelling white hyacinths. Her mother received with her, and her aunt, Mrs. Harold Eadie, and Mrs. Theo. Labatt poured the tea, Mrs. James Reid Wilson and Mrs. Edmund Heward taking charge of the table the second afternoon. Miss Madge Kohl, Miss Leslie Bell, Miss Beryl Wilson, Miss Dorothy Shepherd and Miss Florence Meeker assisted.

Mrs. Fleetwood H. Ward was another young matron who held her post-nuptial reception, recently. Her sister, Mrs. D. Lorne McGibbon, and her mother, Mrs. Waldock, received with her. The decorations were extremely pretty, Killarney roses, shaded sweet peas, and lilies of the valley being used in the drawing-room, and American Beauty roses on the table. Mrs. W. H. Fisher and Mrs. Alex. Stewart poured the tea.

The days preceding Christmas week were chosen by several girls for their wedding days. The Rev. Dr. Mowatt's youngest daughter, Miss Edith Mowatt, was married to Mr. Clarence Christie, formerly of Montreal, at her home, on Thursday, Dec. 16. The drawing-room was arranged with an arch of greenery and a white floral bell, under which the bridal group stood during the ceremony. Dr. Mowatt gave his daughter away, and also conducted the marriage service, with the assistance of the Rev. Dr. Scott (editor of the "Presbyterian Record"). The bride was dressed in white satin with long tulle veil and orange blossoms, and she carried a lovely bouquet of lilies and roses. Her sister, Miss Alice Mowatt, who was maid of honor, wore a pale green gown, and black hat with touches of gold, and carried pink roses. Mr. Harvey Thorne, of Halifax, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Christie will take up their residence on Grosvenor Avenue, after their honeymoon trip.

Another pretty wedding was in St. Matthias Church last week, when Miss Mabel Rose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Rose, was married to Mr. Bernard Collitt, formerly of Gainsborough, England. The church, in which floral decoration shows to advantage, was massed about the chancel with palms and pink and white roses and carnations. The rector, the Rev. E. Bushell, officiated. The bride's gown was very pretty, of white chiffon cloth over satin, trimmed with real lace, and her bouquet was a large and exceptionally beautiful shower of roses and lilies of the valley. Mrs. Victor Johnson, as matron of honor, wore an old rose satin gown, black picture hat, and carried roses the shade of her dress. Mr. Reginald Hendry was best man. No reception was held, but a few friends accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Rose home, and thence to the station, where Mr. and Mrs. Collitt took train for Toronto.

Some pleasant small parties have been given for Miss Brenda Taylor, of London, England, who is visiting Mrs. Vincent Meredith and other hostesses. Miss Taylor is the daughter of Mr. F. W. Taylor, manager of the Bank of Montreal in London, who formerly was with the bank here. She made her debut a couple of seasons ago, and was presented at Court. In the Bath pageants, when England was going through its attack of historic enthusiasm, Miss Taylor was called upon to take part for the not very obvious reason that some of her forebears were associated with Bath, in New Brunswick, I understand.

Miss Rainville, Sherbrooke Street, was the hostess of a merry luncheon party, on the occasion of the return of Miss Ouimet and her sister, daughters of Judge Ouimet, and of Miss LeBlanc and Miss Gabrielle LeBlanc, from a trip to Europe. The table looked very pretty done with American Beauty roses. There were fourteen at table, all French-Canadian young ladies, and the party, whether talking of European experiences or events at home, was vivacious and bright. Miss Rita de Lery Macdonald, herself a debutante, gave a nice little tea for debutantes. Lady Shaughnessy had a few guests in to luncheon one day last week, and Mrs. E. A. Robert gave a small tea-party informally at her apartments in "The Linton." Mrs. Preble Macintosh entertained at a luncheon of ten covers, and Lady Hickson was the hostess at a very pleasant luncheon on Thursday. Mrs. H. E. Suckling, Forden Avenue, entertained a large number of guests delightfully at a tea, in which she was assisted by Mrs. Godfrey Pelton, Mrs. Lawrence Dodwell, Mrs. Hedley Suckling, Mrs. Alfred Pelton, Mrs. Arthur Massey, Mrs. George Tooke, and seven or eight young girls. There was some enjoyable music on harp and violin during the afternoon. Mrs. George Cook had a theatre party, entertaining at dinner previously. Miss Avis Fyshe was the young hostess at a tea for a number of her friends on Thursday. Mrs. J. J. M. Pangman gave a children's party for her little son and daughter, and Mrs. Creighton Nash entertained for the little people on Monday afternoon of this week.

B. E.

Proud "Autumn" Father: "Bless me, it's really marvellous about that baby of mine. You'll hardly credit it, but every time it looks up into my face it smiles—positively smiles."
The "Fed-up" Friend: "Well, I suppose even a baby has some glimmering sense of humor."

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As our present lease expires about the New Year, we are going to sell all of our Imported Novelties and Crackers regardless of cost on Thursday and Friday of this week.

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price list, you are sure to find something to meet your requirements. The choicest and best in Cut Flowers and Plants. We deliver anywhere and guarantee safe arrival. Our very handsome price list on application.
Night and Sunday Phone, Park. 782.

The Blonde Lady.

IN her boudoir of azure and silver
the Blonde Lady sits at her dressing table and rolls her shining hair.

Her eyes rest oftenest on the face in the mirror—but next to that on the face in the great gold frame—the great gold frame that stands on the dressing table in that Holy of Holies, her boudoir of azure and silver.

Two portraits fit that frame.

Two portraits of two men—each straight and strong and handsome—but not to be mistaken the one for the other, even at a quick glance.

Two lovers were wont to come to the boudoir of azure and silver.
Two lovers who never met.

The lips of each sought the red lips of the Blonde Lady, and the eyes of each saw in the great gold frame on the dressing table—the portrait of his own face.

"It is You, my Beloved"—the Blonde Lady would whisper—"You, whose face I adore, sleepily, expectantly, in the morning—slowly, longingly, at midnight—
O my Beloved!"

In her boudoir of azure and silver the Blonde Lady rolls her shining hair.
And shining tears slip down her pale face onto her robe of lace.

Last night one of the Two came—and she had forgotten to change the portrait in the great gold frame on the dressing table.

—Anna Tressler Long, in The Smart Set.

GEORGE RICHMOND HAYES, the noted San Francisco ethnologist, said at a recent dinner:

"The yellow races are held in better esteem than used to be the case in the west. I once visited a very rough boom town in Oregon near Cottage Grove. In the leading saloon a man in a red shirt said to me:

"'Ye wanter carry yerself almighty straight in these parts, stranger. Go wrong the least mite and, by crinus, we'll lynch ye as quick as look at ye.'

"I smiled.

"'Would you lynch me,' I asked, 'if I killed a dog?'

"'Would we?' he snorted. 'Why, stranger, we've lynched fellers here for killin' Chinamen!'"

JOHN R. DREXEL, at a dinner in Newport, said of good manners: "The Hottentot thinks his manners are the best, the Frenchman thinks his are, the cowboy thinks his are, even the sailor—but listen. I once attended a reception on a man-of-war. A distinguished statesman, visiting this man-of-war, dispensed with the usual formal salute. I heard a sailor near me say:

"Who's that lubber what don't tip his skypiece to the skipper?"

'Choke your luff,' returned another sailor, 'That's Senator Dash, the famous tariff leader.'

'Well,' growled the first sailor, 'why ain't he got manners enough to salute the quarter-deck?'

'Manners!' a third sailor chipped in. 'What does he know about manners? I don't suppose he was ever out of sight of land in his life.'"

"DON'T you want your nice bread and butter, Anne?" asked her father. Anne shook her head. "It's a shame to waste such nice bread and butter," continued her father. "I'll eat it myself."

Anne watched the process with big eyes and a look of expectancy on her face. Finally, when the last mouthful had disappeared, Anne asked: "Papa, did it tickle?"

"Tickle!" said her father. "Why, no. What do you mean?"

"I thought it would tickle," said Anne. "It had a long hair on it."

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make most suitable

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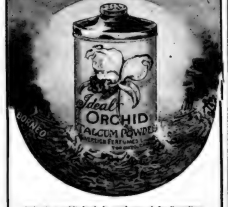

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Christmas Opera Cloaks.

The beauty of the opera cloaks designed for wear at this season is greater than it has ever been, and the combination of materials used in their manufacture ranges from the most wonderful of brocades to the finest of mousseline and chiffon. Fur plays a prominent part in many of the handsomest creations, but there seems to be a tendency towards evolving these luxurious garments in styles in which fur plays little part, save perhaps in a touch given for beauty instead of warmth.

A fad of the moment is the lace coat—not simply the

A RESTAURANT CLOAK.

This simple cloak is intended for wear when dining at a restaurant, and its chief charm lies in its cut, and the arrangement of its trimming. Made of pastel pink cloth, in a fine quality, it is finished with a deep roll collar and sleeve bands of black satin, a further smart touch being given by a line of cut jet buttons carried from the shoulder to the cuff. While the front of the cloak is kept quite plain, fastening low down on the left side with a single large jet button, the back is cleverly arranged with a series of circular tucks.

ethereal looking garment to which we are accustomed in countless phases—but a cloak of lace trimmed with fur. The fancy is to make them of Irish lace and edge them around the collarless neck, down the fronts and around the bottom as well as the sleeves with a narrow strip of spotted or black tailed ermine. As a precaution against draughts many of the wearers of these coats add a long stole of ermine to their costume. The lace coats, while extremely pretty, can hardly be said to afford much protection against the weather, but with an added wrap in a warm motor the lightness of the lace coat would not matter.

The new shawl shaped cloaks are seen quite often in Paris and are decidedly effective if worn by the right sort of woman. One very pretty example of this mode seen recently was of du Barry pink velvet. The small points in the front and the large one in the centre of the back were heavily embroidered in slightly deeper tones of pink, the design being one of huge padded roses and the accompanying foliage. At the back there was a flat yoke effect covered by a large sailor collar of sable which extended in a narrow edging to the points in front. The success of this cloak depended largely upon the skill with which it was cut.

A striking coat recently imported from London shows the new idea of having the two sides quite different. It is formed of a delightful shade of pale blue moire trimmed with rouleaux of itself and has placed diagonally across the back a very handsome fringe of tiny steel beads about six inches in depth, the upper part being of netted silk with a bead in every knot. This band of fringe starts at the left shoulder ending just behind the right sleeve. The cloak is very full and the sleeve portions are formed by cleverly placed straps of the silk net and beads which, on the right side, form a shoulder strap. The lining of the cloak is of heavy blue satin.

The place to see the opera cloak at its best is undoubtedly when a smart audience is passing in to one of the big opera houses, Covent Garden in London, the Opera in Paris, or the Metropolitan and Manhattan in New York. On a fashionable night the effect is somewhat bewildering, and one gets the impression, particularly in New York this season, of an overweight of gold and silver embroidery, of furs and trimmings. The keynote is certainly not one of simplicity, and the effect is ludicrous unless the woman who wears one of these much adorned cloaks has the proper carriage to show it at its best. The burnous in simple satin of rich quality, and with only a little embroidery is seen a good deal, particularly for younger girls, but the cloth wrap of pretty color, well cut, and attractively finished is much in vogue with those who either cannot afford, or do not care for, great elaboration. When young girls wear the coats of sheer material, tulle or net is usually chosen, and these are embroidered in colored floss and crystal beads or in some similar design.

The opera hood which looks so pretty, and makes a picture of even an ordinary face, is being largely adopted in some quarters, but they are a menace to the coiffure, and the average woman would much rather appear at her best during the evening than add to her attractiveness simply at the moment of arrival. The hoods, however, are so enchanting in design and so delightfully fluffy and appealing that most wardrobes contain several, even if they are not much worn.

As Seen in Paris.

The French designer—always bringing out something new—has evolved a wonderful idea of blending the most sheer materials with heavy fabrics, and combines chiffon and fur, and lace and brocade, in a manner that sounds rather preposterous until one sees the exquisite results achieved. While black and white and the new shade of dark blue are much in evidence, something novel has been threatened in the decided note of color with the result that instead of the subdued, somewhat magpie effect that has prevailed of late, the big gathering of the near future will probably rival Joseph's historic coat in its blaze of colors. Of course it takes an artist to adjust a pink scarf to a pale blue gown, or carry out successfully some similar striking color scheme, but when the ordinary dress maker gets to striving after them the effect will be one of which one cannot be too certain in anticipation.

A gown designed for wear by a tall brunette is formed of pale blue mousseline hanging quite straight and with a short train, the mousseline being mounted on satin of the same tone. At both back and front the mousseline crosses from shoulder to waist in surplice effect, being fastened at the waist, also both back and front, with large, oblong jet buckles. Over this under gown of pale blue is a tunic effect in long straight lines starting from the shoulders and hanging almost to the bottom of the skirt,

AN ADVANCE MODEL.

This somewhat quaint little costume is among the advance models from Paris. It is fashioned in the new shade of dark blue that is proving so popular in the French capital this season, the deep band on the skirt and the cuffs being of black satin. The trimming on the coat is of heavy black silk braid. The novel form of the coat gives the costume its distinctive charm. The hat is of velvet of the same shade as the dress, simply trimmed with a rosette.

but so cut that it does not meet within some inches at the waist line, thus allowing for the full effect of the surplice folds to show. This tunic of tulle is heavily embroidered in jet and black silk embroidery. The sleeves, which are made in one with the tunic are lined like it, with pale blue mousseline.

An afternoon gown of black crepe is made in rather fascinating fashion, a tunic-like overskirt of the material opening slightly towards the left side and spreading to a wide V as it reaches almost to the hem. The skirt itself is trimmed with a band of heavy satin braided in a close design in black silk braid, the band rising as far as the knee at the right side, and slanting downwards towards the left. The upper part of this smart gown is of the crepe which fits rather snugly up to the bust line where it is met by a cape-like yoke of the satin braided to match the band on the skirt. Crossing over the right shoulder and drawn down to meet the opening of the tunic at the waist line is a soft band of the crepe which ends in a smart rosette.

VOGUE.

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56 Years of Growth in Merchandizing

WITH grateful appreciation of the many new friends we have made during the past year, and of another link welded in the long chain binding us in mutual benefit with valued connections extending through many years, we heartily wish one and all

A Merry Christmas

AND

A Very Prosperous and Happy New Year

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One that any woman will appreciate who desires to look and feel well groomed. If you are at a loss what to give, get her a card entitling her to

A COURSE OF OUR FACE TREATMENTS

They restore and rejuvenate a faded, wrinkled skin, make the loose, flabby muscles into good, firm flesh, reduce double chins, make thin cheeks and neck plump.

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Some daily care your Teeth must have.
BY first dipping your tooth-brush into a tin of
CALVERT'S
Carbolic Tooth Powder
the cleaning is made more complete and satisfactory.

The use of this popular dentifrice ensures a real antiseptic cleansing, helps the toothbrush to do its work easily, thoroughly, and pleasantly, and thus assists your efforts to preserve the teeth in the best possible condition.

15c. at your Druggists. For sample send 2c. stamp. F. C. Calvert & Co., 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE
PURE AND DELICIOUS
Made in a moment. No waste. No trouble. Of all Grocers.

Most people already use—and always will use—Windsor Salt. They know—from years of experience—that Windsor Salt won't get damp or lumpy. There is never even a suspicion of grittiness about it.

Its clean taste—its crystal purity and recognized economy—make Windsor Salt the prime favorite in every home where it is used.

Don't pay fancy prices for imported salt, when Windsor Salt costs so little, and is so high in quality.

WINDSOR TABLE SALT 16

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1909.

WAITING for Santa Claus was a tedious operation in childhood. Night after night we watched the far horizon for a sight of his reindeers until sleep relieved our vigil. Day after day some new fiction of his movements was invented for our entertainment. In our grown-up economy his bells are at our door when we least expect them.

Curiously enough, and ironical enough, the present season of love and charity finds us preoccupied in the marital troubles of the rich and sundry, a breach of promise suit, and a murder mystery. The other week an injured press was making a loud outcry against the evils of secret divorce trials in high life. The decorum of that trial was regarded as an invasion of their proprietary rights to feed the public on salacious news. This week both press and public have been smacking their chops with glee over the coarse details of a trial, also in high life, in which a beautiful woman with "velvet" eyes is seeking separation and alimony from an insanely jealous husband. Stories of cruelty, espionage, virtual imprisonment, open humiliations in the presence of guests and servants, and other acts worthy a bluebeard on one side; flirtations and extravagances on the other make up one matrimonial picture we have been asked to gaze upon.

The real contribution to the recurring note of domestic discord, however, was a certain court's invocation of the Pauline doctrine of marital duty, in the case of an unhappy but (presumably) erring young wife. Across the line, in your more apostolic domains, you may not fully appreciate the incongruity of the note. In the modern divorce court such as we know it here, however, the voice of Paul was as strange and out of place, as it would be at a suffragette rally.

* * *

THE mystery known as the bath tub case, promises to take its place as one of the most gruesome and mysterious in the annals of crime. A fortnight ago the nude, emaciated body of a young woman was found dead in a bath tub, in an unfurnished house on the lonely outskirts of a suburban town. A note pinned to the gown pointed to suicide. The only other occupant of the house was an old spinster aunt, now in custody, who remained twenty-four hours in the house with the body before notifying the police. Within the last day or two the long sought mother, mother-in-law and husband of the deceased, have been rounded up. The husband was found living under an assumed name in St. Catharines, the others at an obscure hotel in this city. Why they remained in hiding with the full knowledge of the harrowing death and the fact that their presence was so earnestly desired, is only one of the mysteries of the case. The police are working on a theory of a conspiracy, hatched months ago, under similar surroundings, but frustrated by the inconvenient medical attention of a doctor and a nurse. A life insurance policy of twenty thousand dollars, in which the aunt is the beneficiary, furnishes the motive. No direct evidence connecting any of the relatives with the death has been discovered, however, and with each new step the mystery only deepens. Altogether the case is a fascinating chapter in criminal history.

* * *

WHILE the dictator of Nicaragua has been paying the price of his sinnings in the international courts, his young nephew, a Columbia student has been paying the price of an unrestrained ardor in our local courts. With burning missives, to which cold type could never do justice, he, for months, assailed the reluctant heart of a young daughter of Troy, and finally (she says) won her.

> "Oh Angel of my guard, you have descended from heaven to join the happiness of one who is anxious of her love. You are like Venus Citera in beauty, and like the goddess of sincerity in loyalty."

Having won her, the ardor of his Latin temperament for some strange reason cools down. He writes:

> "But now the dream is wholly o'er.
> I bathe my eyes and see,
> And wander through the earth once more
> A youth so light and free."

Worthless as such affections might seem on their face, the disappointed Juliette placed a monetary value on them of one hundred thousand dollars. The jury sympathetic to her cause, but less enamoured of their worth, placed them at two thousand. And he who dreamed of pansies on his tomb woke up to this.

A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Lady Smith-Dorrien, wife of Lieutenant-General Sir Horace Lockwood Smith-Dorrien, is very popular at Aldershot, where her husband, who has had a most distinguished career, is stationed at present.

EX-PRESIDENT ZELAYA, sinner that he was before the Lord and in the sight of all men, had at least all the verbal advantage in the diplomatic tilt with Washington. He has gone down before the superior physical powers of his adversary, but in the diplomatic exchanges that preceded his fall, he had his distinguished opponent beaten to a frazzle.

"Defenceless against the hostility of a powerful nation, I must submit, although I have been condemned unheard.

"This coercion by the United States will not redound to the credit of that nation, whose motives are questioned in all Latin-America. The shooting of Groce and Cannon is a pretext. Both were amenable to the law of Nicaragua, which distinctly authorizes the shooting of individuals commanding rebels. It is different if a person is captured during the course of an international war. The attempt of Secretary Knox to establish the inviolability of the persons of Americans participating in foreign revolutions will result in constant revolutions led by immune Americans."

The crudity of American diplomacy has been exposed before, but it remained for Secretary Knox—for whose services by the way a constitutional point was strained—to lay that diplomacy open to the most obvious attack ever made upon it. The resignation of Zelaya, without admitting at all the vicarious quality he himself reads into it, is fortunate all around. It spares Washington further embarrassment and the public an inevitable campaign of jingo. Senator Raynor's motion to

A FORMER TORONTONIAN.

Mrs. H. B. Yates, who was formerly Miss Alice Bunting, of Toronto, has a host of friends here. Her husband, Dr. Yates, one of Montreal's reform aldermen, is a candidate for the mayoralty of that city. Mrs. Yates is very popular in the city of her adoption and plays a conspicuous part in social affairs.

apprehend Zelaya as a murderer and bring him to this country for trial is the most preposterous ever offered in a national legislative body.

* * *

IN political circles the distribution of Christmas plums has been rudely interrupted by the publication of the now famous "letters to the boss." For this diversion as for so many of our political diversions in the past, we are indebted to that enterprising young journalist, Mr. Hearst. Immediately after the last disastrous elections the Tammany chieftain, Charles F. Murphy, hied him to Mt. Clemens, ostensibly for repairs to his shattered nervous system, but incidentally, no doubt, to escape the importunings of his faithful cohorts. There his faithful allies at home kept him informed of every political move on the checkerboard, and made their recommendations for the few offices that come under the Mayor's bounty. The difficulty of concealing correspondence about his person, while taking baths will be appreciated at once. The letters were stolen and apparently found a ready market in Mr. Hearst's papers. The consternation in Tammany circles may be imagined. Grown bold in crime, the authors of these written confidences, had thrown off all reserve. Meanwhile they are an interesting revelation to the public of just how lightly the taxpayer is regarded by these political montebanks.

* * *

CHRISTMAS week invariably brings a number of changes in theatrical offerings. Of this season's the most important from an artistic standpoint, is "Penelope," a comedy by W. Somerset Maugham, which Marie Tempest played with such success in London and has now brought here through the enterprise of Mr. Frohman. "The City," Clyde Fitch's last play, also has its New York premiere this week. An important cast headed by Walter Hampden, is provided. Another new offering is "Cameo Kirby," by Booth Tarkington, in which Dustin Farnum plays the leading role. At the Stuyvesant, Mr. David Belasco announces his adaptation from the French of Pierre Wolf and Gaston Leroux, of "The Lily." Mr. Arnold Daly will also present, for the first time in New York, an English version of Paul Hervieu's "Know Thyself." No Christmas would be complete without Miss Adams, who returns for a final season in Barrie's "What every Woman Knows." In a theatrical way we shall at least be sure of a busy, if not a Merry Christmas.

J. E. W.

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Hunyadi János
MINERAL WATER

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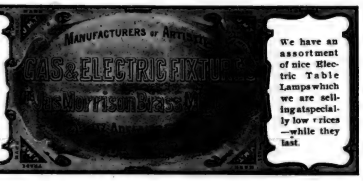
We would be pleased to have you call and inspect our lines. All goods made of full-weight materials to insure durability.



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Which, being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich, Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common power-loom goods.

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IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN Fish Napkins, 94c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, $1.56 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 94c.; 2½ yards by 3 yards, $1.90 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 22c. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, $1.32 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)

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For comfort loving people

"CEETEE" Underclothing always fits perfectly, being knit (not cut and sewn) to the form from the finest imported yarns (spun from Australian Merino Wool.) It has no rough seams, and is guaranteed against shrinking.

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GALT, ONTARIO
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GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE CEETEE PURE WOOL

The ideal food for school or workshop is

SHREDDED WHEAT

Crisp, delicious shreds of baked whole wheat—Try it for breakfast with milk or cream, salt to taste.

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Printed linens to harmonize.

THE THORNTON SMITH COMPANY

Unusual fabrics such as Printed and Figured Linens

CASEMENT CLOTHS

Cretonnes to match wallpaper, &c., are found in our stocks. The necessary expert suggestions as to their application are cheerfully given by courteous salesmen.

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Keeps Hot Liquids Steaming Hot 24 Hours — The Vacuum Does It

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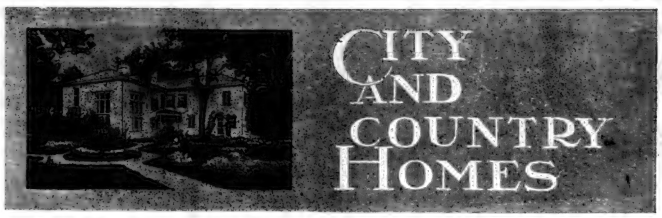
Just the time when you'll appreciate it. Have it on table for Christmas. A delicious dessert bread, full of good fruit, and beautifully baked and wrapped in air-tight wrapper.

By-the-way, a nice idea would be to send a Bredin's Fruit Loaf to some friend as a Christmas token of good cheer. 10c. the loaf.

Phone, Parkdale 1586.
Phone College 761.



An Interesting Colonial House.

A PECULIAR interest is attached to the charming little home of Mr. H. G. Kelly, Roxborough road, Toronto, illustrations of which appear on this page. The owner has a collection of rare old Colonial furniture, highly valued because of historic and family associations. When he came to Toronto to reside he felt that he would

MR. H. G. KELLY'S RESIDENCE, TORONTO.
This Roxborough street house is an excellent example of Colonial architecture.

like to have a house with which this furniture would harmonize, so he went with his problem to a local firm of architects, Messrs. Chadwick & Beckett, and they carried out his idea very successfully.

Like most colonial dwellings, Mr. Kelly's house is built of red brick with white mortar joints; the exterior woodwork is white, and the windows have green shutters. The fasteners which hold back the shutters are unpainted and rusted. The entrance to the house is truly Colonial in style. The door, a plain, solid one with a large old-fashioned knocker, can either be opened in the ordinary way, or its upper half can be swung back independently, after the fashion of many house doors in the old Colonial days. The hall runs right through the house to a large verandah in the rear. On the ground floor are music or reception room, kitchen, living room, and dining room. The two latter apartments open on the rear verandah. The kitchen, with its adjoining pantry, is at the front of the house. In the living room is a fine large fireplace, running up to the ceiling. Upstairs are two large bedrooms, a dressing room, a sewing room, a large wardrobe, linen closet and bathroom. Practically all the interior woodwork is white, and a glance at the photographs here reproduced will show that the colonial atmosphere has been attained completely, and that the furniture, around which the house was built, looks absolutely at home in its surroundings.

Picture Frames.

THE proper framing of a picture is quite as important as the selection of the picture itself. In the ordinary living room, which has no pretensions toward being a period room, it is safe to have the majority of the frames of a dark wood brown, a color that will harmonize with almost any furniture, as well as being suitable for almost any etching, photogravure or water color, says an exchange. It must be borne in mind, however, that for a water color bright in its coloring a simple gold frame is to be preferred—a narrow one of plain, dull gold, and a mat of white or gold, a question to be decided by the strength of the picture's coloring.

White and gold frames have long since had their day, and are little seen in the shops. They do not wear well. They have an attraction for dust, and after a winter or two in a furnace or steam heated house they become of a smutty cream color, instead of the fresh, dainty white and gold of their pristine state.

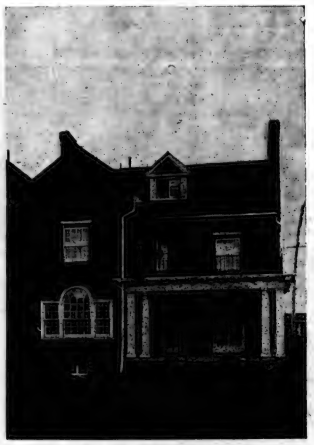
LIVING ROOM, HOME OF MR. H. G. KELLY.
In this room and in the hall, also shown, are seen pieces of the rare old furniture around which this house was practically built.

Engravings and etchings are often better framed without a mat. The mat often detracts from the picture instead of bringing out its beauties, as it does with water colors. Landscapes with a great deal of detail in them require a very narrow frame, one that is as simple as it is possible to find, while, on the other hand, bold, broadly treated subjects require frames that are wide and plain, and large single heads are at their best in frames of Florentine moulding unless they, too, are very broadly treated, when a deep, flat frame of either gold or stained wood will serve as the best background and bring out the artistic treatment of the subject.

The charming old French and English prints, whether originals or reproductions, are so beautiful as to be almost as desirable as water colors in their soft mezzotints. These are most frequently framed in flat, dull gold, with a margin of the paper of the print itself instead of a mat of any sort. Their colorings are exquisite, and some of the darker ones show to the best advantage when they are framed in old fashioned polished black, with a fine line of gold next to the picture.

Curtains and Portieres.

AN attractive material, which is, however, little known, is the Helena tapestry, an imported material made in Scotland, varying the price from three dollars to four and a half dollars a yard, says American Homes and Gardens. It is made of a double weave of silk and mercerized cotton, and is one of the most beautiful and artistic draperies to be found in this country. It comes in every shade and in quaint designs, these being strong and English in their character. The surface is slightly raised and crinkled; while some of them have several color combinations, the majority are two-toned and shot with a contrasting shade. Quaint checked ginghams and turkey-red twills suggest all kinds of possibilities for strong treatment, while Rajah cloth and Danish cloth in ivory make the most charming inner curtains for bedrooms; in fact, the Rajah cloth can be used in place of Shikii silk, as it has much the same effect. For a handsomely furnished room nothing can exceed the beauty of heavy Shikii silk at one dollar and eighty cents a yard for sash curtains in ivory, while the inner sash curtains in the various colors are beautiful, but should have the



REAR VIEW OF MR. KELLY'S HOUSE.
The window treatment and large verandah make the home almost as attractive in the rear as in front.

protection of a net on the glass, as any colored silk would fade if exposed directly to the rays of the sun, however good the quality. With this slight protection inner sash curtains of green or blue Shikii silk will last for years. They should be made to slip easily on small rods with brass rings, as they are much prettier when drawn at night than a lowered shade would be.

The successful curtaining of our home is, after all, a question of taste. The knowledge of good color value goes much further than a large pocketbook in bringing about the desired results.

A Strange Door Knocker.

PERHAPS the strangest door knocker in the world may be seen in the pagan Indian village at Bella Coola, about half way up the coast of British Columbia.

It consists of a wooden carving representing a man. The arms are movable, and between the hands is held a knocker apparently so formed as to represent the stone hammer the Bella Coolas used generations ago. Across the knees is a board, like part of the wooden drum these Indians formerly used much more extensively than today. When the arms are raised the hammerlike knocker may be dropped so as to make a terrific knocking on the board.

This figure, instead of being fastened on the door of the house, stands above it, but the doorway is low and the knocker is easily reached. Above the door is an interesting inscription, the pride of his family. This has been put up in honor of one of his ancestors and it reads:

In memory of Chief Clelamen who died July 1893, aged 50 years. He was honest and well disposed, and respected by both whites and Indians. In December '92 he gave away with the help of his sons Alexander and Johnny, property in blankets, canoes, &c. valued at 4,000 dollars this being his eighth large potlatch and feast that he had held.

This sign is painted and was apparently made by a

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Pottery,
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The collection is conveniently arranged for inspection, and shoppers have every facility here for looking around and making their selections unhurried and in comfort——

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Toronto Saturday Night
Dear Editor
Enclosed please find $3.00 for one year's subscription to "The Paper Worth While."
My address is
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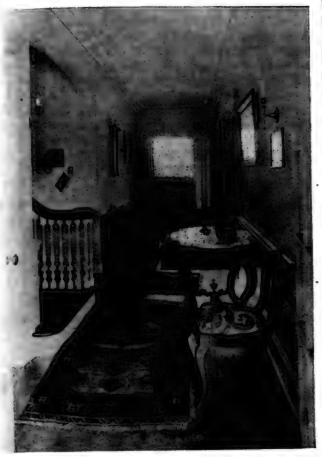
CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES



HALLWAY OF MR. KELLY'S HOUSE.
A charming Colonial interior. Note the old-fashioned front door, the upper portion of which is open, the lower part remaining closed.

white man, but the wording and the arrangement of the lines show that the work was done to order.

The reference to the giving away of blankets and canoes is characteristic of these people. By so doing they gained not only a aristocratic position in the tribe but also credit, for the property was always returned with interest and feasting in due course of time.

At first this latter fact was not understood by the missionaries and Indian agents, who supposed that the potlatch was a boastful wasting of property. They caused a law to be passed in British Columbia making it a criminal offence to give a potlatch, and many Indians have been imprisoned for disobeying the law by continuing their forefathers' methods of financial investment, but nowadays the law is no longer enforced.

Sometimes property was given away for the benefit of sons or daughters. When they became a certain age they had in consequence an aristocratic position and credit of which they were so proud as are the sons of families of social position in New York or elsewhere. This class of potlatch may be likened to endowment insurance.

Occasionally property was given away where no return was expected. It was then mostly food, with a few dresses, bracelets and similar articles, just as white swells give dinners with favors, souvenirs and birthday or wedding presents. Such giving away the Indians of the whole coast call a cultus potlatch, cultus meaning useless and indicating that no investment has been made or return expected.

Potlatches of one kind or the other, according to the proprieties of the occasion, are given at christenings, weddings or when neighboring tribes are brought together.

A Public Board of Architecture.

MANY a town, (says W. Shaw Sparrow in "The English House,") has been turned into a patchwork of ill-assorted buildings because the most public and necessary form of art is commonly treated as a matter for private speculation and for individual taste and fancy. It is true that architects are not entirely free, but have to work in accordance with certain by-laws and civic customs. Still, that is not the question at issue here. Whatever the restraints under which architecture is now carried on, the results are bad far more often than they are moderately good. No town building, therefore, ought to be put up until the designs have been approved by a Board of Architecture, maintained by the public and responsible to the public, this act of approving to consider the designs in relation to their site and surroundings.

A right thing in a wrong place means confusion; and when a street in its architecture tries to babble in a score of different languages, many right things may be found in the wrong places, so the confusion may be, and frequently is, unlimited. And this brings in the last point that concerns us all in the relation of architects with their clients. There are two kinds of client, one public, the other private. Out of town, no doubt, the private client is often a friend to the best work that architects now do; but the client whom they need in town is the citizen spirit, a public opinion alert and proud, watchful and educated. "Do you think," says Ruskin, "that you can have good architecture merely by paying for it? It is not by subscribing liberally for a large building once in forty years that you can call up architects and inspiration. It is only by active and sympathetic attention to the domestic and everyday work for each of you, that you can educate either yourselves to the feeling, or your builders to the doing, of what is truly great. . . . It does not matter how many public buildings you possess, if they are not supported by, and in harmony with, the private houses of the town;" and hence it is chiefly by popular efforts that cities must be adorned.

Anything, then, which has a tendency to fix public attention on the nation's architecture is a thing to be welcomed; and so I have ventured to speak with frankness on many questions over which writers glide nervously lest they should give offense to their architect friends. They forget that an architect counts for nothing at all as compared with the influence of his profession on a nation's public and private life. To be good he must be excellent; and excellence in all art is a wise and brilliant use of traditions plus something personal and something new and great in human emotion.

Choosing Colors in Home Decoration.

IT will help the decorator to learn what the painter already has discovered,—that is, that colors nearer the light brighten, those away from it darken. Yellow, (says a writer in The House Beautiful) is sunlight's color; therefore if you would have sunny greens you must have yellow-greens, or if you would have somber greens, gray-greens; and blue-greens for shadowy greens.

As sun's color, yellow, is the very essence of warm light, in its varying intensities, just so is white cold light. Therefore, any colors having yellow tendencies are warm colors, opposed to the cold colors which, on the other hand, are those colors having blue tendencies.

Red, yellow, and blue are primary colors, as everyone knows, that is, colors from which all others are derived by admixture in varying proportions. When yellow is added to the red it becomes first scarlet and finally orange, when the yellow predominates. When blue is added to the red it becomes first crimson, and finally violet, as the blue predominates. The "scarlet to orange" scale gives us the warm reds, because yellow warmth has been introduced, while the "crimson to violet" scale gives us cold reds because blue coldness, has been introduced. Equal yellow and equal blue produce a standard green, which yields warm greens as yellow is added, or cold greens as blue enters the composition. White added to blue or to yellow adds to the degree of their "coldness," as it does to red, for white with red always produces pink, which is colder than red.

The next thing to remember is the difference between *harmonizing* and *contrasting* colors. Harmonizing colors, you will find, are those that have relative values of warmth, or those that have relative values of coldness. Again, those colors which have an equal somberness, often called dead colors, are colors that are said to harmonize when they are brought together. Opposed to them are colors used in contrast. Thus, when a cold color is used with a warm color, or a warm color with a cold color, either is said to be a contrasting color, that is, one which sets off, by contrast, the value of the other, just as gold finds a contrasting color in deep blue, while old rose, fawn color, dove color, and ash color harmonize.

Chinese decoration is, broadly speaking, one of contrasting colors, while Japanese decoration is based on harmonizing colors.

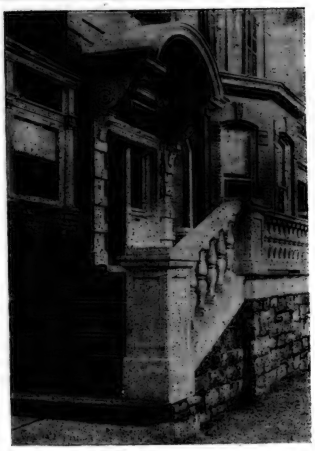
However, all good decoration requires contrast as well as harmony in its color schemes. When you have a room to paper, a carpet to select, a curtain to buy, or a house to decorate, bear in mind Mother Nature's great house, the world, and all its rooms—hills, valleys, mountains, seashores, lake sides, forest, fields and streams. Consider, for a moment, how Nature handles her problems, although the housewife need not think it is meant that she should make her home look like all outdoors. It is Nature's *way* that is suggestive. The forest is dark and gloomy and blue-green, for few people dwell therein: therefore if any room in your house must be dark and gloomy and blue-green, don't make it the one where the family congregates, the living-room for instance, or the dining room, unless you bring notes of yellow and red, as contrasting colors introducing warmth into them. Instead, these family rooms should be bright and cheerful, and happy in their coloring as the meadows and fields, although I do not mean by that garish or overbright, for light does for the decorator what atmosphere does for a Nature.

Architecture often encounters obstacles that its most ingenious resources cannot always overcome alone. The decorator's color sense will often co-operate in alleviating such a state of affairs. Thus, the application of suitable color will help to lighten a dark room, to darken a needlessly over-light one, to make a "cold" room appear warm, and a "warm" room cool, as when blue tones are brought into a south room and yellow tones into one with a northern exposure.

It is just as important that the right colors should be placed in a room as it is that the right colors should be found in a gown or a hat. Unfortunately, the very woman who would not care to wear a rose-pink waist with a turkey-red skirt is often careless enough to be indifferent to the juxtaposition of sofa-pillows on her parlor couch, of sofa-pillows whose colors shriek at one another quite as much. Even a contrasting color must not be one that offends, but perfection in color schemes is only attained when all the colors please the educated color sense. Quality, too, has a great deal to do with color. As an example, old-gold velvet might be just right in a room where old-gold denim would be just wrong. Women usually have this intuitive sense of color and quality, and that always helps them to decide in matters of home decoration.

When one starts out to plan the color scheme for an entire room his first step will be to determine the keynote color. If, on the other hand, one is merely selecting some object for a room already decorated, the color of the object chosen will be determined by the fact that it must harmonize or contrast properly with the keynote color already established in the room.

The purpose of the room, and whether or not it is a light room, and other considerations will always affect the choice of colors. You will associate dainty colors with boudoirs, reception parlors, music rooms; strong colors with men's rooms, smoking rooms, halls; cool colors for bedrooms in warm countries, and warm colors for bedrooms in cool countries. Then this keynote color must be one you will not tire of, and one that bears an harmonic relation to the colors in the rooms which adjoin that in which it is to be found. A room that looks fairly well by day may not be pleasing by night, and a room that appears well under artificial light may lose much of its attractiveness by day. These are things which every housewife has to consider in planning home decorations. I have seen an aniline emerald-green and ruby-red room look passable under the ameliorating glow of gas-light through a pale lilac shade, a room that simply shrieked forth its terrible and heartless contrasts by day and turned it into a veritable pandemonium of hideousness.



DOORWAYS OF TORONTO.
Residence of Mr. W. H. Browse, St. George Street.

The Millionaire and the Peasant.

ONCE upon a time a millionaire formed a collection of pictures and furniture, says W. Shaw Sparrow, in his new book, "House and Home," not only without help but in opposition to friendly good advice. He knew what he liked, and had no feeling for the right things in the right places, which is the secret of all good furnishing, however humble or however costly. He bought many fine objects, but put them at variance with each other, so that they looked absurd; just as scraps from ancient tapestries would be absurd if they were patched into a beautiful Persian carpet. Among the jumbles of style which this millionaire hit upon, goodness knows how or why, was a combination of French impressionist pictures, a "nouveau art" carpet, Pergolese furniture, an early Victorian wallpaper, Tudor paneling about five feet high, a Lincrusta frieze, a fireplace designed by the brothers of Adam, and some modern Chinese pottery.

Was it worth while? That too adventurous wealthy man, and many others, have but one thing to learn, and it is well to put in the dictum, "Seek the best advice—and pay for it."

But to us—the poor majority—the matter is different; we cannot afford to turn the arts of the world into our obedient servants; but we ought certainly to remember that the more we attempt to do the more likely we are to fail. Let every ambition sit comfortably in its own saddle, *voila tout*!

Of course the investment may be either large or small as far as the money is concerned; still, whether small or large, it should yield the highest possible interest in the way we expect, if only because a small sum of money to those moderate means is all-important, as much so, perhaps, as fifty thousand pounds may be to a millionaire. The principle here is not affected by wealth or poverty. A cottage may be furnished with fifty pounds or with five hundred thousand; the problem is that nothing should be chosen which is not the best of its kind at the price paid for it. If we pay little or much for discomfort, we still buy discomfort, and our purchase, *vide* the proverb, is a double loss; our money is gone and there is nothing to represent it worthily.

Thus the aim of furnishing is to get the maximum of attractive comfort at a given price, namely, the price that a householder can afford without harm to his immediate prospects. The comfort, too, however little it may cost in money, must wear well, for the price of an article need not effect its utility and strength. Excellent furniture is made in woods like deal, ash, and oak; good ironwork lasts as long as gold; pewter is serviceable like silver; and remember the earthenware pots which have come down to us from prehistoric times.

Time was when the household arts had traditions that grew from age to age, adapting themselves to social needs that changed and improved among all classes. Each class had a traditional form of home decoration. The poor either bought their furniture from village carpenters, or made it themselves during the long winter evenings; they loved big fires, and bright pots and pans; they patterned brick floors with whiting stone, and colored the walls in different ways. They did what they could afford to do, not in a shamefaced manner, but with pride and thoroughness.

Then a revolution took place in social life, and was so complete that it spared only the good old-fashioned cottagers and farmers. Steam and machinery passed from one conquest to another; a wonderful industrialism swallowed up large country districts; and by this means with amazing rapidity, a new civilization was made in the rough, for there was no time to build with care.

The Art of Walking Well.

TO walk well is an art that is almost lost. In the strenuous life of to-day a woman is usually satisfied if she manages to cover the ground and has no time to consider how she does it. The old rule, "to keep your shoulders back, your head up, and your back straight," is a good one to follow. It is better to "strut" than to stoop, for the former is an error that can be corrected long before it becomes a habit. Tread lightly and quickly and walk as if you enjoyed it, instead of wandering along as if you were part of a lock-step parade. Don't dawdle; it's not necessarily graceful and don't lift your feet as if you wanted to emulate a high-stepper at a Horse Show. Walk naturally and you will walk well. If you feel that you can't manage this without assistance try an hour's indoor exercise daily, carrying a book on your head as you walk, and you'll be surprised to find what a difference it makes in your carriage.

No women are more graceful than those who habitually carry burdens on their heads. By this means they attain an erectness and grace that is charming to see. Walking is wonderful exercise and a great beautifier, but one must know how to walk before one can hope for the best results. Hold the shoulders back, the chest well out and the abdomen in. This will poise you properly on the ball of the foot so your step will be light and springy. You will also breathe easily and freely. Walk like this and you will benefit in health, temper and looks.

Explorer Cook in Missouri.

FOR some reason or other the people of the rich and honorable State of Missouri have become the traditional exponents of the "you-gotta-show-me" attitude. They are sceptics of the sceptics, and they are supposed to greet every statement with the same stony demand for proof. This condition of mind however, is not at all a monopoly of Missourians: and just now Explorer Cook, must have a very painful realization of that fact. At this particular time all the world—at least, the world which reads the papers—is "from Missouri," and they demand in the most insistent manner to be "showed." It is for Mr. Cook to do the showing. But one or two things have occurred lately which cause people to doubt that he can. One of these is the report of the committee appointed by the University of Copenhagen to go over his reports. They state bluntly that they can find no proof of his having reached the pole, and they express doubt of the wisdom of the University and the Danish people in having taken quite so much on faith. Another and still more striking development, from the popular point of view, has been the sworn statement of Captain Loose that he "faked" Cook's records for him in New York. Of course, it is easily possible to attach too much weight to this story of Captain Loose, especially in view of the counter-charge that Captain Loose admitted having fabricated this story to do Cook damage. But whether fabricated or not, the story remains, and it is playing a very conspicuous part in turning opinion in this country against the explorer.

Captain Loose.

The Suffragists and Mrs. Ward.

A vice presidency in the National League for the Civic Education of Women has been accepted by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who is regarded as the leader of the anti-suffragists in England. The "antis" in America were consequently anxious to have the prestige of her name in their efforts directed against the suffragists of the United States.

Quite recently Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Mrs. Arthur Somerville took the negative side of a suffrage debate held in Manchester, England. Councillor Margaret Ashton, a sister-in-law of James Bryce; Mrs. F. T. Swanwick and Miss Margaret Robertson spoke for the affirmative. Bishop Weldon, of Manchester, presided. Entire good nature was preserved on both sides, but almost all the applause went to the suffragists, and at the close the audience voted in the affirmative by an overwhelming majority.

New York lost one of its best known club women recently when death claimed Mrs. Anna Randall-Diehl, who was president of the oldest Shakespearean club in America. She had been married twice, her second husband having been, at one time, U. S. Consul at Java. After Dr. Diehl's death she presented his valuable collection of coins to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. Mrs Randall-Diehl wrote and compiled over forty books, and edited the American Shakespearean Magazine. The Fortnightly Shakespeare Club was founded many years ago by her and celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary in the memorial library at Stratford-on-Avon.

DOORWAYS OF TORONTO.
Residence of Mr. George A. Graham, St. George Street.

DOORWAYS OF TORONTO.
Residence of Mr. E. J. Perkins, St. George Street.

The Words of the Wise

At this season, when in doubt, don't give.

* * *

It's a mighty good turkey that's worth a doctor's bill.

* * *

A full cotton stocking is better than empty silk hose.

* * *

A bird in the oven is worth two at the poulterer's.

* * *

It's a backward lover who waits for the hanging of the mistletoe.

* * *

The proof of the pudding is in the dyspepsia.

* * *

Never judge the value of a gift by the beauty of its wrappings.

* * *

It's better to give than receive—the presents most of us get.

* * *

The Christmas turkey is at least spared the making of New Year's resolutions.

* * *

To the small boy, the better the dinner, the bigger the ache.

* * *

It's better to be dead than unfashionable, but the chances are the Christmas bird doesn't think so.

* * *

A full Christmas tree maketh a flat pocket book.

C. C. M.

THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR'S WIFE.
Frau von Bethmann Hollwegg, whose husband some months ago was appointed German Imperial Chancellor, is said to be a very charming and attractive woman who is well fitted to play an important social part in Berlin. She has a clever and interesting face which is said to be a truthful index to a charming character.

A Christmas Hoodoo.

CHRISTMAS isn't all it's cracked up to be. At least not for everybody. These are people, who, though filled with the most un-Scrooge-like intentions, and brimming over with the best of Christmas spirits (strictly non-alcoholic be it understood), never yet have managed to spend a Christmas day in the orthodox manner. To do the thing properly one needs a collection of rosy-cheeked children, white-haired grand-parents, pretty young girls not averse to lover-like attentions, yards and yards of prickly Christmas decorations, with the culminating joy of playing a sort of new-fangled "Sally Waters" game with the plum pudding, in all its dyspepsia-spreading toothsomeness, occupying the centre of the ring, and pretending to be "Sally."

But none of these joys ever come my way. Extend to me an invitation to spend Christmas with you, and even provided I started for your home—a destination, perhaps, not more than six miles away and leave several days before the appointed and all-important one, I'd never get there. No, indeed. Instead I'd wake up to find that in fit of mental aberration I'd taken the wrong train and dropping asleep had managed to dream myself a hundred miles beyond my starting place, waking to discover that I was in some heaven-forsaken little burg where the only means of exodus was a milk train that didn't pass that way until the day after all the New Year resolutions had been broken into smithereens and their debris honorably interred along with that of other good intentions. My enemies always invite me to visit them at Christmas; they know I'll never find the house. My friends universally believe I fast on the occasion of the great annual turkey-fest.

When I was young and trusting, and believed that Providence really did watch over fools, I used to try and celebrate Christmas. Year after year I planned to realize this ideal, but finally gave it up, snapped my fingers at Fate, and decided that in future my Christmas would be jolly no matter where I hung out that day, provided always that I spent it in a spot—no matter what its name or size—where there was a shop with a Christmas picture post card in the window; and a hotel with something less ancient and honorable than eggs and one of their leanest of ancestors for dinner. In other words I quit and now sit right down where Christmas overtakes me and make the best of things, even if the "best" amounts to something most people would characterize as "worst." So many things have happened to me on that date that I am persuaded that if I am ever condemned to—say a session in an electric chair, it somehow will be managed that the gentleman who is to officiate on that occasion as master of ceremonies and button-pusher-in-chief, will be compelled to do his little extermination job between the opening of his Christmas stocking and the eating of his Christmas dinner.

All Christmases look alike to me. They only vary in their degree of disaster. Nowadays I'd feel neglected if I just plum-puddinged and turkeyed like the rest of humanity. I'd feel as if I had been unjustly robbed of variety—that spice of existence. Some Christmases are bad, and some are worse, and some of my kind are only amusing. Once, for instance, when I was in Texas—it was fate, not free will put me there—I discovered suddenly that it was Christmas Eve and that I was about a thousand miles from anything that looked more interesting than the Mexican border which, like Sheridan on an all-important occasion, was something more than thirty miles away. Just the accident of looking at the calendar made all the difference. Before that I had been content to read the bills of last week's show at the "Opery" house, on the hoardings opposite, and assure myself that travelling was a fine thing, and so improving to the mind, even if it did ruin the digestion.

Having discovered the date, I had just begun to pity myself and lament that I wasn't a drummer and so entitled to take a hand in a boisterous poker game, sounds of which were wafted over the transom to the red plush parlor where I foregathered with myself, when suddenly a band—what matter its nationality and why blame the Germans for everything?—began to play beneath the window, selecting "Home, Sweet Home" as a nice, cheerful ditty with which to break the silence. The music moved me to tears, not because that farewelling prima donnas' favorite was played in as many keys as there were bandsmen, but simply because I longed for the inspiring presence of a large and filling piece of mother's mince pie.

That town was the limit—and then again some—in the way of dreariness and outstripped anything the map could offer in its line. Consequently it was me for the all-enveloping fit of blues and a mind so tinged with indigo that it beat the color of the clothes when they come home all nicely striped instead of white, from the laundry's bluest of blue-tubs. With the sound of the drummers' merry jests in my ears I trekked for the railway station, and decided that by hook or crook I would get to some place that wasn't hidden away under the tack, before Christmas morning broke. I hadn't forgotten my inability to get anywhere while Santa Claus was about, but like all champions, I wanted to break my record.

Well, the station was there all right. Didn't seem to have been a fire, or a washout, or even a gun duel since I'd last seen it. The place looked all serene and quiet. I hoped for the best and I continued to hope for just about thirty-three seconds after I reached the dinky, little platform for it took the agent just that length of time to explain to me that number—well, I forget that train's number, but it certainly wasn't 23—had been ditched a few hundred miles or so back along the line, and wouldn't send an understudy along until Christmas day was on the wane, though a freight might happen by in the course of a few hours if I chose to wait and try my luck with that. The news hit me just where it might be expected to, and like a poor, lost, sorrowing soul just chucked out of paradise, I found my way to the waiting room and joined myself to the group of misery huddled there.

We all sat and stared at each other. There was absolutely nothing else to do. Nobody said anything in particular out loud, though even the sanctimonious old person with the white whiskers was mumbling something suspiciously like strong language under his breath. It was nine o'clock at least and the only sound that insistently pierced the silence was the sorrowing voice of a freckle-faced five-year-old who at intervals rent the heavens with his passionate weeping as he insisted upon taking off his stocking and hanging it up for fear he would be overlooked in the general distribution when Mr. Santa Claus passed by. Finally the little chap fell asleep, and we all fell to brooding and thinking ourselves a hardly treated lot.

When the silence got so thick you could have cut it with anything as dull as a woman's pocket knife, somebody broke the silence with a Christmas hard luck story, and the rest of us seized the opportunity and immediately went him several better. Finally, a tall, scrawny man, with a kindly eye, suggested that we all chip in and get up some sort of a Christmas for the little kid who was stalled along with us. Everyone was agreeable, but there was a scarcity of volunteers, as no one knew just what was expected. We resolved ourselves into a committee of ways and means, and started the good work by commandeering the big geranium a fat old lady was taking to her daughter, or would have taken if the train had not played "hookey." We perched it, pot and all, in the centre of the rickety table that helped furnish the waiting room, and then came the question of decorations. Each and all went down into their grips and pulled out something. The old maid produced some pop corn, and with the aid of the drummer's "housewife," strung it together to form festoons. The angel for the top—a peroxided creature with a vacant smile—was cut from a magazine cover. A bunch of silver stars was evolved from some tin foil that came round a stick of chocolate, and promptly herded on the tree.

The boy's mother produced a toy or two which she had provided in case the gentleman who drives reindeer should forget, in the pressure of his many calls, to leave an offering. These were laid at the base of the geranium tree, which blazed up considerably, thanks to two bunches of real bloom, a half open bunch of red buds, and a big red bow that had once been a necktie. The drummer who travelled for a silk house, disappeared in the direction of the baggage room and reappeared with a muffler and a Windsor tie. The station agent took a hand in the proceedings, having kids of his own, and carried word to his wife, who sent down a yellow tarlatan stocking full of candies, and also did the good Samaritan act to the extent of handing out a great pot of tea so strong a poker couldn't lie down in it.

Along with the liquid consignment came a jar of cookies, and say, well the tenderest turkey graced by the reddest of cranberry sauce never looked so good to me, and most of the others weren't for contradicting my specially expressed opinion on the subject—at least not in any way noticeable, as there wasn't enough left to furnish a first course for a canary bird's breakfast when we got through.

Well, when the tree was ready and the angel stuck in place with a hatpin, and all the bits cleared away, we sat down to wait until that small boy made up his mind to quit sleeping and take a genuine interest in life. We drew up round the stove, and while one man stoked the rest amused themselves by telling just what they'd best like to have to eat, provided they were within reach of Delmonico's and mother's buttery combined, and the pocket book allowing a regular tuck-in.

When we got tired of making menus that couldn't be lived up to, and giving orders that couldn't be filled, save in the matter of cold water and apples, there being a plentiful supply of the one in the water cooler, and of the other in a basket belonging to a six-foot-four countryman, we wandered on to yarning about ourselves. Say, the hours flew so fast we were pretty well surprised when somebody drew a watch and announced that it was getting on to four a.m. Just then the kid woke up, and when he'd rubbed his eyes a bit, he lit on that tree like a young bull terrier chasing a cat, and the way he clung to the table-edge was wonderful to see. We had a solemn hand-out of gifts, and there probably never was a happier youngster than that kid as he sat on the floor and looked them all over in turn.

Life lost its zest for the rest of us just about then, but it wasn't long after when we got a chance to stretch out in the caboose of a freight and fall into slumber. As for my Christmas dinner—well, the hoodoo sure worked all right, for when we finally struck the place we were bound for, it was only to find that dinner was over and the folks at the little hotel said the best they could do for us was cheese and crackers and one drumstick among six.

This year? Well, I've about quit making plans. Seems about as sensible to me as looking for strawberries in a snow drift, but I'd like right well to eat just where I am. But there's no saying what'll happen. Between then and now I might inadvertently dispute the right of way with a racing motor on a dark night and find myself in the hospital, provided there was enough of me left to make it worth while. I guess I'll just stick to chance: then I won't be arousing any opposition, or taking extra chances.

C. C. M.

A FUTURE QUEEN AND HER SONS.
The Crown Princess of Sweden, who is the elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, has the reputation of being one of the best dressed women in Europe. In the accompanying picture she and her sons are shown at recent manoeuvres, the two young Princes saluting the passing regiments.

Christmas Shopping.

OH, the day I went a-shopping!
Went to do my Christmas Shopping!
Went to buy a muff for Mother,
Went to buy a pipe for Father,
Went to buy a doll for Grandma,
And gold spectacles for Baby,—
No—oh, no—it was the other
Way about! But Mercy Gracious!
Such a wild, bewildering chaos
Was the crowded shopping district.
'Twas enough to drive me frantic.
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Surged the crowd at all the counters.
Ever deeper, deeper deeper
Plunged my hand into my pocket.
Recklessly I spent my savings;
Paid too much for Kitty's present;
Bought a clock for Leonora
When I know that she has seven!
Bought a chafing-dish for Robert
Though he simply hates welsh rabbit!

But no one can reason clearly
In a jostling crowd of people;
Hustling, bustling, frantic people
Matching samples, snatching bargains,
Asking questions, scolding salesgirls.
Once I asked a haughty walker
To direct me to the "Notions."
But the crowd around the counter
Squeezed and jammed like surging waters!
Homeward then I sadly hied me,
Saying, "I will go to-morrow,
Bright and early in the morning.
And before the crowd assembles,
I will do my Christmas shopping."
But, you know how many duties
Face a housewife in the morning.
Johnny's luncheon, Susy's mittens,
Baby's bottle, Bridget's orders,
All at once to be looked after.
Husband going, tradesmen coming,
And the telephone bell ringing,
Till the morning, swiftly slipping,
Is half gone before I'm ready
Once again to start out shopping,
Once again to breast the surging
Of the tides of Christmas shoppers,
Once again to struggle vainly
With the overworked floorwalker,
With the weary, hurried salesgirls,
With impatient fellow shoppers.

Then I vow a deep and mighty
Vow within my panting bosom,
That next Christmas I will surely
Buy my presents in September,
Or November at the latest!
Quite forgetting 'tis the nineteenth
Time I've made this resolution!
Quite ignoring certain knowledge
That each woman in the country
Makes this resolution yearly,
And she never, never keeps it!

—Carolyn Wells.

An amusing story is told of the Kaiser's youthful days when as a small boy of four he attended the marriage of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Becoming restless he wriggled about considerably during the ceremony much to the annoyance of his uncles, the late Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught, between whom he was sitting. The former is said to have admonished the child who remained quiet biding his time, and then slipping down on the floor severely bit the knees of first one uncle and then the other. As both Dukes were attired in kilts, his little revenge was far from painless.

A SOCIETY DRAMATIST.
The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton who has already met with great success as a dramatist, her "Warp and Woof" having been well received, when played at a London theatre, has just written a miracle play called "St. Ursula's Pilgrimage." It was produced at the Court Theatre, London, recently, many well known amateurs taking part. The proceeds of the entertainment are to be devoted to the fabric of Wittersham Church, Kent.

A SOCIALISTIC PEERESS.
The Countess of Warwick, who has played so many parts in British affairs, from those demanded by her high social position to establishing a college where would-be women farmers may practice agriculture, is undoubtedly still one of the handsomest women in England. Lady Warwick is an enthusiastic horsewoman, and the accompanying picture was taken quite recently when she was hunting with the Quorn. Her interests are many-sided and range from literature to socialism.

PECULIARITIES OF PHOTOGRAPHY

By WILLIAM JAMES

EXAMPLE No. 1.
Compare this picture of the City Hall, taken from the Temple Building, with photo No. 2, taken with the same lens at almost the same time.

EXAMPLE No. 2.
The tower here is much larger than in No. 1, although the lens was not shifted or re-focussed.

THE photographic lens is one of the most accurate and useful of modern instruments. The best anastigmats are corrected to a ten-millionth of an inch, and the glass surfaces are ground in such a way that distortion does not exist in the image. Even with the best anastigmat lenses there are peculiarities which are not thought to exist, as I will proceed to show. A Cooke lens is a good lens, the writer having used one for years and found it to work admirably. At a pinch a 5 x 4 lens of this make has been used with good results on 8 x 10 plate. The photograph of the Toronto City Hall tower, taken from the Temple Building, was made with this Cooke lens. The plate is 4¼ x 6½, and a half was used for each exposure. Had the whole plate been used, a wide-angle view could have been made, but the picture taken is less than the lens is supposed to cover at full aperture. In No. 1 view the tower is both broader and longer than in No. 2. This was on the extreme edge inside field of view. The smaller tower —No 2—was the one which is near the middle of the plate. There is no apparent distortion in the larger image, both being in perfect proportions. But why should there be such a striking difference? The camera was not shifted between exposures, neither was any focussing done, and both were taken with the same aperture, the only movement between the exposures being a slight turn given to the tripod top. The results of this experiment are sufficient to show conclusively that a wide angle picture must of necessity contain in itself some error which may pass unnoticed, and the moral seems to be not to use a wide angle lens when a narrow angle lens will work equally as well.

EXAMPLE No. 5.
Taken with a sort of lens popular with amateurs. At first glance it is clearer than No. 6, but make a closer comparison.

Supplementary lenses are often recommended to the amateur on his hand camera. The writer has often demed against their use as being only a poor addition and likely to give disappointment to the user. Lying unused for amongst a collection of odd lenses that were in my possession for many years, I found a lens 1½ inch diameter, part of telescope object glass. On placing it in front of my Cooke lens I found the focus increased to nearly three times. This supplementary lens I used to take picture No. 3, while No. 4 was taken without its aid from the same viewpoint. After this preliminary trial, I quickly got a card box and made a cell in which I placed the new found lens, the lid suiting as a cap to fit over all. This now forms part of my ordinary outfit, and its immediate cost was only five cents for the pill box.

When you have a good lens and know how to use it, some attention must be given to the other photographic materials used, which leave a permanent impression on all the work attempted.

Early experiments should be made with some different brands of sensitive plates. Every user of a camera ought to see clearly that the plate which renders colors in better gradation should have preference, but they do not, and the plate which fails in this particular is in by far the greater demand, although the cost is the same.

My own preference for small sizes is the Kodoid plate. This is the ordinary kodak film loosely attached to black card, and is used in the same way as glass plates in plate holders. They cost a little more, but are easy to store, and have all the qualities to be desired. In making exposures of interiors they are not as good as backed glass plates, as the films nearly always show halation, when the glass plates work perfectly.

One of the street billboards is a very good test as to what can be done with different plates. No. 5 was an Imperial landscape slow plate, not Ortho.

No. 6 was an Imperial N.F. Ortho, but with addition of five times color screen, exposure about two seconds.

The poorest of these is No. 5, and the best is No. 6. From these we learn that a fast plate is not the best for landscape, as the slow plate, No. 6, gives a better rendering. The clouds are rendered much the best by the use of a color screen, and the multi-colored billboard at once is easily readable. It can readily be understood that firms do not spend fortunes by making such unreadable advertisements as might appear in No. 6. A 5 x 4 Cooke lens on 6½ x 4¾ plate aperture F. 12 was the same for both photos.

EXAMPLE No. 6.
This picture was made with a lens costing no more than the one used for No. 5, but note how it brings out every detail of the advertisements and clouds.

EXAMPLE No. 4.
Photo made with a Cooke lens.

EXAMPLE No. 3.
An enlargement of No. 4, with a 5-cent supplementary lens.

Some Christmas Devices.

SHE was quite a little girl, with features pointed by poverty, and garb that had evidently done duty for some one much older and bigger than herself. She stopped in front of the bewildering display of dolls in one of the big department stores and regarded it longingly, her attention apparently being attracted particularly by the charms of a flaxen-haired young person in a gorgeous frock. A philanthropic man whose attention was caught by the child's admiration of the doll, asked her if she would like to have it for her own. She looked at him shrewdly and answered, "Sure, but I'd much rather have some new boots for me little brudder instead." Animated by the spirit of Christmas, the man gave her the price of a pair of "me brudder's boots," and also placed the doll in her arms. "Ain't you satisfied?" queried the saleslady as she saw the child slip her parcel to a small companion, and resume her intent gaze upon the dolls. "H'm, yes," said the child, "but I want to land a pair of boots for meself before I go home." This tale hasn't any moral, but it may serve to deter someone from indiscriminate charity, which, after all at this season would be a pity.

* * *

There are lots of people best described as "poor, but proud," who hate to be placed under obligations which they feel they cannot return. To such, Christmas gifts always bring as much pain as pleasure. To eliminate the former and leave nothing but happiness in connection with the little gift, it is wise to send one's offering anonymously with a simple inscription, "from Santa Claus." To be sure one will miss being thanked, but at this time of year it's the giving and not the receiving that counts. Besides, an anonymous gift has a touch of the romantic about it, and romance is usually lacking in the lives of the "poor, but proud." It's an experiment worth trying, but in being charitable to those less fortunate than yourself, remember the story of the small girl whose mother wished to teach her to be generous, and with that end in view persuaded her to give up a lot of her toys to send to poor children she did not know. The little girl saw one after another of her treasured possessions packed away in a big box, and looked on stoically until the suggestion was made that the dearest of baby dolls should be included in the lot. Then she rebelled. Nothing appeased her grief, not even the suggestion that "Santa" would bring her another and a bigger doll. "Mama," she wailed, "if God sent you another baby would you give me away?" The child kept her doll, and to tell the truth most of us would be more content could we keep for ourselves the things which we have bought for others instead of having to pack them up in tissue paper and ribbon and send them off. After all, a gift that isn't given willingly is no gift at all.

* * *

Wreaths of holly are not unknown this season as hat decorations, but a pretty young girl, who was probably older than she looked, walked down Yonge street the other day with a good sized sprig of mistletoe nestling in the airgrette that trimmed her Russian turban. So unconscious, apparently, was she of her unusual hat decoration that she did not seem to notice the looks that were directed towards it by half the men she met. Possibly the mistletoe was the result of a prank of mischievous school boy brother, but it was probably owing to her own serene unconsciousness that she managed to proceed on her way without having her attention unpleasantly drawn to its presence. The fashion is not one that's likely to become general, and the chances are that the good old custom of wearing the mistletoe on the drawing-room chandelier will again prove popular this season, unless that apartment boasts a centre table.

* * *

The mailing of the Christmas present is quite as important as its selection, although there are lots of people who don't realize it until weeks afterwards, when they learn that their offerings have gone astray. Anyone who doubts this, need only spend a few minutes in the post office any afternoon just prior to Christmas and watch the hit-or-miss method with which brown paper bundles are consigned to their destinations. Only the other day a fluffy young person in the latest of "creations" fluttered into a post office and bought some stamps, carefully demanding how many it would take to cover the postage of the parcel she had in her hand. Leaving the wicket she promptly dropped the parcel into the proper receptable, and disappeared. A moment afterwards she fluttered back into the office, and coaxing her way through the crowd before the stamp wicket, explained in doleful accents that she had sent the parcel without affixing the stamps. Finally a good natured clerk undertook to see if the stamps could not be placed where they were most wanted, before the package had gone beyond recall. The whole affair took up several minutes of valuable time, and as the fluffy little person passed out of the building, radiant with smiles, she said to her companion, "I just told the clerk I was sorry and then he couldn't scold. Men are just like children, you can always manage them provided you take them the right way." And that incident was probably only one out of dozens that have tended to hold up His Majesty's mail service this week in every large post office in the country.

A FUTURE COUNTESS.
Lady Ingestre, who visited Canada a few years ago, is the wife of Viscount Ingestre, eldest son of Lord Shrewsbury. Lady Ingestre is a sister of the 6th Marquis of Anglesey.

Is There a Santa Claus?

THE following paragraphs, in answer to a child's query as to whether there is a Santa Claus was originally published years ago in the editorial columns of the New York Sun. The story is here reprinted that those of the present generation who have never seen it or, perchance, have forgotten it, may once more have the opportunity of placing it in their scrap books:

WE take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently, the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of The Sun:

"Dear Editor: I am 8 years old.

"Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

"Papa says, 'If you see it in The Sun it's so.'

"Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?

"Virginia O'Hanlon.

"115 West Ninety-fifth street."

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been effected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds Virginia, whether they be men's or children's are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

The Pup: "He has broken all his other presents; I s'pose it will be my turn next."

Rub your hands, face and neck gently with

SANITOL FACE CREAM

The Oxygen Face Cream

Its healing and purifying properties instantly become active. Its work is not on the surface—but in the pores. That's because Sanitol Face Cream is instantly absorbed. The oxygen in it neutralizes the impurities in the pores—feeds the blood vessels and leaves that transparency which is the sign of a perfectly healthy skin.

Being absorbed quickly and containing no grease, Sanitol Face Cream is *convenient* to use at any time. No danger of soiling anything with which it comes in contact.

25c. everywhere

----ON----

CHRISTMAS MORNING

We will promptly deliver to some overlooked friend a package of Ford's delicious chocolates and bonbons.

Just Telephone Main 536

FORD'S

83 King St., W.

HOME IMPROVEMENTS

Tasty decoration makes the home more agreeable and considerably increases its intrinsic value. Ask for an estimate.

Office Phone, M. 2677.
Residence Phone, Col. 435

JAMES J. O'HEARN & SON
Decorators
249 QUEEN STREET WEST

WORTH THE COST

Surely the satisfaction in knowing that your clothes are clean and well pressed is worth the small cost of renovation. Our methods satisfy.

R. PARKER & CO.,
Cleaners and Dyers, Toronto.
201 and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. W., 471 and 1324 Queen St. W., 277 Queen Street East.

Toronto Saturday Night

As a Christmas Gift

Send your friends the Paper for a year : : :

Price - $3.00
PER ANNUM

AMONG applicants for service as a general housemaid in a certain family was a raw-boned Irish girl of rather forbidding aspect.

"Do you love children?" asked the mistress of the house, when satisfied that the girl would suit with respect to most requirements.

"Well, mum," responded the Celt, with a grim smile, "that all depends on the wages."

TORONTO SOCIETY

A WEEK of dances will be next week, one every night except Saturday, when the Hunt Club will probably be the scene of a final Cinderella for New Year. On the following week Mrs. Salter Jarvis gives a dance at McConkey's, and Mrs. E. Y. Eaton's postponed dance is on for the first week of the year.

St. Margaret's College had its holiday dance last Friday with great success and the merry Christmas tree for the small pupils on Tuesday, Dec. 21. At both, the principal and staff left nothing undone to ensure the enjoyment of everyone, and the Christmas tone in the air lent an added fillip both to the dance and the afternoon entertainment.

Mrs. Vincent Green is enjoying Christmas at Montreal. Mrs. Irving and Mrs. Rupert Bruce will spend Christmas in Rome. Miss Birchall will spend the holiday on the ocean. Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander will spend Christmas in Santa Barbara, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. Peters gave a very successful dance for the young friends of their pretty debutante, Miss Florence, an only daughter, in the Metropolitan rooms on Monday evening. One or two matrons kept the host and hostess company during the evening, but all the dancing guests were of the young set, and many in their first season. Mrs. Peters wore a handsome Russian net and lace costume, mounted on white, and Miss Peters her charming coming-out gown of white satin and pearls. She carried a large round bouquet of mignonette and pink sweet peas, sashed with satin ribbons, and a table full of other flowers, roses and others were arranged in the drawing room. Miss Peters combines a most attractive face with a very unaffected and girlish frankness of manner, and since her debut at the Charity Ball, has been admired wherever she appears. She is very popular with her young friends, and had scarcely a refusal for her dance even in such a busy week. Of the sister buds who enjoyed it were Miss Horrocks, Miss Eastwood, Miss McKee, Miss Robins, Miss Clarkson, Miss Bowes, Miss Edwards, Miss Haney, Miss McMurrich, Miss Evelyn Reid and one or two others. Belles of one more season's experience were Miss Margeurite Cotton and Miss Edyth Snelgrove, the former in maize satin and the latter in a most becoming shade of mauve. Miss Rogers was charming in pink, with ribbons in her up-to-date coiffure. The music and floor were excellent and the guests evenly divided, a Jack for every Jill. Mr. and Mrs. Peters have settled in Toronto within the last few years, and Mr. Peters purchased the Cockburn residence at the corner of Maple avenue and Sherbourne street, in Rosedale, some time ago. About eleven o'clock supper was served in the banquet hall, from a buffet centered with a pyramid of pink shaded lights, pink roses and delicate sprays of white bloom and foliage, the effect being very graceful and dainty. Those who enjoyed Miss Peters' coming-out dance will keep a happy memory of a very pleasant event.

MRS. ERNEST GUINNESS.

One of the prettiest young matrons in Ireland, that land of many beauties. Mrs. Ernest Guinness has made herself very popular in Dublin society. She is the daughter of the late Sir George Russell of Swallowfield Park, near Reading, and her husband is described as "one of the cleverest mechanics connected with the peerage." Their marriage, which was attended by Royalty, was one of the most brilliant social events of 1903.

Twenty young bachelors certainly sent out the most original invitations to their Yuletide dance which have been seen for many moons. The card is of brown prepared paper like parchment, the red ink, the quaint spelling and the old-time wording combine to make the cards a souvenir worth preserving. On the upper left hand corner a spray of real mistletoe is pinned by a silver nail, with "O! ye bachelor's button," as a hint of the abject condition of the twenty bachelors in the matter of conventional fastenings. Dominoes and masks are *de rigueur* for the first four dances. The twenty "Squiers" are O. N. Scott, Gerald Muntz, R. C. Darling, Allan Taylor, Harold Suydam, Harry Miller, Russell Lawrence, Norman Gooderham, T. W. Anderson, T. W. Forward, Leonard Morrison, Walter W. Merry, Norman Harvey, Norman Copping, Albert Gooderham, Victor Dyas, Dr. Norman Wilson, Albert Sanderson, R. Dunlop, Ross Medland, George Ryerson, Bartlet Rogers, Andrew Duncanson and Austin Campbell. I hear the originality of the invitations is only a sample of what is to be unfolded in the programmes and other arrangements.

Mrs. A. D. Clark, 240 Bloor street west, has issued invitations for a dance in honor of her daughter, Muriel, to be held at Mr. P. M. Clark's residence, 25 Avenue road, on January 4.

Major J. F. Macdonald is spending Christmas with his sisters in New York.

Mrs. Edward Jones celebrated her ninetieth birthday on Monday by the yearly tea party and gathering of her relatives and old intimate friends, which has grown each year more interesting as the lady whose anniversary it celebrates nears her century. The bonny cake with its four score and ten candles, the beautiful flowers sent to the cherished old lady, the smiles and greetings and the excellent tea were admired and enjoyed to the utmost. One very old and esteemed friend was absent this week for the first time in many years and was greatly missed. It was Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn who is slowly rallying from a long and painful siege of neuritis and was, of course, unable to be present, but sent her usual sweet reminder, a bouquet of lily of the valley. The warmest congratulations were offered to Mrs. Jones who was in wonderful form and accepted them most graciously.

Mrs. Gurney is giving a tea next Tuesday at her residence in Walmer road. Mrs. Sanford Evans' name on the invitations assures her friends of the pleasure of seeing her on that date.

Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn has been a little better the past fortnight, and able to sit up for a short time.

Mr. Charles Plummer, of Sylvan Tower, is also mending after his long and dangerous illness.

Mr. Long-Innes, who was an officer in the Ordinance department at the Old Fort during several years' residence in Toronto, recently obtained long leave on account of ill health and has gone to his people in England. His convalescence from diphtheria was very slow, and his Toronto friends hope the change will hasten it. Mr. Long-Innes will be stationed at Woolwich after the New Year.

I heard to-day a rumor of the engagement of Captain Frank Stanley Morrison, formerly of Stanley Barracks, to a rich and fascinating *belle Americaine*. Her name and address are not to hand, but Captain Morrison's friends here are ready to congratulate him should the rumor prove a true one.

Major and Mrs. Bickford and Captain Scott arrived from England last week, and will be here for some weeks.

Mr. Frederic Nichols, of the Homewood, and his son, Walter, left very hurriedly for England, on Monday, being most concerned at the ill news of Mr. H. G. Nicholls' serious attack of appendicitis, for which he was operated upon in London. Mr. Nicholls and Mr. Walter Nicholls sailed on the Mauritania on Wednesday. Mrs. Nicholls is in England with her husband.

Miss Campbell Noble will return to Edinburgh in January. She has made hosts of friends here and before leaving Toronto will spend a little while with Mr. and Mrs. Loudon, with whose clever daughter, Elsie, she had many good times in Edinboro'. The Misses Loudon returned recently from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Herb. Loudon in Strathroy.

Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick is giving a holiday dance for her young people next Tuesday evening.

Mr. Turner gave a very jolly dinner at the Hunt Club on Saturday evening for some visitors in town.

On Monday, Dec. 20, the death occurred of Mrs. Henry de Blaquiere, whose husband belonged to one of the oldest families to settle in Ontario. Mrs. de Blaquiere was a very aged lady, quiet, reserved and in her way a clever conversationalist. She has lived for many years in Toronto, only seeing her friends very quietly, but always glad to see them. Her passing removes another link with the past of Canada, in which Margaret Lucretia de Blaquiere was, in her day, a well-known figure.

Miss Patti Warren, accompanied by Miss Ruby Warren, has returned from Montreal. Miss Ruth Smith and Miss Louise Campbell Macdonald, two of Miss Edgar's students are home for Christmas vacation.

The marriage of Miss Florence Anne McLeod, daughter of the late W. C. McLeod, of Woodstock, and Mr. Morse Tillinghurst Burtin, of Lockport, N.Y., will take place at the residence of Mr. W. Hyslop, brother-in-law of the bride, on Wednesday, January 5, at 4.30.

Mrs. Paul Krell, who was starting from London, Eng., for a tour around the world, was obliged to postpone her trip on account of an operation which she had to undergo last week.

Family reunions are the order of the day. There will be dinners this evening at most of the big residences. The pall of mourning which has fallen over Masquoteh, on the death of Mrs. Baldwin, which occurred on Tuesday, will make Christmas a quiet one for the family. Mr. Beardmore gives a dinner to-night at Chudleigh.

Miss Clinton, who has been the guest of Mrs. John Cawthra, returned to her home in New York for Christmas.

Miss Gladys Murton, who was visiting Mrs. Clinch, has gone home for Christmas, but will return next week to attend some of the smart dances *en train*, just before the New Year.

McQUARRIES, LIMITED
PHONES MAIN 7726-7726

The most Fashionable and Exclusive Creations in Street Suits, House Costumes, Dinner Gowns, Evening Dresses, Opera Wraps, Driving Cloaks, Auto Coats, Ulsters, Ponyette Coats, Silk Lace and Net Waists, Silk Petticoats, Neckwear, Belts, Fancy Pins, Buckles, Ruschings . . .

See those Dainty Souvenir Boxes—Pretty Gift Notions

McQUARRIES, LIMITED
282 YONGE STREET

Cook's Turkish and Russian Baths

Extend Season's Greetings to their many patrons, and trust to be favored with the patronage of all old patrons, and many new ones during 1910

202 and 204 King Street West

UP TO AND AROUND $1,000.00 GIFTS

OUR DIAMOND ASSORTMENTS

contain many dazzling specimens of Jeweled handicraft. To specialize would be next to impossible. There is so much scope and newness throughout for the gift-buyer with "the hundreds" that it necessitates an acceptance of our invitation to come and see.

"RARE GEM" CREATIONS, where the DIAMOND, PEARL, RUBY, OLIVINE, SAPPHIRE and EMERALD rival each other in jealous splendor, are here for the gem-lover to admire and to favor. A willing and capable staff are at your service.

B. & H. B. KENT, Diamond Merchants **144** Yonge Street TORONTO

DECEMBER WEATHER

Raw winds—make the hands chapped. Sleet or snow makes faces red and rough.

There is one sure cure for chapped hands and rough, red skin.

Campana's Italian Balm has preserved thousands of beautiful complexions, during the last twenty-seven years it has been used.

It will preserve yours, my dainty worrying lady, if you will but use it.

It preserves beautiful complexions.
It cures chapped hands.
It heals rough red skin of face and neck.
It heals sore lips, and prevents their cracking.

If used regularly during Winter months it will prevent all cold weather skin troubles.

Try one 25c. bottle from your druggist. Insist on getting Campana's Italian Balm.

E. G. WEST & CO., WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
Sole Canadian Agents, Toronto, Ontario.

OUR parting was in peace. Another day
Shall mark our courteous greeting —even so.
Have we not learned that still the easier way
Is wiser far to go?

The times have made us what we are; we crowd
Beneath a placid brow a thought uncouth.
Only to those untutored is allowed
The privilege of truth.

The generations that went quietly
Have left their mark upon us, and, in turn,
Our passions know that tame civility
Caged animals must learn.

Before one's host should be disturbed a jot
(So runs the code) we turn with easy mien
To clasp the dank hand of Iscariot
Rather than make a scene.

And so to-day my hand touched yours the while
You knew what right it had, as well as I,
To dash from off your mouth its fawning smile
And brand and burn its lie.

'Tis well, no doubt, that careful training grips
The throat of honesty. Yet well you knew
Back of the civil greeting on my lips
The name that fitted you.

And so we part in peace to meet again
With gracious words—no doubt the wiser way—
Yet, once upon a time, the world bred men,
Not mummers in a play.

—Theodosia Garrison, in Ainslee's Magazine.

Max Fiedler, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who is now in America, has brought with him a great deal of new music which is to be played by the Orchestra during the present season. Noticeable on the list are four works by Frederick Delius; his "Paris," "Appalachia," "In a Summer Garden," "Brigg Fair." The Finnish composer Sibelius is also represented by four works new to Boston at least and probably new to most of the country. They are the "Swahnevit" Suite, Opus 54; "En saga symphonic poem; "Night Ride and Sunrise," symphonic poem, opus 55, and the "Swan of Tuonela." One of the interesting features of the season will be the performance for the first time in Boston and probably for the first time in the East of Richard Strauss's first tone poem "Macbeth." It was played by Theodore Thomas in Chicago some years ago, but has never been on a programme in the East. Mr. Fiedler also purposes performing "Don Quixote" which Mr. Gericke brought out some eight years ago. He also announces the "Sinfonia Domestica," which Dr. Muck did two years ago, and the Suite for wood-wind instruments. In general Mr. Fiedler has marked out a very interesting season for the Boston series. He will do the first, second, fourth, sixth and ninth symphonies of Beethoven, the fourth of Brahms, the seventh of Bruckner, Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding," Haydn's Symphony in E flat major, Mozart's symphonies in E flat major, G minor, C major, Schumann's B flat major symphony and Tschaikowsky's 'Manfred." It is planned for Boston to have fourteen soloists in the twenty-four programmes, this to include the quartet needed for the performance of the Ninth Symphony.

The Attendant—You mustn't handle the musical instruments, sir. The Visitor—Oh, don't you be afraid—I can't play 'em!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Well, Miranda, they've found the North Pole at last." "Sakes alive, Hiram! You don't say! Where did they find it"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Column

WHO tells us the things made known in our dreams? A writer was confiding to me the so far as she was concerned, very pretty tale she wrote, and years that she dreamed it all gh, several times, and felt im- to put it on paper. "We lis- nd needs must obey, when the says 'write!'" is Longfellow's reason, and perhaps the spirit gave my friend incidents, date place so considerately, in her s, was merely making sure his date would be carried out. It ppened to me to dream a course tion more than once, and to n and find that circumstances l it upon me. We have read of poser who strove unsuccessfully hieve a climax to his composi- and who rose from his bed, walk- traight to his piano and played a rb climax in his sleep, to the rement and delight of his fellow nt, who did not know of his ambulistic state, and awoke him a hearty "Bravo" for the piece never heard again! The dreams torment us sometimes, and which scribe to Welsh rabbit or some ch inspiration, the dreams that de- ght us, the dreams that are of the ractical value of that of the writer mentioned, whence do they ally come? That's the question, nd its answer seems somehow far from discovery.

The idea mooted in some recent paper of not selecting a Christmas gift, but sending money to the recipient to buy for him or herself seems to me the last blow to sentiment in giving. One does not mind such a course from old persons who cannot stand the exertion of selection, or from isolated givers who have no chance of buying anything suitable, or from invalids, perhaps, but just fancy the idea of a lot of dollar bills, or five or ten dollar bills from ones relatives and near friends! There never was a Christmas gift so foolish and inappropriate, if it came from a loving hand, that I could not welcome and cherish it. Christmas is a dear old foolish time, anyhow, when sensible folk lose their heads and buy woolly dogs and patent tin toys, and maddening puzzles, instead of mitts and overshoes. Let's be foolish. It's in the air! If we want to give money to our friends, needy or otherwise, for goodness sake, wait until New Year!

The big, empty store on Bay and King awoke to a grand time last week. People stopped before its windows, piled with giddy toys and stuffed with all sorts of galloptious things! "What sort of a shop is it?" queried a fat lady adjusting her eyeglasses. "Oh, come along! It's just the Santa Claus shop for the poor children!" whispered the tall old gentleman she belonged to. Inside, there was flying about and terrible hard work, and the volunteer laborers were too fully occupied to answer questions. There were bundles and boxes and parcels and pails and piles of all sorts of fascinating things, hundreds of dollars worth of them, gifts from the great heart of Toronto to its poor at Christmas.

Which reminds me that a lady on the Board of the Girls' Home in Gerrard street has begged me to remind the generous that there are nearly a hundred little dames looking for Christmas boxes, and that dolls, toys, books, or goodies will be very acceptable to those arranging for the treat. This probably applies equally well to all the other charitable institutions, but I mention the Girls' Home because I have been requested to do so.

Appendicitis having become *passee*, enter the latest torment, neuritis, which is the complaint so many persons are reporting. The affection combines the greatest agony with the greatest obstinacy in refusing to be cured, and three women have to-day been telling me by letter and word of mouth how they are bearing its ravages. We know what we used to call appendicitis when we cured it with castor oil, but what was the old-fashioned name of neuritis? Until we find out, it looms weird and deadly.

A lady has just telephoned to tell me she has received the most lovely compliment she ever had in her life. It was at a children's party, and a little boy, who had been regarding her for some time with a fixed stare, came over at last and put his hand in hers, as she stood. "Well, dear," she said, "What is it?" The child sighed, "Oh, nothing much! I just was wishing I was your little boy!"

Did you ever see a woman drive a tack? And then, did you remember how a man does it? One, two—sometimes three, and then the man has settled that tack's location for life. But when a woman wants to plant a tack she whacks it from seven to ten times. I knew to-day the moment hubby in another flat took the tack hammer out of wifey's busy hand! And being at that moment trying to work up an idea into a paragraph I said fervently, "Thank the Lord for a man!" The ways of woman with a tack hammer are curiously like her ways with a good many other things, plenty of noise that is quite superfluous. And now, plase, don't all slap me at once!

There are persons so lacking in the higher criticism that they say they like to read this column. To those easily contented souls I wish all the happiness they can possibly manage at Christmas! May you continue to appreciate the small and humble things of life, dear souls, for the big things and the proud things won't love you half as well. Let's be merry together, and thankful for the heart that rejoices over one talent, while it admires but cannot envy him who has ten. Finally, to those who love her and those who hate her (Lord send a few of the latter, lest she think herself too lucky!) here's a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, from

LADY GAY.

AN EXPLORER'S FAMILY.

Lady Shackleto , wife of the plucky leader of the recent Antarctic expedi- is the charming mother of a sturdy son and delightful little daughter. The of the children now may be said to figure on the map, as his father chris- ed Mount Raymond after his son.

A CELEBRATED ATHLETE.

Lady Constance Stewart Richardson is one of the best known women of the day, thanks to her interest in sport, and her many successes as a swimmer. A year or so ago while visiting Montreal, she gave an exhibition of swimming before a select few at Macdonald College, when her prowess won great admiration. Lady Constance, who is the sister of the Countess of Cromartie, is celebrated for her wonderful dancing, her barefoot dances in New York having won her a considerable sum, which she devoted to the interests of a boys' school which she wished to open in Scotland.

The Nobel Prize Winner.

Selma Lagerlof, was the winner this year of the Nobel prize for literature, this being the first time since it was instituted that it has been awarded to a woman. The prize, which is awarded by the Swedish Academy, is worth about $40,000. former winners having been Prof. Euken, of Jena University, Rudyard Kipling and Bjornstjerne. This year's winner of the prize is not unaccustomed to honors and has many awards for her literary work, and not long ago the University of Upsala conferred the degree of Doctor of Literature upon her. She is now slightly over fifty years of age, and quite recently her birthday was celebrated at her home in Sweden, almost as a national festival. She is a small, slight, fair-haired woman with blue eyes and great charm of manner. Her father was an army officer, and her mother's brother, Christian Wallruth, is a well known landscape painter. Her home is with her mother, and she leads a very quiet life.

It was Selma Lagerlof's last book, "The Adventures of Nils," which resulted in her winning the Nobel prize, but she has been writing successfully for the past twenty years. In this newest of her works she has revolutionized the teaching of geography and natural history to the young, and the book is now in use in the schools of Sweden. In her own school days the author is said to have been the dispair of her teachers, her writing was so childish in tone. A Swedish journal a number of years ago offered a prize of a large sum of money for the best story submitted and she entered the competition successfully, with "Gosta Berling's Saga." With this success she gave up her career as a school teacher and began serious work as a writer. In the eight years following she wrote only two books, and seven or eight volumes would contain all her published works. This great capacity for taking pains, and her careful attention to every detail is one of the great secrets of her success. She is described as a master of allegory, and a word painter of intense charm and power.

In this new geography by Selma Lagerlof the necessary knowledge is imparted to the school children in much the form of a fairy tale, and no youngster could fail to be interested in it. So delightfully does she handle her subject that a text book has resulted in winning her the great reward of literature, although, of course, her many sketches and short stories also played a part in gaining her the award.

A friend of hers in describing her work says:

"She is a suffragist and is a member of the Frederica Bremer Association, a powerful woman's club for social betterment and the enfranchisement of woman. While as a writer she is an idealist and an optimist, I do not wish to give the idea that she does not deal with practical subjects in a practical manner. Her book 'Jerusalem,' for example, was written after she had journeyed to the Orient to investigate the conditions of the Swedish peasants who had emigrated there and were said to be treated badly.

"She depicts life as it is, but the sentiment is always uplifting. Her work has revolutionized Swedish literature. She has lived in Italy, Sicily and the Holy Land, and the 'Christ Legends' are the outcome of material gathered in Egypt and in the library of Constantinople and of the Vatican."

The Meaning of the Mistletoe.

Mistletoe, in this day and generation, is merely looked upon as an attractive decoration at Christmas time, and one that costs more than holly, and is consequently the more to be desired. It is, however, closely connected with one of the pagan festivals of another age, and played a leading principal festivals of Druidism, June and December were the two principal festivals of one Druidism, the first of these, St. John's Day, was a period of fear, for then it could be noticed that the sun had ceased its upward climb in the Heavens; the second one, Christmas, was a time of rejoicing, when the people saw that the divine luminary had once more started his march to the zenith to bring back the spring. The cutting of the mistletoe played an important part on both these occasions. To the primitive Ayrians the oak had always been an object of worship because sticks of the wood were used when it was necessary to obtain fire by friction, the only method known to them. As oaks were most plentiful, it had become customary to use wood from these trees and finally the belief had developed that from these only could fire be obtained.

Even to this day in the various nooks and corners of Europe, where annual fires are lighted, such as on Hallowe'en, the fire is usually brought out by rubbing oak wood. Our primitive ancestors, therefore, conceived the fire as being inherent in the oak, like a miraculous kind of sap, and consequently, they found a mystical connection between oaks and sun, the divine fire.

Therefore, when they noted mistletoe growing out of the oak, belonging neither to earth nor sky and deriving its sustenance from no visible source, they concluded that here was the essence of the oak. It was regarded as sacred and gifted with strange powers. When cut, it was not allowed to touch the desecrating earth, but white cloths were spread beneath it.

Cutting of the mistletoe was also probably the signal for festivities that culminated in a saturnalia, as is suggested by a custom that formerly prevailed in York on Christmas Eve, when the high altar was laden with mistletoe.

A Duet.

THE MAN SINGS.

THE night is heavy with roses,
The light hangs low in the west,
Your waist is warm within my arm,
Your head lies on my breast.
The veil of nature uncloses
And leaves us living and free,
With the morning dew at the soul of you
And the strength of night in me.

BOTH.

Stars that love us
Burn above us—
Tenderly soft the breezes moan.
Love me nearly,
Love me dearly—
Only this hour's our own!

THE WOMAN SINGS.

The moon is over the river,
Her light swims into my brain—
And my love's afloat like a passing note
On a harmony of pain.
To-day is over forever,
To-morrow never shall know.
Our lips have met, and my eyes are wet,
And my heart beats loud and slow.

BOTH.

Stars that love us
Burn above us —
Tenderly soft the breezes moan.
Love me nearly,
Love me dearly—
Only this hour's our own!

—Brian Hooker, in The Smart Set.

Women Aeronauts.

WOMEN have not just begun to take an interest in aerial navigation. They have made perilous ascents and much more dangerous descents ever since ballooning first was brought to their notice. Undaunted by the opinion of those who thought such things beyond that rather circumscribed area described as "woman's sphere," they have braved the perils of the air quite as valiantly as has man.

All sorts and conditions of women have made ascents in the past, including that most skilful of advertisers, Sara Bernhardt, who in 1875 went up in a balloon, the others in the car with her being the balloonist Goddard, and the painter Clarin.

The first ascent made by a French woman was that of Mlle. Tible who went up from Lyons and made a successful descent. Following her closely were the ascents made in Paris by Mme. Hincs and Mme. Luzarche, and in Paris by the sisters Simonette.

The first of the women whose daring was repaid by death was Mme. Blanchard, wife of a famous aeronaut. While sailing over Paris in a balloon on July 6, 1819, she set off a rocket, the balloon caught fire and she was killed by falling on a roof. Mme. Rader in 1863, was caught in the ropes of her balloon and suffocated.

Among the attempts of women to conquer the air none was more exciting than that of Mrs. Stock, who in 1824 went up from London in company with the balloonist Harris. The journey continued without incident until an attempt was made to descend. Then the apparatus for emptying the balloon did not function properly and the gas escaped too rapidly.

Only lightening the car could save the two balloonists, and all the ballast had already been thrown out. Then Harris and Mrs. Stock looked each other in the eye for a second. Then Harris threw himself from the car to save the life of the woman who had been brave enough to share his peril with him.

Mme. Flammarion, wife of the famous Camille, made a honeymoon trip with her husband in August, 1874, and landed happily after fifteen hours, at Spa. This successful example was followed by one tragic imitation when Giuseppe Charbonnet in 1893 started out from Milan with his bride and two others to make the journey to Paris.

The first day passed without accident. On the second day as the balloon was crossing the Alps it was caught in a whirlwind, met a snowstorm and fell more than a thousand feet in a few seconds. The storm drove the car from one rocky peak to another and dragged it over the glaciers until all the gas had escaped and the car was left on a mountain. It remained there all night, and the next day the four, with no implements and no protection against the cold, started to make the perilous descent.

A snowstorm was raging, and the young husband slipped into a crevasse and was dashed to death at the bottom. It was three days before the party found refuge in a hut.

IMPORTANT CHANGES IN CANADIAN PACIFIC TRANSCONTINENTAL SERVICE.

During the months of January and February the Canadian Pacific train No. 1 (Imperial Limited) will not run between Montreal and Winnipeg or between Calgary and Vancouver. This change, however, will not affect passengers from this district to any considerable extent. The departure time of the "Northwest Express" from Toronto remains the same, 10.10 p.m. daily. There is no change in the fast time made to Winnipeg, and passengers for Calgary and points east have no wait in that city. Passengers for points west of Calgary and the Coast will enjoy the welcome break in their lengthy journey, arriving in Winnipeg at 12.30 noon and having the afternoon and evening in which to see the attractions of the Western metropolis, leaving for their destinations at 10.30 p.m. The opportunity to explore Winnipeg, "The Gateway of the Northwest," and famous for its rapid growth and prosperity, will, undoubtedly, be welcomed by cross continent tourists. The change takes place January 1st, 1910.

Lady Martin's Portraits.

THE late Sir Theodore Martin was a collector of some note and during his long lifetime had many opportunities of obtaining not only much interesting data, but many valuable pictures and works of art. He was devoted to his beautiful and accomplished wife, the late Helen Faucit, who at one time was a very prominent figure on the English stage. In his will Sir Theodore left many bequests, but in a way its most interesting feature to the general public was his disposition of the various portraits and bust of Lady Martin. He bequeathed a portrait of his wife, by Rudolf Lehmann, to the Shakespeare Memorial building at Stratford-on-Avon; the full-length portrait of his wife, by Miss Myra Drummond, as "Pauline" in "The Lady of Lyons," to the Corporation of Glasgow for their picture gallery; the portrait of his wife (seated), by Sir Frederic Burton, to the Corporation Art Gallery of Manchester; the portrait of his wife, by Sir Frederic Burton, in a Greek dress and called by him "The Grecian Muse," to the National Gallery, Edinburgh; the bust of his wife, by J. H. Foley, to the National Portrait Gallery, London, which failing, to the Tate Gallery.

Politeness Just Before Christmas.

"RIGHT now," said Mr. Phlootleby (A New York Sun character). "in the month of December annually is the time of the blossoming of politeness.

"Now the elevator runner halts the car with care on a level with the floor so that you can get out or in most conveniently; now the hall boy opens the street door for you, as if you were a tenant right worthy of high respect and consideration, and now the janitor wants to know if you are getting plenty of heat in your apartment.

"Now the waiter in the restaurant where you take your luncheon is diligent and prompt in attending to your wants, carefully scrupulous in looking after your comfort; or if by chance you live in a boarding house the waiters there don't keep you waiting and fuming, but serve you promptly and smilingly and in a manner orderly, and the cook sends in the cuts or the particular sorts that you like.

"Now the newsboy meets you more than half way with the paper you daily take from him and he gives you a copy fresh and smooth not crumpled; and now the barber uses more care than ever to cut your hair just as you like it, and he puts more vigor into and devotes more time to your shampoo.

"All who in any way serve you now redouble their energies and renew their politeness, all obviously wishful to do their best; and very pleasing all this is if and in its earlier development you note with great inner satisfaction this pleasing revival; and then it dawns upon you at last that Christmas is coming!

"But you are gratified all the same, glad to have politeness thus come to blossom, even though upon you does finally fall the cost of its cultivation."

DETROIT, CHICAGO AND THE WEST, MONTREAL, QUEBEC, PORTLAND, NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK.

The acknowledged favorite route is the Grand Trunk double-tracked line—the only one. Three trains daily for the West, at 8 a.m. (International Limited), 4.40 p.m. and Night Express at 11 p.m.

Four trains East, the 9 a.m. and 10.15 p.m. being the fastest and best.

It is necessary to secure reservations in advance at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209.

Husband—That's a hideous vase on the piano. Wife—Yes; I will send it to some one for Christmas, if I don't forget.—Harper's Bazar.

"Fashions are changing like the deuce." "How do y' know, old man?" "Saw the minister for the first time in six months."—Puck.

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MISTRESS OF THE ROBES.

The Duchess of Buccleuch, who is a daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn, is one of the great ladies of England, and has long held an official position at Court. She is Mistress of the Robes to the Queen. Recently the Duke and Duchess celebrated their golden wedding, when there were great rejoicings throughout Dalkeith and the surrounding districts, as well as various Border regions where the Duke has estates.

THE RED ROOM

By William Le Queux

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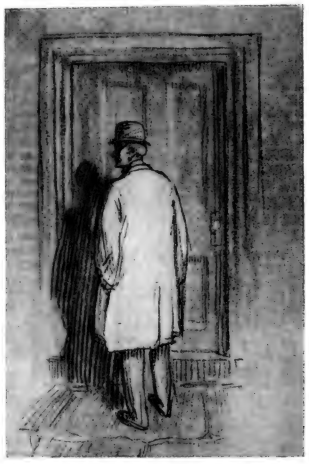
Synopsis:—On the morning of January 15th, 1907, Henry Holford, proprietor of a garage in Chiswick, a suburb of London, receives a visit from a mysterious neighbor, Kershaw Kirk, who shows a singular interest in a new German tire. He invites Holford to visit him that evening, when he tells his guest that he needs assistance, as he is suspected of the murder of Professor Ernest Greer, a famous chemist, in his laboratory in Regent's Park, London. The Professor had been found stabbed to death and his face burned with some corrosive substance. The two men go to the house where the murder was committed, and there find that the Professor's only daughter has also been murdered in a somewhat similar fashion. Holford and Kirk go to the laboratory where the body of the murdered chemist lies and carefully search for a clue. Kirk acts rather suspiciously. They go back to his house, and there he receives a mysterious telephone message, which fills him with dread and arouses Holford's suspicions. Holford is convinced that Kirk knows more than he has told him. Finally he goes to the house of the murdered chemist and there finds Kirk making a careful study of finger-prints as a clue to the murderer. Kirk suggests Greer was killed by someone trying to steal his papers. He forbids Holford to notify the police. When he leaves Holford, the latter follows him surreptitiously.



What could that young man want at the house of death?

IN my haste I collided with several persons coming my way, apologizing and going forward again until I came to a corner where a shop was well-lit. Of a sudden I distinguished the man I was following; he had halted in conversation with the shop-keeper, who was pointing up the side street.

In the fog, Kirk was evidently out of his bearings.

I drew back, so as to escape observation, but I watched him plunge into the darkness of the side street, and I was soon at his heels. It was a squalid neighborhood into which we had entered. I had been through it before, but was not certain which street it might be down which we were going.

Guided by his footsteps I went on behind him. Fortunately my tread was soft, owing to the rubber heels I wore. At the crossing I listened, at first uncertain whether he had turned to the right or left, or gone straight on.

Again the footsteps sounded out of the obscurity, which now caused my eyes to smart, and I knew that he had gone straight forward, so on I went.

At the next corner I was nearer to him, near enough to distinguish that he crossed the road and suddenly turned along the pavement to the right. We were evidently going in the direction of Fitzroy Square, though in which street I had no idea. In fear lest his quick ears should detect that I was following, I fell back a little, allowing him to get further in front. The houses we were then passing were good-sized private ones interspersed with shops, substantial houses of the usual style found in the decayed districts of London, dark, gloomy, and mysterious-looking. I recognized that we were in Cleveland Street. Then we turned again—the first turning on the left round the corner by a laundry.

Of a sudden I heard Kirk halt, as though in doubt. It seemed as though he was retracing his steps, having passed the house of which he was in search. Quick as thought, in order to avoid meeting him face to face, I steeped off the kerb into the roadway.

He passed by within a few yards of me, yet entirely unconscious of my proximity. Then he repassed, as though having satisfied that he had not yet reached his goal. In a London fog, one house is very much like another, especially in a side street. In the distance I saw a red glimmer—the light of a surgery.

Two dark, evil-looking men lurched past me, and then a woman, half-drunken and reeling. For a few seconds I lost my footsteps, but again they reached my ears. The sound was a different one. He had ascended one of the flights of steps!

I hurried forward, but as I did so I heard a door close sharply. He had entered one of those dark houses, but which of four or five I was, unfortunately, utterly at a loss to decide.

The exterior of each I examined carefully, taking note of their number. In two of them yellow gas-jets were burning over the grimy fanlights, throwing out a faint light into the pall of the fog, while in one a light was burning in the front room of the ground floor.

All were let in squalid apartments, for there seemed a general frowsiness about that undesirable neighborhood, where the greater part of the inhabitants were foreigners of the working class. Each house, with its railings and deep area, had but little to distinguish it from its neighbors, all were dirty, neglected, and forbidding in that darkness and gloom.

I stood in chagrin at having thus lost sight of my mysterious friend, and could only wait for his exit. Two of the houses were within the zone of the weak light thrown by the street-lamp; the other three were in obscurity.

In one of them—which one I knew not—Kershaw Kirk had kept an appointment, arranged, perhaps, by that signal which he had made by the raising and lowering of the blind.

My position was most tantalizing, yet I felt that if I remained there on watch I should most certainly see him come out, and then at least know the number of the one he had visited.

Midnight rang out from a church clock somewhere, but there had been no sign of him.

Dick must, I knew, have grown tired of waiting, and, thinking me lost in the fog, would slowly creep homeward. The ever-watchful vigil I was keeping in that terrible atmosphere fagged me. I became numbed with cold, and very hungry.

Yet I dare not leave the spot less Kirk should come forth, so I stood leaning against the railing in patience, full of wonder and apprehension.

More than once I feared that the "dealer in secrets" might notice me from within if he chanced to look out. Hence from the time I changed my position.

My impression was that he had entered with a latch-key, for scarce had he reached the top of the steps when he was inside, with the door closed behind him; either that, or else someone was waiting there to admit him.

Another hour had nearly passed, when suddenly I was startled by a loud scream—a woman's piercing scream—which appeared to come from the first of the houses which lay in the darkness.

Twice was that cry repeated, and I sped to the house whence it emanated. The place was in complete darkness. No light shone from any window of the gloomy, dismal house.

A third time was the shriek repeated, coming from the room behind the railing on a level with the door. As I stood upon the pavement I was only a few feet from the window.

"Help! Help! For God's sake, help! You brute! I thought I had escaped you. No! Ah! Don't! I beg—I implore you! Ah!" shriked a refined voice, the voice of a young woman. And then, in despairing tones that grew fainter with every syllable, I heard the words long drawn out. "Ah! You—you've—killed—me! Killed me!—just as you killed my—dear—father!"

I stood listening to that dying appeal, bewildered, utterly staggered.

What could I think? Place yourself in my position and ask yourself what you, in those circumstances, would have thought?

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER PERSON BECOMES INQUISITIVE.

I was uncertain what to do. Was it best to ascend the steps, knock boldly at the door, and inquire the reason of that frantic appeal? Or should I remain silent and watch?

If Kirk had caused the Professor's death, then why had he enlisted my aid? But was I not a complete novice in the detection of crime, and might not all his protestations of friendship be a mere blind, a clever ruse to cover the truth?

I stood on the pavement, my ears strained to catch any sound within. But all was silent again.

Those final words of the woman's desperate appeal for help rang in my ears: *"You've killed me, just as you killed my dear father!"*

The woman who had shrieked could surely have no connection with the tragedy in Sussex place, for, alas! Ethelwynn Greer was dead. I had, with my own eyes, seen her stiff and stark.

Then what did it all mean? Was this an additional phase of the already inscrutable problem?

I gazed at the window, where no light escaped through the lowered venetian blinds. The very darkness struck me as strange, for either there were closed shutters upon the blinds, or some heavy curtains had been drawn carefully across to exclude any ray of light from being seen withcut.

In the neighborhood wherein I was, I recollected there were many mysterious houses—secret clubs where waiters and foreigners of the lower class danced, drank, and played faro, and were often raided by the police. Those streets bore a very bad reputation.

After all, I was not exactly certain that the house whence emanated the shrieks was the actual house into which Kirk had entered. Hence I was both undecided and bewildered. For that reason I waited, my eyes glued upon the dark door and house-front.

Suddenly, above the fan-light, I saw the flickering light of a candle carried down the hall, and a moment later the door opened. In fear of recognition I sprang back into the roadway, where, at that distance, the fog obscured me.

Someone descended the steps, and, turning to the left, went in the direction whence I had come. I followed stealthily for some distance until I at last made out the figure in the weak light of a street-lamp.

It was not Kirk, only a forbidding-looking old woman in faded bonnet and shawl—a typical gin-drinking hag of a type one may see in hundreds in that neighborhood. I had followed her down into Cleveland Street, where she turned to the left, when it suddenly occurred to me that, in my absence, Kirk might make the exit. Therefore I rather foolishly abandoned pursuit, and retraced my steps.

Judge my chagrin, my utter disgust with myself when, on returning, I failed to recognize from which house the woman had come! In that puzzling pall of fog, which grew thicker and more impenetrable every moment, I hesitated to decide which of three or four houses was the place whence the woman's cries had emanated.

That hesitation was fatal to my success. In my excitement I had taken no notice of the number upon the door, and now I paced backwards and forwards before the railings of four houses, all almost exactly similar, all in darkness, all equally dingy and mysterious. Which of those houses held Kerkshaw Kirk I knew not, neither could I decide from which of the four had come those despairing cries.

I had been a fool, a very great fool, for not going boldly to the door and demanding an explanation, even though I might have received a rough handling, alone and unarmed as I was. So I returned to the street lamp and tried to recognize the house from the point where I had stood when the first cry had fallen upon my ears. But, alas! again I could not decide.

My impulse to follow the woman had been my undoing, for I somehow felt a strong conviction that Kirk had escaped during my absence in Cleveland Street, for though I waited in that dense and choking blackness beneath the red lamp of a surgery at the further corner for still another hour, he came not.

Therefore I was compelled very reluctantly to grope my way back into the Tottenham Court Road, where at last I found a hansom, and with a man leading the horse, I fell asleep as we went westward, so fagged and exhausted was I by that long and unpleasant vigil.

The wife of a motorist like myself is used to her husband's late hours, therefore I had little difficulty in excusing myself to Mabel, yet when I retired to bed no sleep came to my eyes.

That woman's shrill, despairing cry rang ever in my ears. Those words of hers were so mysterious, so ominous.

You've killed me, just as you killed my dear father!"

Should I go to the police in the morning and make a clean breast of the whole affair?

At dawn I found that the fog had lifted, therefore, after looking in at the garage, I called upon Kirk, resolved to pretend ignorance of his visit to the house off the Tottenham Court Road. But again I was disappointed, for he had been absent all night. His sister was ignorant of his whereabouts, but, as she explained, his movements were ever erratic.

This caused me to make another visit to the house, which, in the light of day, I found to be in Foley Street, an even more squalid neighborhood than I had believed.

At the corner of Cleveland Street was the laundry, the windows of which were painted grey so that the passer-by could not peer within. The street seemed to be the play-ground of numberless dirty children, while the houses, all of which were let in tenements, were smoke-grimed and dismal.

At some of the windows the cheap lace curtains hung limp and yellow, and at others the windows had been white-washed to prevent people looking in. The neighborhood was one that had sadly decayed, for even the public-house a little way up the street was closed and to let.

I stood outside the surgery halfway up the street in order to take my bearings, and quickly discovered the three or four houses from one of which had come that cry in the night.

Yet which house it was, I knew not. Therefore what could I do? To remain there might attract Kirk's attention if he were within. Hence I was afraid to loiter, so I passed on into Langham Street, and thus out into Portland Place.

I had become obsessed by the mystery of it all. I returned to Chiswick, and tried to give my mind to the details of my business, but all without avail. I saw that Pelham, my manager, was surprised at my apparent absent-mindedness. I knew it was incumbent upon me to go to the police-station, which was only a few hundred yards from me on the opposite side of the road, and tell the inspector on duty the whole story. Yet somehow the affair, with all its mysterious features, had fascinated me, and Kershaw Kirk most of all. The information was mine, and it was for me to solve this remarkable enigma.

Kirk's absence from home, and his failure to communicate with me, showed that either he mistrusted me, or that he was purposely misleading me for the attainment of his own ends.

He had sought my friendship and assistance, and yet next day he had abandoned me in doubt and ignorance.

I managed to get through the day at the garage, and eagerly bought the evening paper, anxious to see whether the tragedy had become public property; but as yet it was unknown. I dined at home, and I suppose my

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In the United States and Canada the Society has for many years paid, on the average, 97 per cent. of its death claims within one day after the receipt of proofs of death. Here is the record for last five years:—

1904	96 per cent.
1905	98 per cent.
1906	97 per cent.
1907	97 per cent.
1908	97 per cent.

Write, telephone, or call at the Office of the Equitable Life, 24 King Street West, Toronto, for further information re Policies and **Annual Dividends** paid.

C. T. GILLESPIE, Gen. Agent for Ontario

anner was so pre-occupied that Mabel, my wife, asked:

"What's the matter, Harry? You seem unusually worried!"

"Oh! I don't know, dear," I replied, trying to laugh. "I've had a lot of things to do at the office today," I added in excuse; "I've got to go back this evening."

Mabel pouted, and I knew the reason. I had promised to run her and her sister over to Teddington to see some friends with whom we had proposed to spend the evening.

But I was in no mood for visiting friends. I went along to Kirk's house, and, finding him still absent, took the train from Hammersmith to Baker Street, and walked through Florence Gate to Sussex Place.

It had just struck nine when I halted at the Professor's door, but I drew back suddenly when I saw a tall, well-dressed, clean-shaven young man in hard felt hat and overcoat, standing in the doorway.

He had rung, and was evidently awaiting an answer to his summons.

The place was, I noticed, in darkness. Antonio had evidently omitted to switch on the light in the hall.

What could that young man want at the house of death?

Unfortunately, I had not been quick enough, for as I halted he turned upon me, realizing that to call there was my attention.

"This is strange!" he remarked to me, "I've been ringing here nearly half an hour, and can get no reply. Yet when I passed the front of the house there was a light in the small drawing-room. I've never before known the place to be left; there are always servants here, even if the Professor and his daughter are absent."

It occurred to me that Antonio had detected him from within, and that he might be an unwelcome visitor. I recollected Kirk's strict injunctions to the faithful Italian.

"Antonio may be out," I suggested.

"But the maids would surely be at home," he argued. "I wonder if thieves are inside? I somehow suspect it," he whispered.

"Why?"

"Because I distinctly heard a movement in the hall about ten minutes ago," he answered. "Will you go round to the front and see if there are lights in any of the rooms, while I remain here? You'll soon see the house—the first with the long columns at the drawing-room windows."

I consented, and was quickly round at the front.

But the whole place was in total darkness. Not a light showed anywhere.

I returned, and suggested that in passing he might have been mistaken. There were lights in the windows of the adjoining house.

"No," declared the young man, who, by his speech, I recognized was well educated, "I made no mistake. There's some mystery here. I wired from Paris to Miss Greer this morning, making an appointment this evening. It's curious that she's out."

"You are a friend of the family, I suppose?" I asked, eager to know who the young fellow was.

"Yes," he replied; "and you?"

"I am also," was my answer. What other reply could I make? "I believe the Professor is up in Scotland," I added.

"But where is Antonio and all the other servants?" he argued.

"Well," I said, "their master being absent, they may all be out, spending the evening; servants have a habit of doing so in the absence of their masters."

"Then how do you account for the movements I have heard inside?" he asked. "No; if the servants are out, then the thieves are within. Will you stay here to bar their exit, while I go out and find a constable?"

Mention of the police caused me to wince. This young man was in ignorance of what had really occurred.

"I should remain patient a little while if I were you," I said. "Antonio may return at any moment; he surely cannot have gone far."

"On the contrary, I think he has."

"Why?"

"Well, curiously enough, this afternoon, when I alighted from the Paris express and was passing through the buffet at Calais, I caught sight of a man who strangely resembled him. He turned his head and hurried away. At the moment I failed to recollect who the man was, and not until half an hour later, when the boat was already on its way across to Dover, did I recollect that he was very like the Professor's faithful Antonio."

I held my breath.

(To be continued).

Cynicus—That girl never says much, does she? Sillicus—Why, she talks all the time. Cynicus—That doesn't alter my contention.—Philadelphia Record.

"The time to save is when you're young." "That's all right, but a fellow doesn't earn anything till he gets well along and then it costs more to live."—Boston Herald.

Victors

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A Victor for Christmas! Why Not?

What greater source of pleasure could you give your family than a Victor Gramophone?
Ever since Science succeeded in reproducing sounds, the Victor-Berliner Gramophone has stood first among reproducing instruments. The Victor leads to-day—easily.

Even within this last year very important Victor improvements have been made. The scratching sound has now been almost, if not entirely, eliminated. The tone of the Victor to-day is so smooth, so clear, so sweet, so mellow, that you have only to shut your eyes to think the living, breathing artist is before you.

Victor Records are now better than ever. There is nothing like them for quality, smoothness and durability.

New Double Faced Records, 90c. for the Two

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will make this a RECORD Xmas. It will insure enjoyment for the whole household for every day in the year.

THE R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO. LIMITED 143 Yonge St.

Society at the Capital

OTTAWA, DEC. 22, 1909.

HIS Excellency the Governor General returned in the beginning of last week from his trip to the Maritime Provinces, and Her Excellency Lady Grey, with Lady Evelyn Grey, arrived home a few days afterwards from a ten days' visit in New York. Two large dinners at Government House were the chief functions of the week. Those who had the honor of being Their Excellencies' guests on Thursday evening were:—Hon. Wm. and Mrs. Paterson, Hon. L. J., Mrs. and Miss Forget, Dr. Schaffuer, M.P., and Mrs. Schaffuer, Mr. A. Meighen, M.P., and Mrs. Meighen, Dr. Jas. Bonar and Miss Bonar, Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Houston, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Josi Machado, Lt. Col. and Mrs. A. L. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. F. Acland, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carling, Mrs. Alex. Christie and Miss Fay Christie, Mrs. Wm. Macdougall, Miss Kingsford and Dr. M. L. McCautey, M.P. On Tuesday the list of guests included Hon. Charles and Madame Marcil, Hon. N. A. and Mrs. Belcourt, Hon. D. and Mrs. MacKeen, Mr. W. B. Northrup, M.P., and Mrs. Northrup, Mr. Gerald White, M.P., and Mrs. White, Mr. G. H. Cowan, M.P., and Mrs. Cowan, Prof. and Mrs. Adam Shortt, Col. and Mrs. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. O'Halloran, Dr. and Mrs. R. Powell, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Pansy Mills, Rev. Lenox and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Crowdy, Capt. and Mrs. C. F. Hamilton, Lady Bourinot, Col. Sam Hughes, M.P., Major Thacker and Mr. John Christie, K.C.

*

The majority of the social events during the last few days were of the type commonly called in the Capital "sessional," being for the special entertainment of those whom the session calls to Ottawa. One of the largest of these affairs was a luncheon at which Hon. Charles Marcil, Speaker of the House of Commons, entertained in special honor of Hon. L. Pelletier, Speaker of the Quebec Legislature, and Hon. Jas. Johnston, Speaker of the Manitoba Legislature, who were guests in town. Mr. Marcil's guests included the following Members of Parliament:—Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. Sydney Fisher, Col. Norreys Worthington; Mr. G. H. McIntyre, Deputy Speaker; Dr. Schaffner, Dr. Hunt, Mr. Ecremont, Mr. Allen, Mr. Lavergne, Mr. Talbot, Mr. Gervais, Mr. Roy, Dr. Beland, Mr. Lovel, Mr. Carrier, Mr. G. P. Turgeon, Mr. Savoie and Mr. Lachance. Mr. Marcil entertained at a second and equally delightful luncheon on the following day.

*

Mrs. George P. Graham, wife of the Minister of Railways and Canals, who has had as her guests for a short time, her daughter-in-law, Mrs. W. M. Graham and Miss McGlade, of Brockville, was the hostess of a charmingly arranged luncheon in the House of Commons cafe in their honor, when her other guests included Lady Borden, Mrs. Frank Oliver and her daughter, Mrs. J. J. Anderson of Edmonton, Mrs. Templeman, Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, Mrs. W. S. Fielding, Miss Murphy, Madame Marcil, Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, Mrs. Cloran of Montreal, Mrs. Ralph Smith of Nanaimo, B.C., Mrs. M. J. Butler, Mrs. C. A. Young, Mrs. Louis Howard, Mrs. J. G. Turiff, Mrs. Andrew Thompson, Mrs. T. T. Bastedo, Mrs. Christopher B. Robinson, Mrs. Thos. Mulvey and Mrs. Geo. May. The table decorations were of pink carnations and lily of the valley. The hostess looked extremely well in a gown of blue satin with gold embroideries.

*

Among the other and less formal social events of late were some particularly bright luncheons, several bridge parties, and four or five small teas. Mrs. F. D. Monk, of Montreal, entertained at luncheon in the House of Commons cafe, her guests numbering ten and including Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. G. E. Foster of Toronto, Mrs. W. B. Northrup of Belleville, Mrs. Lancaster of St. Catharines, Madame Blondin of Quebec, Mrs. G. H. Cowan of British Columbia, and Mrs. G. B. Greene.

*

Mrs. J. J. Codville was the hostess at two very smart gatherings, one a dinner at which her guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Barrett P. Dewar, Mrs. H. Allan Bate, Mrs. Owsley Rowley of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. John Pugsley, Mr. Justice Anglin, of Toronto, and Mr. William Price, M.P. of Quebec; and on the following day a very bright luncheon which twelve of Ottawa's prominent hostesses thoroughly enjoyed. Mrs. Codville also intends giving a dance on Jan. 3rd for her son, Cadet Frank Codville, and his fellow cadets, who will be home from the Royal Military College to spend the holidays.

*

Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber also entertained at a luncheon of sixteen covers at the end of the week.

*

Mrs. Owsley Rowley was the guest of honor at a jolly dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Barrett Dewar on Friday, and on Saturday afternoon Mrs. Barrett Dewar entertained at a bridge party. Another bridge party on Saturday had Miss Edith Powell as hostess.

*

Although this week is devoted principally to making preparations for the joyous festival on Saturday, yet some hostesses have found time for entertaining the various holiday visitors. Mrs. Frank Oliver's tea on Monday was like all her gatherings, particularly bright and informal, and Mrs. James Brough's party on the same day for the very young people, was thoroughly enjoyed by the youngsters.

*

Another jolly affair of this week will be a dance for the "not-outs" given by Mrs. Somerset Graves for her cadet son, Mr. Tom Graves, on the 23rd, and other gayeties which are being looked forward to for the holidays are: a house dance on December 28 to be given by Mrs. C. W. Ross for her daughter, Miss Kathleen Ross; Mrs. Clifford Sifton's large dance on Dec. 29th for her sons who are home from college; another house dance to which Mrs. W. W. Cory has invited all the young people for the 30th; the May Court Ball in the Racquet Court on the 31st; and a ball to be given by Miss Clemow on January 4th for her debutante nieces, the Misses Edith and Beatrice Bailey.

*

The adjournment of the House of Commons on Friday until after the New Year has given the various members of Parliament the opportunity of spending the intervening time at their homes. The holiday period will bring to town a great many visitors as well as homecomers who are daily arriving in large numbers. Some of these are: Mr. and Mrs. Molson Macpherson, of Quebec, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fellowes and Miss Marjorie Fellowes, of Montreal, who will spend the festive season with Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmour; Mr. Basil Chamberlain, of London, Eng., who will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier; Mrs. A. D. Wheeler, who has come from Calgary to spend some weeks with her parents, Prof. and Mrs. Macoun; Col. and Mrs. Irwin's three sons, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Roy, who have come from Halifax, and Mr. Eric from McGill, to join the family party in Cooper St.; Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Beckett, who have arrived from Quebec and will be with Mrs. Beckett's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert, for the holidays; Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Russell, of Montreal, who are the guests of Mrs. Russell's sister, Mrs. Omer Cote, and Mr. Cote; Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Irwin, who arrived from England in the early part of the week, and will spend the remainder of the winter with Mrs. Irwin's mother, Mrs. Brown Wallace; Mr. Lewis Sherwood, who arrived on Monday, the 20th, from Toronto University to spend the holidays with his parents, Col. and Mrs. A. P. Sherwood; Mr. Douglas Burn, of the Bank of Montreal, Toronto, who will on Christmas eve join a family gathering at his sister's, Mrs. Andrew Thompson's; besides a large contingent of cadets from the Royal Military College who arrive to-morrow, and a legion of students from the various colleges and universities who come to enjoy the Christmas festivities at home, many of them bringing with them chums, who are too far distant from their own homes to permit of them taking so long a trip for so short a time.

*

Hon. Sydney Fisher has gone to Montreal to spend Christmas with his father. Sir Frederick and Lady Borden and Miss Borden have left for Canning, N.S., their summer home, and will return after the New Year. Hon. G. P. and Mrs. Graham have gone to "Christmas" at their home in Brockville. Mrs. Fred Hogg left last week for New York, where she will spend the holiday period with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Van Dusen, and will be joined by Mr. Hogg for Christmas Day.

*

Hon. Rodolphe and Madame Lemieux have returned to Ottawa after an absence of two months abroad. Hon. Wm. and Mrs. Templeman left this week for Toronto, and will spend Christmas in the Queen City. Hon. Wm. and Mrs. Pugsley with their niece, Miss Burpee, have gone to St. John, N.B., for the holidays.

THE CHAPERON.

On the Luneta.

OH, the boat lights jig on the silver bay,
And bow to the tropic moon;
The carriage wheels have stopped their squeals
As the band strikes up a tune;
Oh, the couples linked on the big parade
Stand still; and light as foam
The soft notes blend to the eager end,
As the band plays "Home, Sweet Home!"

The war boats riding the harbor's breast
Hang still on the highest swell;
An the Chink junks, too, have stopped their slew
As the soft notes weave their spell;
The laughter stops in the barrack halls,
And the sentries pause to hear,
As the old, old air comes sweet as prayer
With its bid for the silent tear.

And the bright lights fade in a purple mist,
And the thoughts have gone askew,
While the bandmen play in a solemn way
(For the band is thinking too.)
Ay, the bright lights fade on the grand parade,
And the clattering words seem dead;
While faces grave turn to the wave
With a longing—left unsaid.

The outposts hear on their lonely watch,
For the evening air is still,
And the strains ride far as the nearest star
That shines on yonder hill;
They carry away to the firing lines
By the city of green and chrome—
And a vague unrest stirs every breast
When the band plays "Home, Sweet Home!"

—Alfred Damon Runyon, in People's Magazine.

Willie—The Smiths are a kind of relation of ours. Our dog is their dog's brother.—The United Presbyterian.

A BEAUTIFUL BRIDE.

Countess Annesley, who was only recently married to the Earl, was a widow, Mrs. Evelyn Hester Harrison, and a daughter of Mr. C. Miller Mundy, of Shipley Hall, Derby. Her husband, who is perhaps still better known as Viscount Glerawly, is twenty-five years of age, and it is not long since he succeeded his father.

The House that Cook Built.

This is the house that Cook built.
This is the grub that lay in the house that Cook built.
This is the man who gave out on the way and was sent by Cook to the shack to stay and make free use of the grub that lay in the house that Cook built.
This is the sailor all savage and grim, who replaced the man with the crippled limb and was given a note from Peary that said, "This man is in charge because Cook is dead," and gobbled the grub that lay in the house that Cook built.
This is the sportsman all jaunty and gay, who strolled up into the Arctic to play, and dropt in at the shack of his friend on the way, and encountered a sailor all savage and grim, who replaced the man with a crippled limb and had a note from Peary which said: "This man is in charge because Cook is dead," and gobbled the grub that lay in the house that Cook built.
This is the owner just back from the pole, who called at his house and found it quite droll that his guest, the sportsman so jaunty and gay who had strolled up into the Arctic to play and had stopped at the shack of his friend on the way, should be slave to a sailor all savage and grim, who replaced the man with the crippled limb, and showed him a note from Peary that said: "This man is in charge because Cook is dead," and gobbled the grub that lay in the house that Cook built.—Springfield Republican.

The Finding of the "Miserere."

TO the many who find Verdi's "Il Trovatore" their favorite opera, and to whom the plaintive notes of the "Miserere" often recur linked with saddest and sweetest memories, the following anecdote of Verdi, as recalled by The Youth's Companion, will be of unusual interest:

On one occasion, when Verdi was engaged on his well-known opera, "Il Trovatore," he stopped short at the passage of the "Miserere," being at a loss to combine notes of sufficient sadness and pathos to express the grief of the prisoner, Manrico.

Sitting at his piano in the deep stillness of the winter night, his imagination wandered back to the stormy days of his youth, endeavoring to extract from the past a plaint, a groan, like those which escaped from his breast when he saw himself forsaken by the world. All in vain!

One day, at Milan, he was unexpectedly called to the bedside of a dying friend, one of the few who had remained faithful to him in adversity and prosperity. Verdi, at the sight of his dying friend, felt a lump rise in his throat; he wanted to weep, but so intense was his grief that not a tear flowed to the relief of his anguish.

In an adjoining room stood a piano. Verdi, under one of those sudden impulses to which men of genius are sometimes subject, sat down at the instrument, and there and then improvised the sublime "Miserere" of the "Trovatore." The musician had given utterance to his grief.

The Dethronement of Man.

WHEN Nature first made woman
she unquestionably told her
Man's mission was to dominate, to
have her and to hold her;
She said that woman's work was just
to do the baby toting,
While man could be relied upon to
manage all the voting.

But Fashion came to tea one day, and
while they all sat drinking
She looked so fascinating that she set
the women thinking.
Why couldn't they wear pretty clothes
and go about a-calling?
And now among their gods, the men,
there came a great downfalling.

The women wanted this and that and
mankind had to scurry,
And so they took to working graft to
get cash in a hurry.
And some were forced to cook their
food and some were downed
completely,
But woman's work grew easier and
each was costumed neatly.

Now man is on his uppers quite—the
women have him stranded—
They've shorn him of his primal
might since Fashion squarely
landed.
Of nearly all his perquisities they've
gleefully bereft him,
And now they want the ballot box—
the only thing that's left him!

—L. S. Waterhouse, in The New York Sun.

THE story goes that a certain college president, a clergyman, was addressing his students at the beginning of the college year.

He observed to them that it was a "matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that the year had opened with the largest freshman class in its history."

Then, without a pause, the good man turned to the lesson for the day, the Third Psalm, and began to read in a loud voice:

"Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"

He was a sewing machine agent of the most aggressive type. For twenty minutes the lady of the house had been awaiting an opportunity to say she already possessed one. At last he paused. Only long enough, however, to thrust a card into the lady's hand. The bit of pasteboard was certainly a novelty. "My name is Sell-em," it read, "of the firm of Blang & Co., sewing machine manufacturers, and I intend to prove to you that it is madness to defer purchasing one of our unequalled machines." After a long description of the machine came the following: "You may plead that you are unable to work a machine. I will remove that objection in fifteen minutes, or in three lessons. Will call next Wednesday." When the agent called again, a six-foot man opened the door and blandly remarked: "You're the sewing machine man, I suppose?" "Yes; I called last week, and——" "Yes, I know," interrupted the big man. "You don't know me, I suppose? My name's Bury, of Bury & Keepem, undertakers, and I intend to prove to you that it is madness to defer purchasing one of our unequalled coffins." The agent began to edge away. "You may plead that you are scarcely qualified for a coffin," the big man went on. "I will remove that objection in ten seconds." But the agent simply tore from the house.

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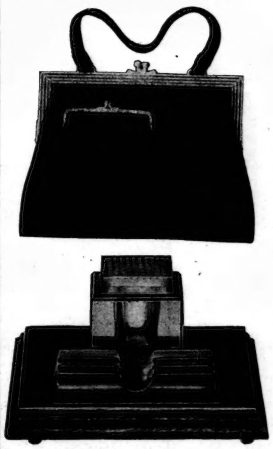

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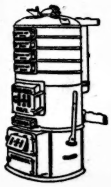

The 'Sovereign' Hot Water Boiler

Made by the TAYLOR-FORBES Company, Limited GUELPH, CANADA.

Instal a "Sovereign" hot water furnace. It will heat all parts of the house equally and comfortably, and supply abundance of hot water for bath and kitchen as well. The "Sovereign" is the boiler for ready installation. It is built in separate sections so that no tearing down of cellar walls or partitions is necessary. It saves the coal. There is no house heating apparatus available that will give a better heat radiation per ton of coal.

Ask your plumber for an estimate for installing a 'Sovereign' in your house. It may be done without upset or confusion.

Toronto Office and Show Rooms: PHONE, PARK 2711

1088 KING ST. WEST

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

McBRIDE—At Milton, Ont., on December 20, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. McBride, a son.

McKAY—At Oshawa, Ont., on December 20, 1909, the wife of T. W. G. McKay, M.D., a son.

MARRIAGES.

JACKSON—HEAKES—At Chapleau, Ont., on December 20, 1909, Margaret Morrison Heakes to R. Selwyn Jackson.

NUTTER—ANDERSON—At the home of the bride's brother, Mr. Geo. Anderson, 167 Lowther avenue, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Anderson of Hamilton, to John Vincent Nutter, of Winnipeg.

DEATHS.

BALDWIN—At Toronto, on December 21, 1909, Margaret Fry, widow of the late William Augustus Baldwin.

GLANVILLE—At Toronto, on December 20, 1909, John Glanville, aged 77 years.

RANKIN—At Toronto, on December 20, 1909, Harriet, wife of Alexander Rankin.

To their dealers, their friends and their customers everywhere the makers of

Bell Pianos

WISH

..A.. Merry Christmas

ART BELL PIANOS BUILT TO LAST A LIFETIME

Ice Cream FOR Christmas Dinner

Yes, the usual Plum Pudding is heavy and indigestible, but the one we have prepared for Christmas Day will prove a delightful change.

(FRENCH) ICE CREAM PLUM PUDDING

Made from a famous old recipe, with a body of perfectly delicious French Ice Cream instead of the heavy mixture you have been used to.

4 Servings, 40c | 8 Servings, 80c
6 Servings, 60c | 10 Servings, $1.00

Other Ice Cream Dainties

Individual moulds consisting of flowers, fruits, animals, birds, figures, etc., $1.20 to $1.50 per dozen.

Nesselrode Ice Cream Puddings, Marron Frappe Ice Cream Puddings, etc.

Price same as Plum Pudding.

Orders packed and delivered Christmas Eve or morning.

PHONE PARK 294.

WILLIAM NEILSON LIMITED

BEAUTIFUL ADVERTISING OF THE T. EATON CO.

We would like to call the attention of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT readers to the beautiful advertising which the T. Eaton Co., Ltd., is doing in this paper. As an example of high class illustrated advertising, printed as it is on toned paper, with colored inks, this is probably one of the very best illustrations of what it is possible to do with a combination of magnificent half-tones, inks, type and presswork. In last week's paper the advertisement, which takes up page 32, contained several illustrations of Louis XV. furniture. The letterpress accompanying these illustrations, through a typographical error, referred to this display as Louis XVI. furniture. It is not to be presumed, however, that the mistake in the two periods, as the furniture was fully illustrated in the advertisement, would for a moment puzzle the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT.

Indignant Wife—"That new chauffeur has only just brought the children and me home and now he's taken the cook out for a spin."

Husband—"Great Heavens! He doesn't half know how to manage a car and she's the first decent cook we've had in a year."—Brooklyn Life.

Birds of a feather flock together after they find it impossible to fly with those of more luxuriant plumage.—Smart Set.

Social Affairs in Hamilton

HAMILTON, DEC. 22, 1909.

ARLO HOUSE, the residence of Mrs. F. F. Dalley, was the scene of a very enjoyable At Home on Wednesday afternoon. This stately and spacious residence lends itself admirably for entertaining, and on this occasion the rooms were thronged with smartly dressed guests who had assembled there for the first time since Mrs. Dalley became its chatelaine. The hostess looked very handsome in a gown of silver grey voile with Irish lace and had a pretty assistant in her daughter, Miss Marie Dalley, who was gowned in pale pink broche. The table in the tea-room was centered with lovely pink begonias and smaller vases containing the same flower. Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Herring, Mrs. Mullin and Mrs. R. R. Wallace presided, assisted by Miss Maude Martin, Miss Hillman, Miss Violet Grant, Miss Climie, Miss Gunn and Miss McIlwraith, who were kept busy looking after the guests, among whom were Mrs. Dumoulin, Mrs. Acres, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Southam, Mrs. Almon Abbott, Mrs. R. Pringle, Mrs. Fosnoret, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Beckett, Mrs. Insole, Mrs. Hood, Mrs. J. L. Lewis, Mrs. Holton, Mrs. Mark Holton, Mrs. Collinson, Mrs. Lazier, Mrs. Howell, Mrs. Storms, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. W. R. Marshall, Mrs. W. Champ, Mrs. H. H. Champ, Mrs. Oliver Clark, Mrs. Smart, Mrs. Innes, Mrs. Gauld, Mrs. Leather, Mrs. Thos. Hobson, Mrs. Charles Powis, Mrs. Arthur Rowe, Mrs. McLagan, Mrs. Bethune, Mrs. Greening, Mrs. J. J. Dean, Mrs. J. D. Ferguson, Mrs. Glassco, Mrs. P. H. Alexander, Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Mewburn, Mrs. James Gillard, Mrs. Balfour, Mrs. Brent, Mrs. D. B. Pratt and Mrs. Walker.

Mrs. Mark Lynch-Staunton leaves this week for Montreal.

Miss Dorothy Hobson has arrived home from Havergal College, Toronto, for the holidays.

Mr. George Hope gave a most delightful entertainment for the members of Central Church choir at his residence on Friday evening.

Miss Hendrie and Miss Enid Hendrie are at present in Paris, where they will spend the Christmas season, going on to the sunny south early in the New Year.

Mr. Travers Lucas is visiting his parents at Rowanhurst, having arrived from Prince Rupert, where he has been for a year on the staff of the G.T.P.

Mrs. D. B. Dewar and Mrs. C. S. Scott have issued invitations for a Yuletide dance to be given at the Conservatory of Music on Dec. 30th. Miss Helen Dewar and Miss Isobel Scott will make their debut on this occasion, and it is expected that this will be one of the brilliant events of the season.

The Misses Gillies, who have been abroad for over a year, returned this week, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Gillies, Barton Street West.

Mrs. and Miss Dewar have decided to remain in Hamilton for the winter, having returned from England recently. They are "en pension" at Miss McConnell's, Mountain Top.

Miss Madeline Bell has been in London, the guest of Mrs. Tom Baker for a fortnight.

Mrs. James Walker, of Chicago, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. R. Lasker Steele, left for home this week.

Mrs. Frank Mulloch and Miss Joan Malloch are spending the winter in Southern California.

Dr. Ingersoll Olmstead, Dr. Osborne and Mrs. R. S. Morris have returned from England.

Invitations have been received by a number of friends of the bride to the marriage of Miss Helen Davidson, second daughter of Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Toronto, to Major Walter Home, which will take place on Wednesday, January 5th.

Mrs. Chester Harris and Mrs. Alex. Hardy were in town from Brantford this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Scott and Miss Margaret Scott are the guests of Mrs. Charles Scott, Toronto, and will remain there for some time.

The wedding of Miss Rietta Moore and Capt. George McLaren will take place quietly this month, after which there will be a honeymoon trip spent abroad until Capt. McLaren joins his regiment again in England.

Major and Mrs. Layborn and Miss Raeburn, of Toronto, were guests for the week end with Mrs. Gartshore, James St.

KATRINE.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON, the explorer, told a good story to the members of the Institute of Journalists the other evening in London.

An American was in a museum, being shown Milton's chair.

"And is that really the chair?" queried the man, as he knelt down and kissed it.

"Yes," said the museum attendant; "and that is the table on which he wrote 'Paradise Lost.'"

"Did he really write 'Paradise Lost,'" asked the man with some surprise.

"Of course Milton wrote 'Paradise Lost,'" answered the atonished attendant.

"Oh, Milton! Why, I thought you said Lipton," replied the American, with disgust.

There is nothing like the clutch of conventionality for squeezing the breath out of individuality.—Smart Set.

A WELL-KNOWN HOSTESS.

Lady Dickson-Poynder, who was Miss Annie Dundas, daughter of Mrs. Robert Dundas, is noted for her success as a hostess, and not very long ago had as her guests the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Patricia. She is not only interested in literature and art, but is a keen motorist and sportswoman. Sir John Dickson-Poynder served with much distinction on Lord Methuen's staff during the South African war. His beautiful place, Hartham Park, is noted for its gardens and fine golf course.

Underworld of Diplomacy.

ONE of the most fascinating phases of international life is how secret news is obtained and how it travels through the under-world of diplomacy.

The late Queen Victoria jealously guarded the secrets preserved at Windsor Castle and her refusal to allow documents to be examined prevented many "memoirs," "confessions" and "revelations" appearing during her reign.

But her own letters, published recently reveal a great deal that was only within the knowledge of the very few. Her engagement to Prince Albert, usually declared to have been a case of a wife falling in love after marriage, is proved conclusively by the letters that passed between them before the ceremony to have been a case of really genuine love at first sight.

The reason for the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill is of course well known to have been due to an impulse, but if Lord Salisbury had been consulted it would have been kept secret to this day, says Cassel's Saturday Journal. The father of Winston Churchill was, however, rather hot tempered, and he gave the news to the world himself in the shape of a letter to The Times. The same paper secured the first intelligence of an event which altered the history of England. This was Sir Robert Peel's conversion to free trade.

He did not know which party to favor. England was Protectionist and he seemed inclined to keep with the anti-free traders. On a certain day, however, he startled a Cabinet meeting by announcing his conversion to the cause of the tree imports, and when they had recovered from their astonishment his colleagues resolved to keep it secret for a time at any cost. But that night at dinner a certain Minister whispered the news to a lady at his side and she immediately sold it to The Times. The premature announcement forced the hand of the Government, and England became a free trade country. George Meredith adapted the incident and called it "Diana of the Crossways."

A servant made a small fortune by selling to an evening paper the news that the G. O. M. was about to bring in a bill proposing home rule for Ireland. It is this chance gossip that has led to dozens of important official secrets reaching the ears of the general public. Everybody in these days is a reporter.

Germany is particularly prolific in yielding surprises in the matter of secrets. Perhaps there is no other great campaign which is the subject of so much conjecture as the Franco-German war. Many accounts of its origin have been given and all differ in some material points. It was thought that Bismarck had the secret, and in his letter—published, it is believed by the order of the fallen Chancellor to spite the Kaiser—he gives a convincing description of the events that precipitated that war. But the Kaiser retaliated with another story. It may be remembered that the two nations were at diplomatic loggerheads over the candidature of a German Prince for the throne of Spain, and toward the close of the correspondence between the rival foreign offices, France sent a telegram definitely demanding Prince Leopold's retirement and requesting an apology.

In the ordinary course this message was delivered to Bismarck, who was thirsting for a trial of strength with the French. But the telegram disappointed him. It did not seem bellicose enough. Indeed, it was worded so politely that it really meant all end of talk about hostilities. The Iron Chancellor, however, was determined to try conclusions with his neighbors, and therefore he deliberately omitted certain words from the telegram before issuing it for publication. The result was to convert France's message into a threat, and the terrible offspring of Bismarck's trick we all know now.

But this is only one side of a most interesting story. If Bismarck was working at Berlin for war he had a helpmeet at Versailles in the person of the Empress Eugenie. She detested the Germans, and as a Spaniard was passionately determined not to allow a Teuton to ascend the throne of her native country. Thus she worked day and night to give the French the opportunity of humbling the pride of the Germans. Time falsified her ambitions very tragically and led to her own ruin. It is said that on the evening of the day that witnessed the firing of the first shot she gave expression to that terrible phrase, "This is my war!" Within twenty-four hours she bitterly lamented her indiscretions, and with the approach of the victorious legions of Von Moltke her throne gradually receded from her.

It was not until 1894 that the German Foreign Office issued the French telegram in its original entirety, and then at the instigation of the Emperor, who wished to get even with Bismarck for the ex-Minister's hostile attitude toward his sermons. The publication of the maker of modern Germany's letters a few years later was the Prince's dying shot. The story of the Empress Eugenie's share in the war came to light as the direct result of journalistic enterprise.

The suffragists of the United States are rejoicing over the fact that Luther Burbank has signed the national suffrage petition, and over the forming of a Men's League for Woman Suffrage by students of Columbia University, New York.

"Locks to Pick," a book of charades by Anna Jane Harnwell. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.00.

OXO

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